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SELECTIONS
FROM
THE WRITINGS
OF
GRISH CHUNDER GHOSE
THE FOUNDER AND FIRST EDITOR
OF
"THE HINDOO PATRIOT" AND "THE BENGALLEE."

LIMITED BY
HIS GRANDSON
MANMATHANATH GHOSH, M.A.



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PREFACE.

IT is a source of no small satisfaction to us to have been able to fulfil, sooner than we had expected, the promise made by us in our Preface to the *Life of Grish Chunder Ghose* published in January 1911, to present the Public with a volume of selected writings of that great journalist in the course of the following year. As we look back to the time when the idea first occurred to our mind of republishing some of the writings of Grish Chunder Ghose by way of reviving his memory, we cannot help feeling with a sense of unutterable thankfulness that a divinity has been shaping our ends unbeknown to us. The task of exhuming from the dust-heaps of upwards of half a century the literary remains of a writer who had chosen the most ephemeral of all forms of publication as the vehicle for the productions of his pen was too hopeless a one to encourage serious endeavour; and when after enquiries in the likeliest quarters we learned that the files of the *Hindoo Patriot* and the *Bengalee* for the years with which we were concerned had not been preserved and were nowhere available, we accepted the situation with due submission to the inevitable. The Reader may therefore well realise our surprise and delight when quite unexpectedly and by the merest accident we lighted upon some old worm-eaten files of the *Hindoo Patriot* and the *Bengalee* in the possession of our valued friend and kinsman Babu Jogesh Chunder Ghose who cheerfully placed them all at our disposal and to whom we take this opportunity to offer our grateful thanks. This windfall was followed by other lucky finds, and we at last found ourselves in possession of ample materials which afforded nearly as wide a field for selection as we could have wished. It is a matter of no small regret, though, that we have not been able to lay our hands on the files of the *Bengalee* for 1862, 1864, 1865, 1867 and 1868 which must contain some of the best writings of

Grish Chunder Ghose. However, it is no use crying over spilt milk, and the fact that we have recovered so much of what we had thought had been irretrievably lost inspires us with the hope that the missing files of the *Bengalee* may yet be discovered at some future date as unexpectedly as the rest and then we may bring out a second series of selected writings to supplement the first. In the meanwhile we offer to the Public what we have culled from the materials at our disposal, with the help of a literary expert to whom we can never be too thankful, and we confidently hope that the specimens given in this volume will convey a fair idea of the wonderful vigour and fertility of the writer's pen, the exhilarating freshness of his humour, the strength of his moral fibre and the loftiness of his ideals. Every specimen is stamped with the impress of an unmistakable individuality, and reveals one or other of the thousand and one facets of a mind of uncommon brilliancy. We are well assured that this volume will be received with all the enthusiasm that its contents so richly deserve, and prove not only a mine of interesting information to every student of history but also a source of enjoyment and inspiration to generations of our countrymen.

90, SHAMBAZAR STREET, }
Calcutta, May 6, 1912. }

THE EDITOR.

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In the present condition of your wife
specially, your constant epistolary
correspondence with us is peculiarly
needed to keep her mind in a
proper state - and an attention to
her well-being, if nothing else,
should induce you to follow my
advice. We are all quite well
now - Jada's child has thank
God, perfectly recovered - My
Khumsam is quite hale & hearty,
and so are Chundie & Obin.
These latter are in Hongkong
still - Anxiously expecting
your reply - Yours most affly
Wishel Ghose

FACSIMILE OF GRISH CHUNDER GHOSE'S HANDWRITING.
(REPRODUCED FROM A LETTER DATED THE 18TH DECEMBER, 1856.)

RAMDOOLAL DEY,

THE BENGALEE MILLIONAIRE.

THE great men of history are not unfrequently the greatest sinners. Unscrupulous kings, devastating warriors, politicians whose feet never pressed the pavement of a church, legislators who dipped their codes in human blood—these form a tableau on the records of a nation's progress, invested with a lurid light—invested nevertheless with a large interest. We gaze in wonder and admiration on a successful cut-throat—one who possessed the faculty of commanding masses of brutal men to tear out the entrails of other men, to spring like wild beasts upon their fellows in creation, to hack and hew into bloody little pieces the human form divine. We examine in every light, glaring and softened, by torch light and by twilight, the characters and achievements of such men—we enter their tombs to obtain a vivid and livid view of their great features reposing in death. Their history gladdens our hearts. We never feel tired of contemplating the laurels which they had won, though the plants from which these were plucked may have been watered with the blood of hecatombs. The terrible in nature so strikes our fancy, that the mild and beautiful in nature is compelled to give place to the rougher material. People rush in thousands to witness the falls of Niagara—the lazy sources of the Nile are left to the search of the solitary adventurer whose companions are only his dog and his rifle. But howsoever the world may follow with huzzas and up-turned eyes the strong in war and the vehement in council, illuminate its cities in adoration of the victor on many fields, fête and caress the men whose genius riding rough-shod over every sentiment of morality, and upsetting every bulwark of truth, founded empires on the ashes of burned cities and the blood of broken hearts. Yet the history of private life, of pure, spotless citizen life, of life commenced in difficulty and in struggle, in darkness and in eclipse, but emerging through a combination of unlooked for and unprayed for circumstances, by the simple force of honesty and a rigidly administered will, into a blaze of light, wonderful to behold and solemn to contemplate—furnishes the key stone of

national enterprize and forms the foundation on which rises tier after tier the bold, battlemented structure of social and commercial pre-eminence. The tramp of the warrior and the twist of the statesman startle and stagger us. But the slow silent growth of the wealthy burgher, the halo which surrounds the citizen king, the absence of fuss which distinguishes his career, the sterling merit of his heart, the aroma of kindliness which he sheds around him, making the world in which he moves and breathes, and which he sensibly influences, full of sunshine—these sink into our souls like a dew drop, invigorating them and arming them with the elements and the resources of every day life ; filling them with the holiest aspirations and inspirations ; supplying motive power, and imparting to them that upward spring which carries them straight into the presence of their Maker.

Ramdoolal Dey, a sketch of whose life I purpose to lay before you, was one of nature's aristocrats. It is neither East, nor West, nor North, nor South, which produces such men as a monopoly. That race is a myth, that the genus man is a cognate species in every part of the world, that the breath which inspires it is neither white nor black, but colorless—is illustrated by the history of lives such as that of Ramdoolal. The same qualities of head and heart, the same affection for truth, the same adherence to method, the same reliance on human nature after thoroughly testing and weighing it, which brought wealth to the coffers and renown to the names of English and American merchants, achieved similar success on behalf of the Hindoo ; raising him to that height which few can reach though many aspire to reach it.

The father of Ramdoolal Dey was wretchedly poor. Not far from Dum-Dum lies the village of Rekjanie—a village even the name of which is not familiar to the residents of Calcutta—a contemptible place occupied by a purely agricultural population. In this place Bulloram Sircar eked out a hard livelihood by undertaking to teach the rudiments of the Bengalee language to the children of the surrounding peasantry. He lived in a hut the remnants of which may yet be seen. One of his pupils—a Mahomedan, 95 years of age, is still alive. Calligraphy was the peculiar merit of this village dominie—perhaps his only merit. The gains from his profession were the scantiest. It was the middle of the eighteenth century. The English in Calcutta were still a colony of traders. Clive had not yet won the field of Plassey. The tyrant of Moorsshedabad continued to fill the world with his enormities. The value of learning in such an age may be easily estimated ; and the position

of the professors of learning, such learning at least as Ramdoolal's father Bulloram possessed, was the most contemptible. The dominie, it is believed, *was* paid in grain; for he visited Calcutta twice a week on market days driving a bullock before him laden with straw. This straw he disposed of for a trifle; and this trifle was his sole cash receipt. Even such a hard destiny did not run smoothly. To the pinching cares of poverty were superadded the terrors of war. The Maharattas invaded Bengal in 1741-42. for ten successive years they continued their eruptions. During their last visit in 1751-52 Ramdoolal's father abandoned his home, and fled with the rest of the villagers for his life. Property he had none. But his *was enciente*. Whilst a refugee several miles away from the range of the *frauding* bands of the enemy, the poor woman felt the pangs of maternity; and Ramdoolal like Akbar was thus born in a desert. The early history of the man like the early history of other self-made men, is a painful record only of privation and toil. His father could not give him even the rudiments of his own vernacular. That beautiful calligraphy of which he was the possessor, he failed to transmit to his son. For he died within a few years of the birth of that son and within two months of the death of his wife—leaving Ramdoolal an orphan, without friends, in the wide world. Another son and a daughter had been added to his family before his death and the three orphans retired for shelter and support to the cottage of their maternal grand-father Ramsoonder Biswas of Calcutta. The means of this grand-father were the most wretched that can be imagined. He lived upon the fruits of beggary—the lowest kind of beggary—beggary by the handful—every day, grinding beggary. He found it already a hard conflict to bring up his own children. But the domestic feelings and affections of the Hindoo, his pure benevolent love for kith and kin, the result doubtless of caste and the isolated condition of his social life, do not permit him to weigh consequences or stand paltering between duty and necessity when a relative is in distress. His simple mess of rice and curry, or rice only without curry in desperate cases, is at the service of all who may demand a share in it and have a right to demand it. Most cheerfully is this mess divided, though the number of mouths amongst which the division is made may, in consequence of it, be all half fed. It is a common address of the Hindoo to his needy friends, "You shall not want for food so long as I have a handful to eat." The nation is educated to this kind of benevolence and the man who turns away a beggar from his door is accounted accurst—not the beggar of

course who solicits money, but the beggar who demands food. Ramdoolal's grand-father received the orphans with open arms. He begged more lustily for his living than before. But his wife was not an idle woman. One of the ordinary occupations of the poor Hindoo female, is to husk and clean rice for the market. The gains of this kind of industry are contemptible, yet they suffice to procure the still more contemptible rations, eaten once during the twenty-four hours after crushing religious austerities, by the Hindoo matron. Ramdoolal's grand-mother engaged herself in this occupation and assisted her husband materially thereby in maintaining the entire family. Her incessant toil at the tread-mill enabled her not merely to provide her own food, but also to save sufficient rice for distribution amongst the beggars on the road sides as she proceeded at break of day to perform her ablutions and devotions on the banks of the Ganges. Poor as she was, she did not forget that there were objects in creation more pitiable than herself. The rich, supplied with every luxury, and supplied without toil, are often callous and even cruel. The tremendous battle of life—that fearful state of existence in which the vital breath flickers at every gust of poignant distress—when the struggle for a day's food compresses in its heroic toil the trials of an ordinary life time, cannot be realised by the classes born in the purple of society. Ramdoolal's grand-mother did not belong to any of these classes. The wife of a beggar who lived upon the charity of his neighbours, she was familiar from bitter experience with the distractions and demoralisations of poverty. Hence the devotion with which, next to the worship of her God, she tended the poor—hence the arduous labour at the *Dhenkie* that she may be furnished with the means, wretched as was her own destiny, for relieving the wretchedness of those floundering in a lower abyss of misery than herself. Such a grand-mother was a teacher more efficacious and impressive than all the blustering professors in our schools, more persuasive and eloquent than all the ponderous philosophical tomes in our libraries. Fortune smiled at last upon her virtues, for a few years after she had undertaken the nursing of the orphans of her deceased daughter, she obtained the situation of an important domestic, *viz*, cook, in the household of Mudden Mohun Dutt, one of the richest native gentlemen of Calcutta at the time. In caste she was the equal of her employer. Hence her position was not exactly that of a menial, though her emoluments were not a whit superior to those of a waiting-maid. This wondrous custom of caste indeed is a

standing puzzle in Hindoo society. Though Ramdoolal's grand-mother was a salaried servant, yet she was a gentlewoman entitled to respect and to be treated with as high a consideration as any member of the family. The man or woman at whose hands a Hindoo can eat his food is an object of his reverence. Proved vice alone can make such a person infamous—the accident of wealth or its opposite does not change the gift of God. Ramdoolal's grand-mother found little difficulty in introducing her grand-son into the household of her opulent employer. As I have said before, the Hindoo shuts his door against no body who claims its protection. The status of the lady was a sufficient passport to the lad. The child had a right to domiciliation in the house in which its grand-mother was an honored domestic. Heads of families in Bengal whose means are not very ample, would be disgraced did they deny shelter of this description to the children of their servants. Mudden Mohun Dutt, the Dewan of the Export Warehouse, the rival in wealth of Rajah Navokrishna, was the last man to contest this right. Hundreds were daily fed at his house and enjoyed every comfort at his expense. His consent even was not necessary to add the lad to the long list of his dependents. Thus Ramdoolal entered the portals which, in the pinkest days of his prosperity, he never approached except with uncovered feet and folded hands. In this mansion of his rich patron he commenced his studies. The energy and will with which these were prosecuted soon made him an excellent penman and a fast accountant. The Pandit who taught the vernaculars to the sons of Mudden Mohun Dutt, was bound to give lessons also to the grandchild of Mudden Dutt's female cook. But the slender means of the lad's relative opposed obstacles to the purchase of the needful writing materials not capable of being easily overcome. So long as Ramdoolal was learning to write the alphabets, the tough palm leaf which knows no waste, which can be washed clean at any moment and as often as may be necessary—once purchased for a couple of pice, could outlast an entire course. But the next stage in the education of the Bengalee is a plantain leaf one. When the child has mastered the mystery of forming his letters, when his hand has been habituated to the discipline of correctly writing over his copy or writing in the faintest resemblance to his copy, his second step in caligraphy is to write on the plantain leaf. From the palm leaf to the plantain leaf is a promotion of no ordinary significance. The household God is worshipped more earnestly

and elaborately on that day, the offerings of rice and sweet-meat placed before him are more costly, the student is clothed in a new *dhootie* and the tutor is rewarded with a gratuity. The vernacular schools of our day have taken away the romance and the religion of education. The slate has supplanted both the palm leaf and the plantain leaf. But in the early days of Ramdoolal these ancient materials of education were the only ones known to the country. Rich and poor were equally beholden to them for the rudiments of penmanship, or I should more properly say reedmanship—for quills were then unknown or unhonored “instruments of little men” in the East. Ramdoolal’s means were too limited to enable him to purchase everyday the quantity of plantain leaves required for his exercises. The broad leaves of the Banian tree served him instead at the commencement. But his mind even at this early stage was full of resources. Where other men would have despaired, he deliberated. Observing that the sons of his rich patron threw away the plantain leaves after they had been once used by them, he considered whether by careful washing he could not make these sufficiently clean to write his exercises upon. The Ganges rolled close by the house in which he was being brought up, and Ramdoolal put his plan into immediate execution. It was not that the rich and generous Mudden Dutt who loved the boy on account of his soft quiet temper and vivacious intelligence, would have grudged, if the matter had been laid before him, to supply the grandchild of his cook with a bundle of plantain leaves for his writing exercises but Ramdoolal had the grace to remember under how numerous obligations he already lay to his patron. His heart was too big to demand favours where his ingenuity could supply all that he wanted. These carefully cleaned plantain leaves were as good as new ones; and the perseverance and skill which enabled that fatherless boy in maturer years to become the first native merchant in Calcutta, amassing a colossal fortune, may be traced in its germ to that epoch in his life, in which, day after day, with the sun beating upon his unprotected head and his feet dipped into the stream of the Ganges, he washed the ink from the thin fragile plantain leaves and smoothed the crumples in them in order to complete his education. The ardour and industry with which his studies were pursued may be conceived from this simple story of his childhood. But the wave of Western learning had not yet reached the shores of India. The Peninsula presented one unbroken surface of ignorance, dense, appalling ignorance. The clang of battle resounded through its length and its breadth. Enlarged ideas of duty

—even the selfish principle of human conduct in its deep far-seeing phase, had not commenced to influence the English ruler. Schools were not considered a necessary element of good government. All that the native population was expected to know was its own vernacular with a mere colloquial command over the English language. Ramdoolal mastered his own vernacular—was a shrewd accountant and could express himself intelligibly to an English Mate or Captain.

Armed with this knowledge, at the age of 16—with a brother to support and an aged grand-father to preserve in his declining years from the toil and the indignity of begging alms every day in sun and in rain for his maintenance—Ramdoolal offered himself for the hard, ruthless battle of life. With another friendless boy like himself, Nund Coomar Bose, who afterwards rose to the Dewanship of the Government Salt Golas in Tumlook—a position the equivalent of which for honor or for emolument is not to be found in the present day, he joined the long train of *omedwars* or applicants for employment, who daily besieged Mudden Mohun Dutt with their petitions and their prayers. The two friends, whose affection for each other terminated only with their death, after many disappointments, were at last desired by their patron to attend his office and learn business. Idleness or fear of toil was not in the composition of either. But one day as they set out from home the sun seemed to be more unmercifully hot than ever and a furious dust storm nearly blinded them. Umbrellas they were too poor to purchase, so shelter from neither sun nor dust could be obtained on the road. Blistered by the former and blinded by the latter, the two friends called a council of war. It was resolved that, as they had no regular employment, no real duties to discharge, no responsibilities to fulfil—they could, considering the oppressive heat and the harassing dust storm, absent themselves that day from their task of doing nothing. They retraced their steps accordingly to their patron's house where they lived—and went to sleep. That sleep was long and heavy. Mudden Mohun Dutt on his return from business found them still snoring. Suspecting that the lads had fallen ill, for it was not their wont to be so idle, he gently roused them and demanded to know if they were unwell. Ramdoolal started to his feet, rubbed his eyes and felt as if the recording Angel had caught him sinning. He might have easily saved his reputation with one on whom an impression of his industry was the only means of his prosperity. He was still a dependent upon the charity of his patron and it was evidently for his

interest that that patron should not entertain the idea that he was nursing a slothful vagabond. The temptation on his side was exceedingly great, almost irresistible, to tell a lie and account by a story of temporary, or sudden illness, for the position, unusual and disgraceful in which he had been discovered. But the truth that burned intensely in his bosom sternly forbade recourse to any such subterfuge. Ramdoolal despised to tell a falsehood. With downcast eyes and faltering voice he confessed that the sun and the dust had enervated him, had restrained him from taking his accustomed place in his patron's office, had driven him back to the house where he unconsciously fell asleep. The big patron smiled sarcastically. A sneer curled on his lips as he remarked if Ramdoolal feared sun and dust it was not likely that he should ever obtain employment. Stung by that just reprimand the boy resolved to show his mettle. He prayed for the contemptible post of a Bill Sircar, a post of which privation and personal discomfort are the most prominent conditions. The energy and toil with which he fulfilled its duties are beyond description. Mudden Dutt's large business relations procured him creditors in every part of the country. Ramdoolal's plodding feet were thus on every shore and on every carpet. Nor sun, nor rain, nor wind daunted him. From Calcutta to Barrackpore or Teetaghur was an ordinary journey to him on foot. If the gentleman to whom he took a Bill at either of these places demanded an explanation of any doubtful item, Ramdoolal returned all the way back to Calcutta and obtaining the needful particulars from his employer trotted off again to realise the Bill. On one occasion he had to receive a large sum of money from an officer at Dum-Dum. He was kept waiting until evening. An Englishman has no idea of the distractions of a poor Collecting Sircar. That he may have dangers on the road, that he may have a sick child at home to whom he must be naturally anxious to return as soon as possible, that a thousand little things may demand an early termination of his disagreeable mission—are views in the life of the Collecting Sircar which do not readily occur to the rich. Ramdoolal was kept waiting till night succeeded to day and he was then sent away with a large sum of money in his custody. At that time brigandage was a prevailing evil in the suburbs of Calcutta. The warlike element in Bengal dispersed by the victory at Plassey was still hanging in a dense mass upon the civil population, biding its time and plundering without restraint of law or Police the unprotected or the ill protected. The road from Dum-Dum

to the metropolis is even now unsafe. In the early days of Ramdoolal he was a very Roostum who attempted to pass through it at night with treasure in his charge. Ramdoolal entrusted with a large amount in cash at an hour at which it would have been insane to think of returning to Calcutta, was pushed to his wit's end how to dispose of himself for the night. He might have sought the shelter of a Hindoo cottage; but he was apprehensive in the then disturbed state of society, that his host, should he chance to discover the nature of his accompaniments, may be unable to resist the temptation of becoming suddenly rich by one act of murder. Hungry and way-worn he dared not present himself in the Bazar of a cantonment infested by soldiers not yet firmly used to British discipline. His mind full of resources settled itself to a definite course at last, without much further debate. As a fakir passing the night under the shelter of a tree it would be impossible for any one to suspect that there was money in his possession. Divesting himself of all superfluous clothing, with his bag of treasure under his head, he laid himself down—not to sleep, but to defy the screeching owl and the yelling jackal. He manfully resisted the allurements of the somnolent deity, and when day dawned, offered up a prayer to Heaven for his safety.

These hard trials of honesty and wit did not fail to make a sensible impression upon his employer. All this time his pay was the ordinary salary of a collecting Sircar *viz.* Rs. 5 per mensem. Ramdoolal's habits however were so simple, his comforts so few, his necessities so limited, that even out of this contemptible emolument he contrived by rigid parsimony to save as much as a 100 rupees. This was a treasure indeed to the poor man. But he valued the treasure not on his own selfish account. Gratitude, though some of the friends of the Hindoo race are charitable enough to believe that the word is not to be found in the Bengalee or Oordoo Dictionary, lay at the base of Ramdoolal's character. He did not forget that his maternal grand-father, had fed him when an orphan scarcely 5 years old, out of the uncertain gains of every day street beggary—that his maternal grand-mother had daily laboured at the tread-mill in order to supply him and his little brother with all that they wanted. In the declining years of those two relatives Ramdoolal, now grown strong and sturdy, felt that it was his turn to feed them. That grand-father's reason had been affected. At his seventieth year he believed he was still a child. He applied himself with the unavailing assiduity of madness to the English spelling book and he scribbled over

sheets and sheets every day in the hope of obtaining employment at the proper time as a clerk. Besides himself and his wife, he had children to support. But Ramdoolal relieved them all from want. The small capital of 100 Rupees which he had saved out of his pay, he invested in a timber Depôt at Baug-Bazar. Morning and evening, during all his spare moments he attended to the business of this Depôt, for its profits were to be devoted entirely to the support of his grand-father's family. Mudden Mohun Dutt pleased with these admirable traits in the character of his young protégé, admiring also his intelligence, his industry and his pluck, promoted him from the low position, emoluments and opportunities of a collecting sircar to the higher rôle of a ship sircar. The pay of the new office was 10 rupees a month, with lots of *buxis*; alternated of course by blows from ship captains, mates and crew. In this sphere the genius of Ramdoolal shone resplendent; the resources of his mind became luminously developed with every difficulty with which he had to grapple. His power of endurance, his courage, his keen observation, his ready wit, made him an invaluable ship sircar. Though he could not write, he could talk English fluently. A ship sircar has to combat elements which are not of a very hopeful character. He has to go out into the mouth of the river in all weathers, to superintend the loading and discharge of cargo—to count out the bales and the boxes discharged as well as the bales and the boxes delivered. Often he has to maintain a hot altercation, terminated not unfrequently again by blows, with Captains of vessels, regarding the number of bales and boxes short delivered. A man with a chicken's heart can never fulfil these duties honestly. On the other hand, the opportunities for speculation are enormous. Ramdoolal was as honest as he was courageous. Fortune also befriended him. On one occasion the frail bark which conveyed him to Diamond Harbour, capsized—it was flood tide. He swam up the stream fourteen miles and was rescued only at Kidderpore. These risks paved the way to his reward. At another time a violent storm overtook him and his friend Nundcoomar Bose at Diamond Harbour. They found refuge in a fisherman's hut. A *jatla* or rushes woven into a mattress was given them for a bed. The two friends passed the night covering themselves with this rude apology for a sheet, but they found it to be so warm and comfortable that in the days of their highest prosperity they had a *Jatla* always under their bed sheets. That the risks incurred by Ramdoolal during this stage of his life paved the way to his reward, has

not been lightly observed above. His visits to Diamond Harbour gave him the opportunity of correctly estimating the value of numerous sunken vessels put up for sale in Tulloh's Auction. A large ship with a full cargo had foundered close to the mouth of the Hooghly. Ramdoolal had carefully ascertained the position and nature of the wreck. The facilities for lifting it up or recovering a portion of the cargo, were also thoughtfully weighed by him. It chanced soon after that his employer sent him with some money to the auction of Tulloh and Company to make certain purchases. The thing marked in the catalogue had been sold however a few minutes before his arrival. He missed it. But the auctioneer was lustily crying up a wreck which formed the next lot. Ramdoolal had little difficulty in finding out that the wreck was no other than the one, the condition of which he had only a few days ago through the mere force of habit, so carefully ascertained. Curiosity led him to witness the sale. The upset price was so ridiculously small that he was tempted to put in a bid. Few there were in that sale room who knew any thing at all about the ship or its probable value. Ramdoolal's bid, perhaps the only bid, was therefore accepted. The vessel with its entire cargo was knocked down to him for 14,000 rupees. The Sircar registered the sale however in the name of his master and paid the purchase money out of the sum entrusted to him on account of the lot he was commissioned to buy but had so unfortunately missed. He had not yet quitted the premises of Tulloh and Company, when an English gentleman rushed wildly into the sale room, anxiously enquiring whether the ship which Ramdoolal had just purchased, had been as yet put up for sale. The auctioneer blandly informed the gentleman that he had come one day after the fair; for that the lot had been just knocked down to a native sircar for 14,000 rupees who had also completed the bargain by paying the whole of the purchase money. The English gentleman looked agonizingly in all directions. Could the Sircar be found? He was found at last in the smoking room of Tulloh's auction—that haven of refuge to the weary and the wandering. The gentleman seemed to be closely connected with the ship which Ramdoolal had purchased. He knew the real worth of the vessel and the worth also of the cargo it contained. He had intended to come in and bid for the lot. But he missed his opportunity—and there he stood baiting and bullying the sircar who had not missed but forestalled him. Ramdoolal was not certainly either a coward or a fool. The threats of the European failed to make any impression on a man who perfectly well

understood his rights and was proof against violence. He smiled whilst the European raved. He knew he had checkmated him. Slowly the latter changed his tactics. He offered Ramdoolal a profit. The sircar was quite agreeable to an offer of that nature. But he understood also the true character of his venture. The Englishman haggled and haggled, until he discovered that the person whom he confronted, was one of those shrewd Bengalees whom even the devil could not over-reach. He stumped out handsomely at last and Ramdoolal transferred the sale to him for a profit of little less than a lac of rupees. But the money belonged to Ramdoolal's master. Though Mudden Dutt could not have dreamed that his sircar had purchased a ship in his name and paid for it out of funds entrusted to him for other objects, though the whole of those funds Ramdoolal was now in a position to return to his employer without the latter knowing any thing about the profit that had been made by its means, though the sircar was vegetating on only 10 rupees a month, rushing daily into the mouth of every danger for that paltry sum, and the temptation to secure an honorable independence would therefore under the circumstances have upset less firm and honest natures—Ramdoolal whose principles were his brightest treasure, whose heart despised deceit in any form, whose moral rectitude in later life awed Europeans, never once suspected—the thought did not for a moment tantalise him—that the profit thus secured on his bargain belonged to any other person than his master. Indeed, his conscience smote him for having purchased the ship at all—for having, without the order or permission of his employer, risked that employer's money on such a bargain, for being unable to resist the temptation of doing an act for which he might justly be blamed. More as a repentant sinner than a triumphant servant, did he repair to Mudden Dutt's office. Hesitatingly he sought the presence of that rich Dewan. With folded hands and in the manner of a penitent at the confessional he recounted the story of his purchase with the story of his profit. He prayed to be pardoned for the presumption of which he had been guilty—and he laid the roll of Bank notes amounting to nearly a lac of rupees, at the feet of his master. That master was not a grasping oppressor; not a miser who hoarded up treasure for the satisfaction merely of gazing upon it. Mudden Mohun Dutt, one of the progenitors of the rich family of Dutt at Nimtola, had a princely soul. He stared in amazement at the simplicity of Ramdoolal—so unlike the world, so Roman in his honesty

—nothing could stop the fortune of that man. The mark of a positive law was on his forehead—greatness was in his nature. He had cultivated great habits. Another man nursing similar principles of moral behaviour, possessing the same shrewd powers of observation and thrown amidst opportunities of the same kind, must inevitably be as great as Ramdoolal, as fortunate, as excellent an example to humanity. Men content themselves with the simple conclusion that Ramdoolal was lucky—forgetting that his character furnished the real key to his good fortune. How few, it may be asked, would have acted as Ramdoolal acted in the position then occupied by him, in the opportunity within his grasp, in the temptation which beset him, in the apparent absence of any grievous moral taint from a contrary behaviour. Mudden Dutt was stunned and bewildered by the frank integrity of the man. He blessed him and said, “Ramdoolal the money is yours. Your good fortune has sent it to you. You sowed the seed and you shall reap the harvest.” Tears choked the power of utterance as Ramdoolal gratefully acknowledged the gift. No small one it was to a sircar on ten rupees a month. But the windfall did not turn his head. He continued to serve Mudden Dutt as long as his patron lived—continued to serve honestly, faithfully, obsequiously; and though the transactions into which the money thus secured to him enabled him to enter, made him an exceedingly rich man, one of the richest men in Calcutta in fact, before Mudden Dutt died, still Ramdoolal regularly besieged him on pay day for the stipend of 10 rupees which he had a right to draw from his good patron. The maxim which he seemed to have adopted himself and which he recommended to others was this, that no harm could befall a man who, in the days his prosperity, often contemplated the days of his adversity. A poor fellow once happened to draw a prize of Rs. 5,000 at the Government lottery. As may be expected he was transported with joy. His head became giddy—sleep forsook his eyelids. He used to lie tossing in bed contemplating a thousand ways of employing his capital. In his distraction he broke his condition to a few friends. These unanimously advised him to seek Ramdoolal and ask his opinion. The man waited upon the millionaire who was then in the zenith of his prosperity. Ramdoolal patiently heard all he had to say, then quietly advised him to invest his money in the funds and never give up the habit of casting constant retrospections on his former state.

The lac of rupees thus obtained became the keystone of Ramdoolal's fortune—the first stratum on which was piled up that colossal wealth

which was the wonder and the envy of his contemporaries. From this small beginning, thus consecrated by an act of faith which in the present state of mercantile morality, the swindles in the share market and the robberies in Joint Stock Companies, may well appear romantic—was raised up an estate, which, at the time of the death of the accumulator, amounted to a crore and twenty-three lacs of rupees:—which through the avarice, stupidity and mismanagement of Ramdoolal's heirs has again dwindled into a few lacs. The genius of Ramdoolal could transmute dross into gold—his honesty enabled him to dictate to the money market. Whilst serving as a ship sircar, ample opportunities were placed in his way to make steadfast friends of the Captains and Supercargos of the vessels to which his duties daily carried him. His fine temper, his manly humility, his stern straightforwardness, gave him a position inconsistent indeed with his humble office. He had obtained the respect and confidence of all with whom he ever came into contact—and the means now at his disposal enabled him to enter into business relations with those whom he could formerly approach only as a servant.

The great American people had just then obtained their liberty. The democratical spirit which had successfully carried them through a most perilous war with the mother country, manifested itself, when the excitement of that war had ceased, in the enterprise by which obscure ship Captains and Mates rose to wealth and eminence. Ramdoolal may justly be said to be the pioneer of American commerce in Bengal. The American Union was finally established in 1783 in which year England acknowledged the independence of her colonies in the New World. About this time Ramdoolal exhibited the greatest activity and fascination in alluring the trade of the United States to the harbours of Bengal. He freely advanced money to American Captains, loaded their vessels with cargo judiciously selected, sold their imports for the highest profit. The gains from these transactions were so considerable that Ramdoolal rapidly rose to wealth. On the other hand, the obscure Captains and Mates for whom he worked, for whom he selected the most profitable cargo, to whom he freely advanced money when they stood in need of it, retired to America wealthy men and became merchants in their turn. The bulk of American business thus passed through Ramdoolal's hands. He came to be quoted as an authority in American commercial circles. So great was the confidence which his constituents in the new hemisphere reposed on his ability and his integrity, that for the first time in the history of Indian commerce the merchants of the United States dispensed with European

Agents in Bengal altogether ; transacting direct with a native house, sending ships to its consignment and drafts to its credit for purchase of Indian produce. The house established by Ramdoolal still flourishes amongst us, being carried on by the grandsons of the millionaire on the daughter's side under the style of Ashootosh Deb and Nephews. The following well known native gentlemen of Calcutta are its surviving partners, *viz.* Baboos Sham Chand Mitter, Aunoo Chand Mitter and Autool Chunder Mitter. The fame for honesty and capacity established by Ramdoolal is still maintained by this house, which continues to transact direct with the merchants of Boston, New York and Philadelphia, without the intervention of any English or American Agents. It is impossible within the brief limits to which I am required to confine myself, to enter into any lengthy details of the commerce which Ramdoolal's enterprise and high speculative genius attracted to these shores from the bosom of the Pacific Ocean. His mercantile correspondence is an example indeed to the rising generation. There were no crooked ways in his business—no hollows from which an ambush could be started. Downright opinions were given in his letters with the bluntness of a plain sincere man. The extent of his American connection may be imagined from the array of merchants of whom he was the sole agent in Bengal. The list I subjoin is taken from the books of the period immediately following his death.

BOSTON HOUSES.

G. R. Minot, G. Warren, J. Young, J. S. Amory, T. Wigglesworth, J. T. Coleridge, H. Irving, J. J. Bowditch, B. Rich and Son, E. Rhodes, F. W. Everitt, W. Godard, Mackie and Coleridge, H. Lee, O. Godwin, Theuring and Perkins.

NEW YORK.

Messrs. Lennox & Son, G. S. Higginson, Messrs. C. & D. Skinner, Messrs. Singleton & Mezick, S. Austin junior, W. C. Appleton, E. B. Crocker, E. Davies, J. J. Dixwell, W. A. Brown, A. Baker junior, G. Brown, T. C. Bacon, M. Curtis, Baring Brothers.

PHILADELPHIA.

Messrs. Grant & Stone.

SALEM.

Pickering Dodge, W. Landor.

NEWBERRY PORT.

The Hon'ble E. S. Rant, J. H. Telcombe.

MARVELHEAD.

J. Hooper.

So deep was the reverence attached to the very name of Ramdoolal in America, that a shipowner called a vessel after him, which was sent to Ramdoolal's consignment three times during his life time. The name was doubtless conceived to impart luck ; and the owner had little reason to regret the choice he had made if that was his motive.

Some of the principal American Merchants subscribed for a portrait of General Washington taken from life a few years before the death of the American Patriot. This portrait, in 1801, or a little more than a year after General Washington's death, was presented to Ramdoolal as a mark of their esteem and affection. The portrait is a life size one, measuring nine feet by six ; and it may still be seen in the office of Aushootosh Deb and Nephews where Ramdoolal's grandsons have carefully preserved it. Such a distinction was never before or afterwards conferred on a Bengalee by the merchants of America or any other continent. But Ramdoolal was a man for all ages and all climes ; equally beloved by all classes for his many virtues, with a reputation that had not a stain upon it and the manners of one of nature's born aristocrats. It was not however to the American trade alone that the genius of the man was directed. Though he was the early cherisher of that trade, though through him the great American nation first learned to honor the Hindoo and to repose confidence in heathen probity—to treat with contempt, under the catholic influence of a wide democratical spirit, the calumny that falsehood, chicanery and deceit formed the heritage of the unchristianised Bengalee—still the large mind of Ramdoolal, the grasp of his great soul, was not limited merely to this one result. If America revered his name and built ships to commemorate it, England was no less an admirer of his sterling merits. Hand in hand with the American trade, Ramdoolal directed his energies to the expansion of the trade with Great Britain and China. Whilst acting as the sole agent of a host of American merchants, of the Phillipine Company, of several important houses in China—he found time to undertake the Banianship of Fairlie Fergusson and Co. then the largest English House in Calcutta. The transactions of that House would strike the merchant of the present day as mythical. If it shipped rice it was

in lacs of bags—if it exported sugar it was in quantities that looked almost like a monopoly—if the brokers of Fairlie Fergusson and Co. demanded an article in the Bazars, not another House in Calcutta dared to purchase it. Randooolal had unlimited credit in every market. His word was as good as a bond on stamped paper. A nod from him could unsettle the money market. The great Houses of Palmer and Co., Alexander and Co., Mackintosh and Co.—Houses the business transacted by each one of which was fully equal to that of fifty mercantile Firms of these degenerate days, but over which the Firm of which Randooolal was banian towered like a giant amongst dwarfs—bowed reverently to his wisdom and thankfully acknowledged his advice. An aged European gentleman who saw Randooolal in his declining years and who was himself a clerk at the time in the firm of Mackintosh and Co. thus writes about the great Banian:—"I remember him as well as I could see him." "Randooolal Dey," the same writer continues, "had not his equal as Banian, man of business or a kind liberal man. Although I knew him only for a short time, (a few years before he died) and I was a youngster at the time, he was willing to do for me any thing I asked him to do. In those days it was usual for young gentlemen to go to China with opium. My prospects were excellent, therefore my uncle Dr. Wallich, Superintendent of the Hon'ble Company's Botanical Garden, thought it not worth while for me to take advances from your grand-father." This readiness in Randooolal to trust young men whom he considered deserving of his confidence, to place them in positions from which they could serve both themselves and their patron, to assist them to carve their fortunes, made him the most popular native gentleman of his day. He shared this trait with many of the merchants of America. It is said of Mr. Thomas Handasyd Perkins, the founder of the great American Asylum for deaf dumb and blind that goes under his name, that he was remarkable for his kindness "in promoting the success of others, particularly of young men engaging in voyages or other commercial enterprise." In Randooolal this desire was a habit. No prejudice of race restrained or weighted his hands. His heart was wide enough to include the universe in its sympathies. Talk of antagonism of race. Randooolal was a living refutation of that grim theory manufactured by a prurient imagination to distract and degenerate mankind. His behaviour disarmed malice, his principles appalled the guilty with their loftiness, his acts scarcely left him an enemy. When the patriot of St. Domingo, the Negro Napoleon as he was called, the good and the gallant Toussaint—whom the white Napoleon treacherously entrapped

and then starved to death in the dismal dungeon of St. Joux—organized a new Government after the successful insurrection in that island which he had headed, history records that, with a soul which disdained to avow the petty jealousies of race, though victory was on his side, though arms were in his hands, he nominated the principal members of his administration out of the white population whom he had subdued. Here was an example from which prouder races may learn the precepts of a holy morality, the promptings of a divine duty. Men there are at the present moment—Christian men in India, filling important offices in the state, who are not ashamed to avow, privately in unofficial talk and publicly in official correspondence, that the Hindoo and the Christian, the black man and the white, the slave and the suzerain—should be invidiously separated. To these the spirit of the heathen Ramdoolal may cry fie!—and the welkin shall resound with the sonorous ring of that scathing monosyllable. For Ramdoolal in scattering blessings around him did not limit himself to the pusillanimous groove of race. European and Hindoo alike shared in them,—and if I were permitted to insert herein an extract from the inventory of his estate very kindly shown to me, I could startle you with an array of English names, the owners of which received pecuniary assistance from him to the extent of 33 lacs of rupees, freely advanced on bonds which were never enforced and the bulk of which were never paid. The truly great feel a pride, a dignity in treating humanity as a whole,—in casting out from their minds the littlenesses which distract and disfigure less gifted men. It is the effect of our education, our habit, and a low mistaken patriotism, to depress and deprecate that with which we are not familiar,—that which we do not consider national. The ordinary man is incapable of spreading out his sympathies in a way which we are accustomed to regard as God-like. It is a misfortune and a misformation. He is a moral cripple entitled to the pity and the commiseration of the wise and thoughtful. Men like Ramdoolal or the Negro Toussaint, are natural perfections, to be imitated, or at least venerated. They certainly are happier than other men,—nearer to a higher spiritual organization,—more capable of enjoying the smack of a good act than their fellows floundering in a mere animal system of ethics. They are for the universe and not for any little spot in the universe. They are the fabulous man whom the Scythian ambassador described to Alexander whose right hand touched the West and whose left hand touched the East, whose head penetrated into the North, and whose feet rampled the South, pole. The contemplation of such men elevates humanity from the dust to which its mortal frame is destined, carrying

the mind to its invisible home amongst the Gods, where strife and spite and pride are forbidden to ascend and enter.

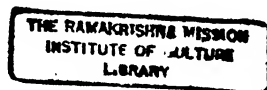
I have traced Ramdoolal to the summit of his prosperity. The orphan boy whom his grand-father reared upon the fruits of the meanest form of beggary, is now the grandest native in the realm. His word unsettles the commerce of Bengal. Four ships, viz., the "Ramdoolal Dey," named after himself, the "Bemola" named after his eldest and most favourite daughter, the "David Clarke" named after one of the senior partners of the firm of Fairlie Fergusson & Co. of which he was Banian, and another, carried his goods to England, to America, to China and to Malta. His credit in the market was unlimited—his advice and assistance were eagerly sought by the most eminent merchants of the day. When a few years after this, Palmer and Co., Alexander & Co., Mackintosh & Co., all failed during a severe commercial crisis, his estate suffered a loss of nearly 25 lacs of rupees without being at all affected by it. The *London Times* alluding to this loss described the sons of Ramdoolal as the Rothschilds of Bengal. Whatever Ramdoolal touched became gold. He seemed to hold in his hands the true philosopher's stone. At one time he bought a fabulous quantity of glass beads on which no merchant in Calcutta would have wasted a thought. A market for them sprung up however in Madras—and Ramdoolal obtained a fabulous profit. On another occasion, black pepper became a drug in the bazar. Some thousands of maunds of that article were thrown upon Ramdoolal's hands. He held them on manfully until a demand arose in a distant country—and he then sold the entire investment for four times its ordinary value. A very impressive anecdote exists in connection with this transaction. It shows the stuff of which the man was made, what a glorious principle of right governed his acts, how the accumulation of vast wealth had not made him avaricious, what a sublime reverence for truth sublay his character, what ridiculous pedants are the men who describe the Hindoo as incomparably deceitful. Whilst Ramdoolal was still holding on his pepper, before even the rumour of a possible demand for it had reached him,—an English gentleman who had locked up a large capital in a similar investment, but who could not any longer keep his stock without disturbing other commercial arrangements, waited upon the millionaire, offering to bond the article as security for a loan which he solicited. Ramdoolal, not yet sure that the pepper would sell, but instantly perceiving that by purchasing the English gentleman's stock, he could command a monopoly of pepper in the market, declined to advance a loan, though he agreed to buy the article at a proper valuation. The

European would not have hesitated had the offer come from any other man than Ramdoolal ; but the fact of an offer of this kind from such a well-informed and shrewd speculator, led him to suspect that the pepper market would soon look up. He asked for time to consider. In the meantime the demand for pepper came urgently to Calcutta and the brokers in the city who had faintly heard that Ramdoolal had secured a monopoly of the article, flew to him with terms that would give the millionaire a profit of four times the money he had invested on it. Ramdoolal struck a bargain without delay, including into it besides his own stock, the pepper belonging to the Englishman, who knew as yet nothing about the demand, and who still in perfect ignorance of it, called on Ramdoolal a short time after, unreservedly selling his stock at the old market rate. This sale was quite a legitimate one. Ramdoolal was not bound to impart to the European the special knowledge by which he had made his enormous profit. The latter had sold in perfect good faith and without any trickery having been practised on him. He could have had no reason to complain if a few days later he had heard that Ramdoolal had realised a fortune by the transaction. The ups and downs of trade commercial people are always prepared for. Had the demand which Ramdoolal contracted to meet, from any cause died away, Ramdoolal would have suffered a ruinous loss. What then was the surprise of the European when, after closing the bargain with him, --after the papers of sale had been duly signed, Ramdoolal handed over to him four times the stipulated price. A fortune it was, amounting to several lacs of rupees. The European in his ignorant simplicity asked what the other money was for ? For whom was it intended ? Had the shrewd Bengalee made an error in calculation ? Was he dreaming ? Ramdoolal at once undeceived him. He disclosed the whole story of the case—he was too romantically honest to make money out of another person's misfortune. A hurricane of thanks was poured upon him by the needy gentleman ; the fame of his integrity flew over the city and was wafted across the sea. Can any one wonder that such a man lived to be a merchant king, --to accumulate a crore and twenty-three lacs of rupees after spending like a prince ! Compare the commercial morality of the present age, the joint stock swindles of our time, with this more than Roman virtue, this blazing truth issuing from a heathen. There were giants indeed in those days ! Ramdoolal drew around him --and he had the tact to find them out, native gentlemen endowed with a similar reverence for truth to himself. His chief assistant and right-hand man at Fairlie Fergusson & Co's, Cossynauth Ghose, had once purchased a Government lottery ticket. A prize of 50,000 rupees was declared upon it. Ramdoolal

was the first to hear of this prize. He hurried from the lottery office to communicate to his friend the news of his good fortune. As he entered the room in Fairlie Fergusson & Co's office where Cossynauth, surrounded by native mohurirs, was performing his work, he joyously announced that Cossynauth's ticket had just won a prize of 50,000 rupees. Congratulating his friend, he asked him how he intended to dispose of this money. That friend coolly replied that the money was not *all* his. Every one in the room stared at this answer. But Cossynauth fixing his large, lustrous eyes upon three of the mohurirs who sat next to him, declared that these had each a fourth share in the prize. The persons pointed out were amazed,—Ramdoolal was confounded. The mohurirs knew nothing about the lottery ticket. Cossynauth had purchased it himself and had paid for it; but he had debited the men in his private account book with a fourth part each of the ticket. The men were his debtors. They knew not until this moment that they were his debtors. Perhaps, if the lottery ticket had carried a blank instead of a prize, the debts would have been cancelled without their ever knowing that they were his debtors. Cossynauth had put in the names of the men in the simple, superstitious belief that if his luck was not sufficient, that of any one of these men may possibly secure a prize, and now that a prize was within his grasp, he disdained to back out of his intention, however secretly formed or kept, though he lost about 40,000 rupees by his romantic folly as Ramdoolal characterised the affair—Ramdoolal who, good and great as he was himself, could not help feeling awed by the austere integrity of his friend. By such men was Ramdoolal constantly surrounded,—men whose long lives presented one unbroken picture of nobility of thought worked out by nobility of action. These were our forefathers, and how small and degenerate we look beside them, with our ever-lasting tattle of principle and morality, yet perpetual struggle to overreach our fellows.

Though Ramdoolal had now risen to the highest pinnacle of wealth, yet his habits were the simplest that can be imagined. A few months before the purchase of the wreck which laid the foundation of his stupendous fortune, whilst yet a junior ship Sircar, the senior Sircar above him, anticipating from present signs and symptoms the future of his young subordinate, proposed a match between him and his sister; a beautiful girl, the pride of the village in which she was born, Moolajore, not far from the spot on which I am now standing,—fair as the rose, with a heart fairer still if possible. Bengalees believe in the luck brought to their homes by their wives. A bride is not selected by a Hindoo before the marks about her have been curiously examined. The girl whose palms and the soles of whose feet are

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red, whose lips are of a vermillion color, whose forehead and mouth are small,—is a paragon, not of beauty only, but also of good fortune. The Goddess of luck is herself represented with these characteristic features. Ramdoolal's wife had these signs bounteously bestowed upon her. And when, a few months after her marriage, her husband earned a fortune by purchasing an abandoned wreck, the wise amongst her acquaintances extolled the veracity of the Shasters and presaged for her an extraordinary destiny. The virtues of Ramdoolal's wife developed with her husband's increasing wealth. People commenced to say openly that it was her luck that had made Ramdoolal so prosperous. If the husband was simply generous, the wife was wastefully liberal. Ramdoolal once purchased numerous bales of a peculiar kind of broad cloth, the inner and outer sides of which were of different colors. For the first time in the history of the English trade with Bengal, this broad cloth had been imported. The price of the article was not to be sneezed at. Thirty rupees a yard was no inconsiderable value at a time when the specie circulation had not attained the gigantic proportions of our day. Ramdoolal held the article as a monopoly. The entire stock in the market had been soused upon by him. His brokers reported there was not another ell of the commodity to be obtained any where else. Satisfied that the monopoly was complete, he carefully stowed away the bales in the godowns of his own residence and awaited the day on which he should sell them at a price of his dictation. As he sat one winter morning, however, in the varandah of his house, he was surprised to observe one brahmin after another passing through the street below, enveloped in broad cloth sheets of the exact pattern of the article in his possession and of which he flattered himself he was holding a monopoly. His first act that day on reaching his office, was to call together his brokers, tax them with their neglect in obeying his positive instructions and to send them again on an exploring expedition into the market with rigid orders to buy up all the broad cloth of the peculiar pattern, for any price; for he was sure his monopoly was in danger, as he had that very day seen the identical stuff on the persons of a host of Brahmins as they passed in front of his house after their morning ablutions in the Ganges. In vain the search. After a weary day's toil the entire band of brokers returned with certain intelligence that not two inches of the article could be found in the Bazar; and had not been there during the last three months. But Ramdoolal could not disbelieve the evidence of his senses. He had seen the thing that very morning on numerous aged Brahmins—and if it had not come from the Bazar, it could not certainly have dropped down from the moon. Deeply revolving the matter in his mind, he returned home and proceeded to

inspect his godown. There the truth revealed itself to him on the most cursory examination. His wife had burrowed into the merchant's den—and whilst the man was calculating rupees, annas and pie, the woman could contemplate only the comfort which one or two bales of that fine warm stuff would bring to the palsied limbs of the Brahmin shaking and shrinking beneath the cold December dew. Her soul of charity could not behold distress and the means of alleviating it without bringing the two face to face, and mitigating the suffering the sight of which so severely pained her gentle heart. Unknown to her husband—unknown to even her husband's servants, the heroic woman had pulled down the heavy bales of broad cloth, and, scissor in hand had made the necessary divisions in the pieces. Then summoning all the needy brahmins in her neighbourhood she had distributed the costly stuff—each sheet being worth 90 rupees according to the price actually paid by her husband—amongst hundreds. Ramdoolal silently observed the havoc made in his preserves. But he dared not say one word to his wife—worthy wife of a worthy man. His eyes were opened—and the succeeding morning he completed the good work thus begun without his knowledge, by distributing several pieces of the beautiful garment amongst his neighbours and friends.

At another time, Ramdoolal had purchased six hundred bags of the best refined sugar for a large sum. These had been similarly stored in his house in expectation of a fitting market. Ramdoolal's wife obtained the permission of the millionaire to have the *Poorans* daily read in her house, a few days after this transaction. The pious Hindoo woman, who is herself unable to read or write, considers it an act of the highest devotion to listen to the *Poorans*, or the great volume of the Hindoo shasters, as they are read and expounded by a learned brahmin. The minutest incidents of Hindoo worship are thus impressed upon the minds of the ignorant. It is an act of religion fully equal in expense as well as its devotional effects to a poojah. The household God is brought in state into the compound and there placed on a silver throne, under a golden umbrella—a platform is erected on which a velvet bed and velvet-covered pillows richly ornamented with gold, are spread. The reader of the *Poorans* is dressed in silken clothes, with rings and with neck chains;—many garlands of sweet scented flowers are wound round his head and his neck,—the sweet scented *chundun* covers his forehead and his cheeks. Thus bedecked, so soon as the heat of the meridian sun has subsided, day after day he takes his seat on the bed spread out for him on that raised platform—and with the open volume of the shasters before him, he proceeds to expound in popular Bengalee the stories

of the Ramayan and the Mohavarut. A dense crowd of eager listeners consisting mainly of women and aged Brahmins, surrounds him. A good reader must be an inimitable actor. The voice, the gesture, the proud or piteous look of the characters whom he brings forward, must be represented with the truthfulness and reality of nature. At times his audience is convulsed with laughter in another moment audible sobs proceed from the listeners who press closer and closer around him. When he describes the scene in which the five sons of Pandoo after having lost every inch of land at the gaming table, lose also their common wife—and the beautiful Drapodi is dragged into the divan of the ruthless Doorjadhon, an attempt being there made to forcibly reduce her to nudity and the Gods come to her rescue supplying her with endless garments as fast as those worn by her are taken away—the commotion in that female audience, the outbursts of indignation and grief, the flush of a chaste shame, may be better imagined than described. These are the means at the disposal of the Hindoo woman for educating herself in lofty ideas of honor and of duty,—these are the opportunities by which she rears up the ideals for her imitation,—these are the fountains at which she drinks in the elixir of that pure, dazzling, heroic, morality which, in spite of harassing social institutions, makes her a pattern mother, pattern wife and pattern offspring. Can it be wondered that the Hindoo widow mounted in days gone by, and would still mount if the permission were given to her, the blazing pile of her dead husband, with a smile upon her lips and bedecked as a bride,—her husband's head upon her lap—unmoved and imperturbable with the flames flashing and hissing around her soft sensitive form. The shasters prepare her at these graphic expositions of them for the dreadful sacrifice. She hears with a glow of feminine pride how Koontie and Madri the two wives of king Pandoo at the death of the king, each sought to be crowned with the halo of the suttee—how their contention was at last decided by arbitration—and how blank and dismal was the look of Koonti when her rival was pronounced to be the fitter suttee.

Ramdoolal's wife, gave one of these holy readings as I have said, a short time after her husband had purchased and stocked his godowns with 600 bags of the finest sugar. For ninety days were the readings continued. Thousands of native women daily flocked to her house to listen. The fine spirit of courtesy by which the mistress of the house was governed, required, that this vast assemblage should daily be entertained with *sherbet*. The six hundred bags soon melted therefore under her hands, until, by the time the readings were finished, only forty bags remained of that large supply.

Ramdoolal, little suspecting what was going on, so soon as the sugar market became favorable, effected a sale of the entire six hundred bags and sent a sircar to his house to cause them to be delivered to the purchaser. What was his surprise when the servant returned with the information that the mistress of the house had already run through 560 bags of the valuable article! Ramdoolal had reason to be annoyed. The sale had been completed and he would be required to pay damages for nonfulfilment of his contract. Returning home that evening he went straight to his wife and with gloomy looks upbraided her for her extravagance. In the excitement of the moment he called her his angel of ill luck. His wife listened. All the former reproach she could bear. But this last the reproach of being her husband's angel of ill luck, she whose luck had raised that husband from the contemptible pay and prospects of a ship sircar to the proud position of a citizen king, the trusted Agent of scores of mercantile Houses in both hemispheres, the dictator of the Calcutta market, - went like a dagger to her heart. Her dark flashing eyes now pouring forth a hundred streams were for a moment fixed intently upon her husband, then slowly repeating his words, "I your 'angel of ill-luck,'" she darted out of the room like Diana charged with light-headedness, and reaching her bed-chamber bolted the door behind her. Ramdoolal stood petrified. During his long life of 73 years he had never lost his temper except on that eventful day. It is said of him that he knew not one single epithet of abuse. In a remarkably loose age when the passions of unlettered men had not become acquainted with the restraints of law or of etiquette, Ramdoolal was the perfection of gentility. The highest term of reproach with which he was familiar was the Bengalee word *mohapattur*, which literally translated means a mighty wight. When exceedingly annoyed with any body, he put his hand to his nose and addressing a third party declared, that was not an ordinary man, - he was a *mohapattur*, - a mighty wight. That Ramdoolal should have thus forgotten himself before a wife whom he tenderly loved and almost adored, was not surprising: his reputation for truthfulness was jeopardised by his inability to meet the engagement he had made with the person who had purchased his stock of sugar. The loss in money was contemptible to a man of his enormous wealth. But the loss in reputation he felt too keenly not to be annoyed with the being through whom it was sustained. The tears, however, of his wife, the manner in which she had looked at him,—the recollection that she had given away to the thirsty on the simple impulse of benevolence the article about which he had dared to reproach her, at once disarmed him of his passion. The enormity of

his offence disclosed itself to him in the most hideous colors. He had not yet tasted food after his return from work ; he had now neither hunger nor thirst. His whole soul was bent upon a reconciliation with the wife he had so deeply injured. Let those who call the Bengalee ungallant,—the oppressor of the sex,—contemplate the scene I am about to describe. Slowly Ramdoolal bent his steps in the direction his wife had taken. Finding the doors of her chamber closed, he knocked gently ; sobs alone answered him from within. He called piteously,—imploringly. He confessed the enormity of the crime, —he called himself a coward and a fool. By a thousand endearing epithets he craved his lady's pardon ;—mercy was accorded by heaven, and would a woman deny it ? There he stood, in that outer room, — the great man humbled to the dust, moaning and sobbing himself as the moans and the sobs of his wife came piercingly upon his ears. At last the bruised heart of his spouse softened,—she cried herself to pity. Rising from the bed on which she had flung herself she slowly drew back the bolts and her husband entered. Throwing himself at her feet he again and again craved forgiveness. Forgiveness was at last purchased by him for the worth in gold of a lac of rupees. This little fortune, Ramdoolal's wife at her death, left to her brother.

The character of the lady reminds us more of the heroine of a romance than a being of actual life. A thief was once seized in the act of stealing her jewels, she ordered the miscreant to be released, with the stolen property, declaring that his necessities must be very pressing indeed to incite him to so daring an act.

As an instance of the affection and reverence with which this excellent woman was regarded by the poor in her neighbourhood, whose smallest wants she was ever ready munificently to supply, I may mention, that having at one time been attacked with a pain which seriously endangered her life, intimation was instantly sent to Ramdoolal at his office of the desperate condition of his wife. The deep business man left business to take care of itself and flew to his lady's bedside. As he entered the portals of his zenana he found ingress impracticable on account of the dense crowd of women who had hastened to see their patroness in what they conceived to be her last moments. With difficulty could these be thrust aside to make room for the anxious husband. The lady recovered however, to the inexpressible joy of her numerous friends and dependants and it was not until many years after her husband's death that she closed her spotless and benevolent life,

But Ramdoolal was not a monogamist. His first wife, the stories of whose life I have recorded above, gave birth to an only daughter. The child was born however without the organs of sight. Happily the torture of existence under such circumstances was brought to a close in her seventh year. In the meantime Ramdoolal's wealth expanded and that vast accumulation threatened to go after his death to strangers. Still he hoped that his wife would eventually give him an heir. Vain hope! The Gods were worshipped and appealed to without any effect. A strict Hindoo, filled with the orthodox horror for *put*—the hell of the Hindoos which is declared by the shasters to yawn for the childless, for the man who leaves no issue after his death to offer up the funeral cake to his fourteen generations,—Ramdoolal was advised by the Brahmins who constantly surrounded him, to marry another wife. With hesitancy and by stealth was this marriage consummated,—unknown to his first wife, unsuspected even by her. But the news of such an important event in the life of a husband cannot long be kept a secret from a spouse. It soon travelled into the ears of the rival, who repaired in gloomy dissatisfaction to her brother's house in Moolajore. Ramdoolal dared not bring this second wife to his home without softening and conciliating the first. The latter was at last found to be not unreasonable, though the woman within her, the natural feeling of her sex, had made her at first a rebel against her lord. She returned in the best of all possible humours,—returned to welcome the bride to her home, to carry in her arms the rival in the affections of her husband, the child, who, arrived at womanhood, gave that husband two boys and five girls as the heirs of his vast estate. Yet the lives of the two wives did not run smoothly. The jealousy natural to the sex embittered existences which had otherwise no ground for distraction. Outwardly the two ladies exhibited no signs of discord. The youngest never dared even to raise her veil before the eldest or to address her except in a low, subdued, respectful tone of voice. But there was gall and bitterness in their hearts. Ramdoolal invariably took his meals in the apartments of his first wife and skulked into those of his second after the former had fallen sound asleep. He dared not speak to the latter in the presence of the former and all his children by his second wife were born in a separate house which belonged to that wife's relatives, for he would not wound the feelings of his first spouse by parading before her eyes the evidences of his secret love towards the second. It was not until the children grew up and were able to walk and to lisp that they were brought to his own mansion. And then, such was the caprice of a truly benevolent heart, their own mother was not more watchful and affectionate towards them than their step-mother. Yet this step-mother

constantly laboured to estrange her husband from her rival by fasts and by poojahs: and her weakness on this point was so extravagant that even the lads about her, whenever they wanted money, had only to present her with a coconut or other fruit curiously marked, declaring that it was a charm, —to extract from her foolish credulity whatever sums they required. Her rival having died before her, she anxiously enquired of the brahmins if there was any means available for preventing the former from joining her husband in heaven prior to her own death.

The habits of Ramdoolal it is impossible to find words to describe correctly. If I said merely that they were simple, no sufficient idea of his simplicity could be obtained from that naked statement. His food was of the coarsest description —consisting principally of rice and vegetables boiled therein, a little milk and one or two sweet meats. At night this was alternated by chuppaties. His dress was if possible plainer—a simple dhootie, a flannel banian with a long cloth dress thrown over it falling only a little below the waist, and a turban consisting only of a yard of cloth irregularly tied round his head, completed the attire of a man at whose approach the first merchants of Calcutta rose from their seats in token of respect. When Ramdoolal had acquired a fortune which in our days would justify a man in driving his tandem and six helter skelter over the necks of his fellow men, he rode in a palkee. A friend advised him to set up a carriage. Ramdoolal replied that it was more humane to give employment to men than to feed dumb brutes. When at last, driven by the importunities of his friends, he actually did purchase a gig and horse, he resolutely declined to let his coachman drive from the box, lest some poor fellow should be run over through his neglect. His syces led the horse on foot instead through the streets. The feeling for dumb animals that was in him, was of the intensest kind. On one occasion his nephew was causing a pair of horses to be castrated in the stables. Enquiring for him, some body mentioned what the young man was about. Ramdoolal was writing. He threw aside his pen and ran to the stables. The cruel act had already been perpetrated upon one of the animals. The other lay bound and struggling, ready for the operation. The place was deserted so soon as the old man's footsteps were heard. With his own hands he undid the fastenings of the poor beast, weeping bitterly all the time that his nephew should have become so hard-hearted, for his end was certain, he said, if he persevered in such enormities.

The charity of the man was munificent, but at the same time, most secret and unostentatious. A famine having broken out at Madras, a large and influential meeting consisting of the members of the Government and the

principal merchants of the city was held in the Town Hall to raise subscriptions for the mitigation of the calamity. Ramdoolal paid down a lac of rupees in coin upon the spot and Kristo Pantl offered to furnish rice for a like amount. The two contributions sufficed to quench the calamity, and not another rupee it was deemed necessary to raise for the object. Ramdoolal gave 30,000 rupees towards the establishment of the Hindoo College. His private charities were extensive. Seventy rupees a day were set aside for the relief of distressed persons who applied to him at his office. Nearly four hundred of his poor neighbours received monthly supplies of rice and other articles of food at his expense, besides stipends in money to enable them to make their daily Bazar. A crowd of *Omedwars* always surrounded him. He carefully ascertained their necessities and sent them bank notes without any intimation as to the quarter from which these were forwarded, to enable them to support their families. Not unfrequently he would himself hand to one of these an envelope with a superscription, saying it was a letter from his home. If the man attempted to break the seal in his presence he gently reproved him. The letter might contain evil news, or news that might sensibly affect him. It was not wise to open it in the presence of strangers. "Take it to your lodgings," he would say, "and there carefully read its contents." The man took the unopened letter, and what would be his surprise when on breaking the seal he discovered inside a bank note of fifty or a hundred rupees according to the extent of his necessities. No man who prayed for relief at the hands of Ramdoolal ever returned disappointed. So delicate indeed were his sympathies, that he expressly retained a sircar for the sole duty of visiting his poor neighbours every day and bringing him news concerning their difficulties and their wants. Three native physicians were also kept in his pay, their instructions being, daily to visit the sick and administer medicine and medical comforts at Ramdoolal's expense. On Sundays, Ramdoolal with a long train of 50 or more native gentlemen who never forsook his side, himself visited his neighbours, and it often happened that, after seeing the wealthy master, he entered the hovel of that master's sick servant, kindly enquiring how he did and what he wanted. These generous exhibitions of the most christian humility endeared him to all classes and made him the father of his neighbours. One day, whilst washing his face on an open terrace as was his wont, he observed that a wall only a foot and a half in breadth, was being erected by his friend and servant Cossy Nauth Ghose to whom allusion has already been made, as the boundary of the latter's zenana. This wall was abutted by a tank which belonged to Ramdoolal. The millionaire at once saw the indiscretion of his friend. Such an erection

would scarcely stand the onslaught of the first heavy shower of rain. The owner of the wall might hereafter be in possession of the means of building an upper story of which that wall would form a foundation wall. This clear foresight gave Ramdoolal no rest. He descended from the terrace from which he had made these observations and proceeded straight to the residence of his friend. Long and earnestly did he endeavour to persuade the latter out of his visible folly. But the means of the man were at the time not very large, and the plan suggested by Ramdoolal of sinking the foundation ten feet deep by six feet broad was too expensive to suit those means. Despairing of making his friend listen to reason, he ordered the workmen to pull down the wall and reconstruct it in the manner he wished it to be done. His friend was aghast. But Ramdoolal bade him make his mind easy, for he would pay for the alteration. The expense amounted to somewhere near five thousand rupees! At another time, whilst similarly employed on the same terrace, an idiot, Cossy Sircar, the name of whose father was also Ramdoolal Sircar, but who being an older inhabitant than the new Ramdoolal, the neighbours distinguished him by the prefix of the stale—Ramdoolal—thus accosted the millionaire :—" Ramdoolal, ah ha Ramdoolal, you have made my father the stale Ramdoolal. You have earned wealth and reputation. Look here, what is this at my feet?" There was a dead pigeon lying in the street at that moment with myriads of ants devouring it. To this the idiot pointed. "A dead pigeon, thou fool," shouted one of Ramdoolal's attendants. "Silence slave," returned the idiot, "my question is not for thee." Ramdoolal looked, and looked thoughtfully. Assuming his blandest smile, he said "Kassy, what is it, what but a dead pigeon?" "That pigeon dead, dead do you call it," replied the fool, "that pigeon which has given up its body to two lacs of hungry mouths—that pigeon dead,—and is it you that are alive, washing your face on that snug terrace? Does not that pigeon remind you of a duty?" Ramdoolal opened an asylum that very day, for the needy, in his villa at Belgetchia. Thousands daily obtained their food at that place at his expense and still obtain it. The asylum is open to all comers and to all castes. Rice and dall and ghee and potatoes and fire-wood with cooking pots are issued to whomsoever may want them. Thus the proud brahmin and the lowly chandal can alike partake of his bounty without violence to caste, for it is not cooked food that is distributed there as at other similar institutions. Upwards of 500 persons were daily fed besides at Ramdoolal's own residence. If a beggar asked for a ration of rice at his door, his servants had orders to pour upon his rags as much as he could carry. There was

no stint in the man. His charities were on a magnificent scale. When a person who had a daughter to marry or the *shrad* of a dead parent to celebrate, applied to Ramdoolal for aid, the sum usually paid to him was 500 rupees. One of his daughters was married to the son of a poor koolin. The bride on being taken to her husband's house astonished her husband's relatives by voluntarily undertaking the most menial offices of the household. Ramdoolal had educated his children to the greatest humility. The child refused to put on the golden ornaments given to her by her father until similar ornaments were bestowed upon the wives of her husband's brothers. Ramdoolal forthwith supplied them admiring the fine sensibility that dictated such a generous request. 107371

The humility of Ramdoolal was of that touching, primeval, unearthly character, which strikes the beholder with awe. Pride was not in his composition, insult could not rouse in him the spirit of revenge. Universal peace,—forgiveness of injuries,—the rescue of the weak and the oppressed, were the guiding principles of his conduct. Though he spent three lacs of rupees on the marriage of each one of his sons, the only ostentation that he made was exhibited on the circumference and the solidity of his gifts. As much as a hundred rupees was the sum bestowed on every learned Brahmin of Nuddea whom he invited to his house on the occasion. The preparations for the feeding of the poor and the feasting of his guests were on a scale that might be now deemed fabulous. Fifty three casks of Ghee were consumed in the festivities. For a fortnight not a single neighbour of his purchased food. The piles of baskets in which the eatables were to be distributed, were so stupendous, that one could mount over them to the second story of the house. A sepoy guard had been hired by Ramdoolal's son-in-law to preserve order. It happened that the guard did not know the millionaire personally. Dressed as he was in the simplest of garments, a sepoy pushed him to the ground as he attempted to enter his own house after completing his survey of the preparations for the marriage. His durwans rushed upon the man to avenge the insult. Ramdoolal on regaining his feet threw himself between the combatants and sternly commanded peace. On another occasion, his eldest son, Aushootosh Deb, who was fond of fine society, of music and of merry making—held a dancing party in the room exactly over that in which Ramdoolal was accustomed to write his letters. The noise and the tramp of many feet distracted the old man. He sent for his son, and quietly told him that his house was the residence of a business man and not of an *omrah*. This same son, at another time, had made formidable preparations for an affray with Rajkissore Dutt the notorious forger of Government Promissory

notes. The event occurred before Rajkissore had been discovered at his tricks and while he was yet accounted one of the richest men in Calcutta. Ramdoolal heard of these preparations and humbly waited upon Rajkissore with many apologies for his son's violent intentions. The quarrel was thus extinguished by Ramdoolal's humility. Again, one Cally Nauth Sandel, the son of a rich brahmin of Calcutta,—the type of a dissolute, vagabond scion of the aristocracy, surrounded always by the loosest and most desperate characters of the Buzars,—in a drunken frolic, excited by the wild fanaticism of the Hooly festival,—besmeared Ramdoolal's brother-in-law with the defacing red powder. The young man took up a handful of dust from the streets and threw it at his tormentor. This return for a disgusting liberty roused the indignation of the bravo. He caused Ramdoolal's brother-in-law and one or two others who were with the latter, to be seized and conveyed to his house. There, with closed doors he administered to the three the bastinado until the blood flowed from their mouths and nostrils. Satisfied at last, he thrust them into the streets. Ramdoolal heard, on his return home from business, of the outrage perpetrated on his relative. The father of Cally Sandel was his friend. With his dying breath he had recommended his two sons to Ramdoolal's care. Here was a case which severely taxed his temper. The richest native of the time, he possessed the means of retaliating the outrage in the most formidable manner. But Ramdoolal by a heroic effort contained himself. Not so his sons. These with a large retinue of armed men lay in wait for the ruthless Cally Sandel. In the meantime, Mothoor Nauth Sandel the brother of Cally, had been advised by his English friends to wait upon Ramdoolal and humbly apologise to him for the conduct of Cally. Unquestionably the man would have been beaten to within an inch of his life had not Ramdoolal, apprised of his visit, himself gone forth to meet and welcome him. In the recesses of his sitting room the millionaire with folded hands and streaming eyes begged Mothoor Nauth to tell him whether he should be permitted to live in Calcutta or must he be driven by the outrages of his brother Cally to seek an asylum across the water. "Your father was my friend," he said, "I have never expressed towards you or your brother any other than my good will and affection, and here is my reward." At that time both Mothoor Nauth and Cally were residing in a house generously placed at their disposal by Ramdoolal, free of rent—without any limit even as to the period of its occupation. The tears of Ramdoolal, his deep, digging humility, sensibly apprised Mothoor Nauth. The brahmin would have fallen at the feet of the sudra had not Ramdoolal prevented such a debasing act. The insult was thus most satisfactorily apologised for and Ramdoolal personally escorted

again his guest through the belligerent bands whom his sons had assembled. When those sons signified their anger at this proceeding, at this generosity so ill-timed, Ramdoolal softened them with these memorable words, "My young friends, if the sacred bull devours a jewel, would it be religious to rip open his belly in order to extract the trinket?" When however, a few months later, this same Cally Nauth Sandel, whose violent and aggressive nature defied the restraint of either fear or example, made a row with one of Ramdoolal's neighbours—a man whose temper was as soft as a woman's and whose heart was as pure as a moon beam,—the spirit of Ramdoolal exhibited a rancour against oppression which was terrible in its holy energy. We have seen how an injury to himself, how an outrage, gross and uncalled for, upon one of his nearest kinsmen,—the brother of his favorite wife,—he overlooked and condoned with the charity of a Christian and the complacency of a philosopher. But this outrage on his neighbour completely upset his temper. He determined to punish the scoundrel who, rioting in brute force, hesitated not to perpetrate acts which jeopardised the personal safety of every citizen. Moving the Magistracy with that power and effectiveness which his position and wealth at all times commanded, he procured an order for the expulsion of Cally Nauth Sandel from the limits of the city, and that atrocious ruffian accordingly ended his days in Bhowanipore.

Ramdoolal's wives, before he had attained to his enormous wealth, were in the habit of filling their pitchers with water according to the custom of those times, in a Tank in Goa Bagaun Street belonging to the Mullicks. He insisted on the practice being continued even after he had become wealthy. He was too humble himself not to be solicitous of preserving such an emblem of humility in his family. It was only when all his friends mutinied against this custom that he ordered it to be abandoned. When Ramdoolal sat down to his meals, he called all the children in the house to his side, also the domestic birds and beasts, that they might have their food simultaneously with himself, and he distributed their rations with his own hands.

A superstitious respect for the Brahmin led to some of the finest and funniest passages in Ramdoolal's life. A Brahmin applicant for a place, who had found all other means of obtaining a situation in Ramdoolal's establishment ineffectual, adopted the extreme expedient of one day putting his shoulder to the banian's Palkee. The banian jumped out in a perfect fright and the brahmin was forthwith provided for. Another brahmin had for years paid his court to the great man but without getting even a sircarship. His ambition was limited only

to a sircarship. But fortune seemed to spurn him. When American vessels came into port, the mohurir of Ramdoolal had orders to lay before his master a list of names from which the latter selected the extra sircars required for those vessels. The name of Ramessur Mookerjea, the *Omedwar* I allude to, was often put into that list, but as often scored through. At last the disappointed brahmin begged the mohurir to write the word "bull" against his name. Ramdoolal was again in the act of passing his pen through that name, when the strange word met his gaze. The *Omedwar* was peeping over the millionaire's shoulder. "Cut down the bull also Sir, you have so often cut down the brahmin that you need not hesitate over the beast." Ramdoolal smiled and gave the man the long coveted sircarship. One of the Roy Chowdries of Panihatty once sued Ramdoolal for a large sum of money in the Supreme Court. The suit was supported by forged documents and suborned witnesses. Ramdoolal was never in any body's debt. On the contrary the Roy Chowdry owed the merchant a considerable amount. The friends of Ramdoolal had retained counsel and were preparing to defend the suit. But when proofs of the forgery were brought to the millionaire's notice, he peremptorily instructed his advocate to confess judgment, for he would not be the means, he said, of bringing a Brahmin to harm; thus preferring to give away 24,000 rupees in costs and principal, though not a single rupee was payable by him, to pressing a defence that might have ended in the arraignment of a Brahmin for forgery. The morality which dictated this step was doubtless a spurious one. But the sacrifice, and the motive, and the light of which Ramdoolal had the benefit, invest the deed with a charm not easy to be repelled. His hatred for lawsuits was so intense, that he voluntarily offered to adjust the differences of others at a great sacrifice of his time and not unfrequently of his money. Well knowing Ramdoolal's objection to give evidence in a court of justice, a gang of swindlers combined to lay him under contribution by first offering pretended disputes for his arbitration and then summoning him as a witness in the Small Cause Court. Ramdoolal readily paid the disputed amounts rather than appear at the witness-box and touch the holy Ganges water. The game however became so frequent that his European friends seriously remonstrated with him on the unreasonableness of the prejudice which demanded such a heavy penalty. More through their importunity than from any reformed ideas of his own on the subject, he consented once for all to give evidence, and the act had the effect of ridding him for ever of the harpies who traded upon his simplicity.

The gratitude of Ramdoolal was ever munificently manifested. Whoever had shown the least pity or compassion towards him during his adversity, obtained returns at his hands when he was in a capacity to serve him, which no other man would have deemed it necessary to offer under the influence of a mere sentimentality. While yet a child he quarrelled with another child—and a third child happened to take his side in the quarrel. This last enjoyed the bounty of Ramdoolal so long as he lived. His maternal grand-father was once put to great straits in making the customary presents to a near relative during the *Hooly* festival. Ramdoolal, then quite a boy, grieved sorely that he could not assist his grand-father in obtaining the necessary articles. He solicited every shopkeeper for credit, but without success—until one, more humane than hopeful, through sheer commiseration for the distracted youth, whose fine honest features were distorted by blank disappointment, relieved his want as an act of pure charity. Ramdoolal, when long subsequently he became opulent, sought out the sons of this humane friend, who had himself ceased to live, and settled on them a pension of Rs. 15 per month. The first European through whom he obtained a profit in business, was a Portuguese Captain named Hannah. All the enormous subsequent profits realised by Ramdoolal were credited to the lucky name of this gentleman in his accounts, so deep was his reverence for the memory of the man. And his active gratitude towards him was displayed by the handsome pensions which he bestowed upon Captain Hannah's widow and daughters. These often visited him at his house and were intimate with his own wife and daughters. But the most brilliant act of Ramdoolal's life—that which severely and expensively tested his grateful feelings,—was the rescue of a descendant of his patron Mudden Mohun Dutt from spiteful excommunication. Cally Persaud Dutt was an abandoned libertine. He indulged in forbidden meats and drinks, and in forbidden associations, without the pretence even of secrecy. He had a Mahomedan concubine at whose house he perpetrated every excess. His friends hitherto tolerated his misdeeds. But Cally Persaud in an evil hour quarrelled with a rich relation about only a foot of land. Then a storm came dark and threateningly over his destiny—then his habits underwent chaste, orthodox enquiry and denunciation—then the friends and relatives who only yesterday had eaten at his hand discovered, that that hand belonged to a reprobate. Cally Persaud was put out of caste by his own kinsmen. Ramdoolal, the friend of the weak, the father of the oppressed, was outraged by the audacious indecency of the persons who, from feelings

of the basest revenge, conspired to ruin one whose crimes were before most complacently endured by them. For the first time in his life, the millionaire put forth his pride. Slapping his box with his open palm he said—caste? here is caste! And at an expense of 3 lacs of rupees he raised that offspring of the house in which he had been fed and clothed and educated, that victim of family hate, to the position from which the richest men in Calcutta had combined to drag him. The history of this *Shumunny* or restoration to caste, is a wild and a lurid one—wild and lurid indeed to, a generation which has lived to witness the apotheosis of Ram Gopal Ghose. In our tolerant and irresistible age, caste means only a simple refraining from the open embracement of Christianity. What is called the Hindu community, is in truth a community of vast latitudinarian principles and habits. Beef is openly eaten by some of the foremost men of that community, yet they continue to preserve influence and have not lost respect. There is scarcely a rich Hindoo in Calcutta by whom the dainties of the Great Eastern Hotel are not patronised to an extent little inferior to that observable in English families. But in that dreary period of Bengalee progress, when the metropolis and its suburbs were divided between the partisans of Cally Persaud Dutt and the opponents of Cally Persaud Dutt, the most appalling fanaticism prevailed on the subject of caste. The Rajahs of *Shovah Bazar*, still known as the defenders of the Hindoo faith—the ancestors of the late Rajah Radhakant—threw the whole weight of their authority into the scale against Cally Persaud. Thus the *Gooshtepodhs* with their overpowering influence in Hindoo society, an influence acquired by unlimited gifts to the brahmins and maintained by the same extravagant waste of money, were arrayed against the man whom Ramdoolal be-friended and sought to re-establish. Nothing daunted by the formidable difficulties in his way,—inspired only by the severest gratitude—heedless of expense—Ramdoolal commenced canvassing on behalf of the fallen man. One by one the principal *koolins* succumbed to his gold. He had slapped his cash box with no vain vaunt about its efficacy. Hundreds of the highest brahmins and the most reputable *kyests* deserted to his cause. It became a point of no small anxiety to him to secure a kinsman of the haughty *Gooshtepodhs* themselves. A bribe of 1200 rupees soon brought a renegade to his standard from that proud house. The Rajahs surrounded their traitorous relative with true oriental jealousy. A guard of sentries was set over him—his every movement was closely watched. The Hindoo of the past century put forth in a game of caste, the same resources of wit and contrivance

which were exhibited by English candidates for Parliamentary election about the same time. The man so vigorously and rigourously beset by sentries and spies, at last outwitted his friends and became a guest of Ramdoolal, who himself put him under still greater surveillance from the fear that he may change his mind or be pounced upon by the emissaries of the Rajahs and carried off by main force.

In the meantime great preparations were being made for the approaching feast—a feast at which Cally Persaud was to preside,—which was to form at once the means and the proof of his return to caste. Money flowed like water from Ramdoolal's purse. The gifts to the Nuddea Pundits and the presents to the *Koolins* consumed more than two lacs of rupees. No *shumunny* was so costly or so successful. But Ramdoolal had an enemy in his own camp. His son-in-law, Radha Kissen Mitter, was from the first opposed to these proceedings. The young man was a first class *Koolin* himself and he shuddered to contemplate the results that might follow the miscarriage of Ramdoolal's grand idea. Born of parents wretchedly poor, the soul of Radha Kissen was as small as his circumstances were pitiful. His *Koolinism* was the only bait that had attracted Ramdoolal to the lad. The lad, though not ugly, was ungainly. His hair was red and his features were gross. He had not received even an ordinary education. Yet Ramdoolal was anxious to wed his eldest and most favorite daughter,—a daughter in whose name he had built a ship,—to this son of a *Koolin*. That daughter refused however to marry the bridegroom thus selected for her. She had seen the boy herself,—she loathed him with the absurd hate of a child. On the night on which the marriage was consummated, the bride screamed, and the bride writhed on her seat whilst being conveyed to the altar. So violent indeed was her conduct, that Ramdoolal was compelled to soften her in order that the marriage rites may be proceeded with, by pouring a handful of gold mohurs into her lap. Grown to manhood, Radha Kissen's mind developed itself into the bitterest malice against every good man and every good act. He endeavoured to sow dissensions between his father-in-law and that father-in-law's dearest friends. Ramdoolal was too shrewd not to be able to fathom his motives. He understood his son-in-law thoroughly. But he could not bring himself actively to hate the husband of his most favorite daughter.

Radha Kissen, on the day of the feast which was to crown with such success the efforts of Ramdoolal to restore Cally Persaud Dutt to caste, furiously remonstrated with his father-in-law, on the course he was

pursuing, Failing to make any impression upon him, he silently locked the door upon him, and when the guests in thousands assembled they in vain looked out for their leader. Suspecting a trick, Cossy Nauth Ghose, who had himself spent 30,000 rupees in aid of this *shumunnoy*,—who warmly seconded Ramdoolal's effort to rescue a fallen man from infamy—whose big heart deeply sympathised with every movement of his generous friend, seeking for him every where, at last discovered that he was a prisoner in his own house. One kick sufficed to burst open the door which confined him and the next moment the two enthusiasts were in the midst of the assembled brahmins and *Koolins*. Never was such a procession seen before in Calcutta. The van had reached Cally Persaud Dutt's house at Nimtollah whilst the rear still rested in front of Ramdoolal's house at Simla. For more than a mile the streets were filled with a dense crowd—the house tops were covered with spectators. The famous *Shaborno Chowdries* of Burisha, those brahmins amongst brahmins, choked up the thoroughfares with the lines of keranchies in which they came *en masse* to assist at the good act. Ramdoolal's triumph was brilliant and complete. Who dared tell that day, in the presence of that gorgeous assembly, that Cally Persaud Dutt was an outcaste, or that caste did not lie a captive in Ramdoolal's box?

The sons of Ramdoolal long continued to take care of the relatives of Cally Persaud Dutt after Ramdoolal's death. Very handsome pensions were settled upon them. After the death of Ramdoolal's sons these continued to be paid by the grandsons of Ramdoolal on the daughter's side, Baboo Doyal Chand Mitter and his brothers. The pensions have only recently been stopped. They were withdrawn from the date in fact on which a member of the pensioned family gave his daughter in marriage to the late Ramgopal Ghose and thus again incurred the discountenance of the orthodox Hindoos of Calcutta.

The fame of this *Shumunnoy* eclipsed that of every previous performance of the kind. Even the Rajah of Nuddea had failed, in spite of his vast hereditary influence, to achieve a similar feat. Three thousand native gentlemen formed the procession, one thousand large umbrellas protected them from the sun. The city resounded with the din of gong and shell. The memory of the display awakens the strongest emotions still in the surviving witnesses. How few alas are these surviving witnesses! The principal actors have long disappeared in the valley of death, but the odour of a singular act of human gratitude survives to shed a halo over humanity and arm and strengthen it in every noble resolve.

It was not the pride of Ramdoolal that sought its pabulum in these expensive proceedings. Pride was not in his composition. He despised display. But the very element of the man was a munificent charity. It was not merely to his own castemen that he was humble and generous. The lowest gradations of society shared his sympathy and his bounty in an equal degree. Amongst a nation which is accustomed to regard even the polished and enlightened Englishman as a *melecha*, the position of the *mehter*—the man whose occupation lies wholly amongst privies and cess pools, may be easily conceived. The *mehter* is an untouchable being—his very shadow pollutes and contaminates. But though Ramdoolal was a strict Hindoo and therefore filled with the most orthodox horror for a *mehter*, the innate charity of his soul led him to the humble dwelling of his own *mehter*, Goura—to personally superintend his *shrad* or funeral ceremonies. To meet the expenses of this *shrad* Ramdoolal had paid a thousand rupees to Goura's son. Goura had once accompanied Ramdoolal's wife to Orissa to visit the holy temple of Jugunnath. There, caste is laid aside by the pilgrims, the highest and the lowest meeting each other at the shrine of the God upon equal terms. The lady of the millionaire and her sweeper, so beautiful is the Hindoo system, were there like mother and son. So earnest is the piety of Hindoo woman, that the prejudice of a life time, yea, the inherited prejudice of generations, melts like snow beneath the sun in the presence of that holy temple. The *mehter* thus accosted his mistress—"Mother, my destiny in this life is the meanest that can be imagined; I have slaved for you in the most revolting occupation and will still slave for you and not dare to approach you so soon as I leave this sanctified spot. Allow me to claim the privilege of this place, and with my fingers often dirtied in your service, to drop the sanctified rice into your mouth." An English lady under the circumstances would have frowned upon the man for his impudence and screamed aloud to her husband to horse-whip him. But the devout Hindoo woman smilingly opened her mouth and swallowed without a twinge the consecrated food thus offered by a pariah.

The humane and generous feeling which governed Ramdoolal in his treatment of the poor was vividly expressed when a zemindary which had been mortgaged to him by the Mullicks, was thrown upon his hands by the inability of the mortgagers to redeem the pledge. Then, as now, most zemindars acquired their substance, their means of luxury and display, by squeezing the ryut. The Naib of Ramdoolal, after exhausting every expedient of harassment and torture on some ryuts who absolutely could not pay

their rents, or rather the cesses above their rents which were demanded from them, sent a whole gang of these squalid, wretched creatures, to the zemindar's house, to undergo still greater rigour. The very appearance of the poor wretches, their lean and haggard looks, their scanty clothing, their blood shot eyes, sent a thrill of horror through Ramdoolal's heart. He ordered his dewan to issue new clothes to the men at once, to feed them plentifully, to treat them with the utmost indulgence. In the meantime the millionaire sent for the brokers who usually negotiated the sale of zemindaries. Before another sun had set his zemindary was sold at a considerable loss, and then only Ramdoolal found rest. He vowed never more to have any thing to do with a zemindary. He enjoined his children on their oaths never to purchase zemindaries. The prescience which dictated this injunction will be admired when the reader is informed, that one zemindary retained in mortgage by Ramdoolal's sons—the Narajole zemindary in Midnapore—sufficed to bring ruin upon the splendid fortune which Ramdoolal left to them. This stupendous fortune was the result of honest enterprise and not inhuman blood-sucking. Its founder knew how to take advantage of the fluctuations of the market and not the weakness of the ryot. The transactions of the Houses with which Ramdoolal was connected as banian, were so gigantic, that a *dustoorie* of only two pice the rupee brought him a fabulous income. There existed then an honorable trust between the English merchant and his native co-adjutor. The Banian was responsible for the quality of the goods which he purchased for the firm which employed him. The European as well as the native had an interest in buying at the cheapest market; for, the gains of both were proportioned to the intelligence and the pluck with which the bargains were made. What a contrast to this is presented in our own days. The Banian now is a salaried servant—a person who commands the esteem of neither his employer nor the Mohajun. He is taken from the ranks. Substance he has none. The salary he draws may be ample, but the temptations to make extravagant gains by colluding with the Bazar, are in many cases almost overwhelming. The merchant does a wrong to his constituent by taking the *dustoorie* himself and employing a Banian on a small fixed salary, for *dustoorie* is an excess over the commission which alone the constituent has agreed to pay. The banian learns a lesson from his master and not unfrequently conspires with the Bazar to make up for lost *dustoorie*. Thus commerce suffers severely through a system which, when not conscientiously worked, is a huge abuse. The confidence of former times has disappeared, and the Banian is now a mere head *sircar* without position or influence. All interests have thus been ruined by the change. Ramdoolal

would have disdained to be a banian on such terms. There was too strong a love of truth in the man to have allowed him to accept a dubious place in the world of commerce—a world which his foresight regulated—at least in Calcutta—in which he had won a fortune not only for himself but also for those who put their trust in his integrity, his intelligence and his nerve. What paid Banian of to-day, for instance, would pass unscathed through a trial of credit such as that from which Ramdoolal once issued grand and refulgent to the confusion of the men who had conspired to test his solvency? It was the custom of Ramdoolal to issue cheques for payment every day to the extent of nearly three lacs of rupees, on a native Banking House in Burra Bazar with which he had an account. The Mohajuns to whom these cheques were granted were once seized with a curiosity to ascertain the actual resources of the millionaire—to find out in fact whether he lived upon the mere froth of credit or the substantial support of an unlimited cash reserve. They agreed unanimously to allow all their cheques to accumulate for the period of a week, so that the demand and strain upon Ramdoolal's Banker might on one day be overwhelming. Ramdoolal was duly apprised however of the combination that had been formed, and he took early precautions to frustrate it. He massed upwards of 25 lacs of rupees in the chests of his Bankers and made arrangements for supplying them with any further sum that might be needed for the sustainment of his own and their reputation for wealth. At the end of a week the entire body of Mohajuns, as previously concerted, thronged the *guddee* of Ramdoolal's Bankers and demanded payment of the cheques which they presented. What was their surprise and their shame when 25 lacs of rupees were spread before their eyes from which each claim was promptly satisfied. What banian of our day would be equal to such a feat! Beside such a man how mean and contemptible looks the salaried banian whose income is inferior even to that enjoyed by Ramdoolal's Sirdar bearer.

The monthly expenses of Ramdoolal in salaries of Establishments, pensions, &c. amounted to Rs. 15,000. Whatever he did was on a magnificent scale. Orthodoxy demanded that he should build thirteen temples to Shiva in Benares, and he built and consecrated them through his eldest son Ashootosh Deb, being himself too busy to waste time in such mummeries—at an expense of two lacs and twenty two thousand rupees. The distribution of largess to beggars in the holy city on that occasion occupied five days. The millionaire's wife was weighed on the same occasion with gold and precious stones valued at a lac of rupees and the whole of that little fortune was divided amongst the learned Pundits of Benares.

Of Ramdoolal's habits of industry it is unnecessary at this late hour to give you any detailed account. One trait of the man will suffice to show the stuff of which he was made. I have said before, Ramdoolal could speak English fluently, but he could not write the language from a defect of spelling. At an advanced age, immersed in business, and distracted by a thousand cares, he could hardly be expected to re-commence his English education. But his fruitful mind sought to make up for this deficiency by a wonderful expedient. He wrote English letters in the Bengali character—a reversal, in fact, and contrary adaptation, of the Romanizing method,—and his clerks copied in English these curious drafts. Till midnight did he sit up writing his correspondence in this singular way, elaborate and extraordinary. Ramdoolal also kept a diary which unfortunately I have not been able to procure.

The first onslaught of the disease which finally extinguished so valuable a life, was made when Ramdoolal was in his 69th year. Paralysis overtook him suddenly whilst he was writing. He lay prostrate upon the ground—his voice failed him—servants and friends rushed in crowds to the place where he lay, gasping and helpless—the ladies of the zenana screamed—there was dismay on every face, for the great and good man was apparently in his death struggle. Intimation about his condition was instantly despatched to Messrs. Clarke and Melville the partners of Fairlie Fergusson & Co whilst, by the advice of the native physicians, he was removed in state to the banks of the Ganges. But Ramdoolal was not wholly insensible. He held the keys of his iron safes in his hand and when his son-in-law, Radha Kissen, offered to take them, he clutched them more firmly, awaiting the approach of his sons Ashootosh and Promothonauth into whose hands only he abandoned them. In the meantime Messrs. Clarke and Melville accompanied by Dr. Nicholson arrived at the bed-side of the dying millionaire. After having attentively examined the case, the Doctor drew from his pocket a small phial from which he let fall a single drop of its contents on the neck of Ramdoolal. The effect was miraculous. A large blister immediately formed and as immediately burst. The man who only a moment before was to all appearance dying, now sat bolt upright. He had regained his voice and had become thoroughly restored to health. The fame of this cure gave Dr. Nicholson a hold upon the esteem and the reverence of the Hindoo community which lasted throughout the long life of that eminent physician.

But though Ramdoolal was thus rescued from the jaws of death, his constitution became completely shattered. In two years he was again carried to the banks of the Ganges to die; and again his friends rejoiced in his

recovery. At last, on the 1st of April 1825, after having completed his 73rd year, this good and benevolent Hindoo—this child not merely of fortune but of virtue, this father of the poor and friend of the suffering, amidst the lamentations of all classes of men, gave up his soul to heaven. Two sons, Ashootosh Deb, and Promothonauth Deb, a grandson then quite an infant Grish Chunder Deb, and five daughters, were left to perform Ramdoolal's *shrad* or funeral obsequies. The Brahmin and the beggar overflowed in Calcutta at this solemn ceremony. To the former, gold and carriages and palanqueens were given away with princely munificence; to the latter upwards of three lacs of rupees were distributed. On no one was less than a rupee bestowed, and if a beggar woman was found to be *enceinte* a rupee was given to her and another to the child in her womb. Did a beggar bring a bird in his hand, the bird obtained its alms equally with its master. The entire expense of this *shrad* amounted to nearly five lacs of rupees.

There is a moral in the life of Ramdoolal for the young as well as the aged, for the Hindoo as well as the Christian, for the rich man as well as the pauper. The torch of truth flickers not at the severest blast. There is an aristocracy which is not born but may be made. There is a heaven which the common mind can manufacture with help from above it may be, but not without righteousness from below.

Female Occupations in Bengal.

[READ AT THE BENGAL SOCIAL SCIENCE ASSOCIATION ON
THE 30TH JANUARY 1868.]

An impression generally prevails in European society that the women of Bengal are conspicuous by a large vacuity of mind as well as of occupation. It is impossible, however, for the human mind to remain unfilled, and it is impossible also for the women of an ancient people, once distinguished for civilization in no small degree, to remain without some kind of active occupation. In treating of the occupations of the women of Bengal, it is necessary to divide the subject into three principal heads, viz :—

1st—The occupations of the women of rich families.

2nd—The occupations of women of the middle station in society.

3rd—The occupation of poor women.

As regards the rich, in large towns they unhappily present the worst conditions of an unhealthy inactivity. The rich man's wife, in a place where every luxury can be purchased for money, is a singular specimen of idleness and prostrated powers of body and mind. Rising from bed long after the sun has made a fair progress in the heavens, her handmaids are ready to loosen her hair. Every comfort and convenience is at hand. She bathes in winter on a sunny terrace. In summer the coldest water is reserved for her ablutions. She is wiped dry by her domestics, and the manner in which she is handled and manipulated upon by them might induce in a stranger the suspicion that she was suffering from paralysis of the limbs. This devout nursing produces in most instances stupendous proportions of body unfit for active employment, and fit only to grace the sitting room or the couch. Even the duty of attending to the children is taken away from her, numerous and officious servants are paid for that business. So soon as a child is born, a wet nurse is introduced to relieve maternity of its foremost and most natural occupation. The entire time of these splendid automatons is devoted indeed to feasting and dressing, playing cards and tearing characters. The affairs of the house proceed

without their laborious interference, and when there happen to be young daughters-in-law in the family they are systematically bullied, and the bulk of such work as cannot be entrusted to servants is thrown upon their tender shoulders.

Many of the wives of the rich are exceedingly haughty and ill-tempered, the natural effect of the training which they undergo; so that their lives present one unbroken page of discord and strife, agitating all within the immediate range of their authority or influence. The mornings, as I have said, are devoted to ablutions, followed by Poojahs—both lazily conducted. Then the fast is broken by a heavy dish of dainties, composed of fruits, curds, and sweetmeats plentifully piled up. The interval between this preliminary breakfast and the formal dinner is not very long. It is passed, however, in a recumbent posture, with a solace of betelnuts and an ample allowance of tobacco. The dinner is elaborately set out with fish and ghee and milk measured by the seer. It is supplemented again by sweetmeats and confectionery. When the gorging is complete, the fair *gourmande* betakes herself to bed, and it is not till close upon evening that she finishes her siesta. The toilet now commences, but the entire details of the mysterious art are in the hands of the attendant maids. Their mistress gives them little help; she is completely at rest. But whatever rest other portions of the body may enjoy, the teeth certainly cannot be charged with inactivity; for when they are not masticating food, or hissing abuse, they are chewing the eternal pán-leaf and nut. Before the evening meal demands attention, a few spare hours are available. These are passed with the help of cards and gossip, in which friends, foes, relatives, neighbours, and servants thump and bump against every point of the scandal compass. The hot work is interrupted only by a call to tiffin, in which sweetmeats and milk abound as usual. The whole is concluded by a very substantial feast at night, redolent of nightmare or dyspepsia. The monotony of this sort of life is occasionally broken by an excursion to Kalighat or a jaunt to Taruckesur. There is absolutely no leisure for anything else, for books, elevated thought, art or refinement.

In the country the case is completely the reverse. The zemindar is a much more industrious man than the city millionaire, and his wife, therefore, has no precedent for idleness. Her duties are too numerous not to keep her fully employed. The evil of a crowd of servants to assist the mistress of the house to move her limbs, has not penetrated

as yet into the *moffussil*. The *zemindar's* lady is compelled to be an early riser, in order to commence the duties of the household in proper time. In the depth of winter she bathes in a cold biting tank, or if she lives near the river, in the sacred stream before the sun is up. Cleansing is her first duty. The house is swept carefully, with an adequate smearing of cowdung in places occupied the previous night by unclean food or things. This she directs personally. The plates are then faultlessly washed. If a speck remains on them they are returned for a second process of cleaning. The preparations for food are next undertaken. They are vast and laborious. To give out the stores in approximate quantities is a task which only a practised eye and a firm hand can faithfully perform. The domestics are in league to steal whatever may be found super-abundant ; it is the perquisite of their office. The mistress of the house is fully aware of the danger. But her keenness baffles the coalition. Her family and establishment have to be plentifully, but not wastefully, provided for. In very large and rich families the number of persons to be thus fed daily seldom falls short of one hundred. The lady, assisted by her juniors, is laboriously employed in cutting and paring the vegetables destined for the dinner courses ; the rice and the dall to be cooked are also carefully cleaned and picked. To this succeeds the task of cooking, which is often performed by her with similar assistance, for it is against the custom and the creed of many families to eat "bought food," as it is called, when the food is prepared by paid cooks. The enormous quantity of edibles required renders the duty of their provision by no means a pleasant one. The cooking room may be large and spacious, but it is impossible to disconnect it from the accompaniments of heat and smoke. In the midst of that heat and that smoke the fairest and the richest voluntarily toil. How many delicate women have perished from disease contracted during the performance of this duty, and how many have permanently injured their eyesight in the same cause.

In the city the beggar is disposed of by a handful of rice distributed by a growling servant. In the country hospitality is maintained by a table open to all comers. That the hungry man should be turned away, is deemed to be a sin equal in heinousness to an affront to a Brahmin. So that a guest arriving at any hour of the day or night and requiring food must be immediately cared for. If the prepared food has been exhausted, the females of the house cheerfully resume their labours in order to provide a fresh supply. The task of furnishing food devolves wholly upon woman in India, and the precedents of the *shasters* enforcing this duty

are numerous and irresistible. Annopurna, the wife of Mahadeo, the god of gods, is represented with a ladle and a pot of boiled rice, freely distributing the staff of life to all comers, and her worship in our days is celebrated with an ample feast to the poor. There is a curious episode in the Mahabharat, which establishes the antiquity of the custom of the mistress of the house being bound to supply at any moment the wants of her guests. Draupadi, the wife of the five Pandavas, had one night retired to rest, when Durbasha, the most furious and ill-tempered amongst the *Rishis*, accompanied by his disciples, came and demanded food. It was the custom of Draupadi not to eat until all her guests had been fed; for there was this grace conceded to her by Heaven that her stores could not be exhausted by any number of guests, so long as she did not herself eat. But on the evening on which Durbasha came, Draupadi had already eaten, little anticipating such an untimely call. The Rishi had purposely delayed his visit in order to upset the fame for hospitality of a woman favoured by the gods. He knew that Draupadi had eaten; and he knew also that there was for this reason no more food in her house. The Rishi was notorious for being terrible in his curse, and Draupadi had therefore ample cause to be distracted. Only one grain of cooked rice was sticking to her cooking pot; this could not allay the hunger of half a dozen famished Brahmins. Happily Krishna, the incarnation of Vishnu, was with the five brothers at the time, and he suggested that the holy men should be requested to proceed with their ablution and evening worship, at the conclusion of which they would find their repast ready. Durbasha departed to a neighbouring stream, when Krishna asked Draupadi to give him the grain of cooked rice in her pot. This the god ate, and the act had the effect of making the Rishi and his disciples so surfeited without actually tasting any food, that they lay belching and in great pain all night on the banks of the stream. Thus by a miracle was the fame for hospitality of Draupadi preserved.

The duty of attending to the wants of every body else before the mistress of the house proceeds to satisfy her own hunger, is rigidly observed in the country, and its requirements have introduced without doubt that feeling, which brands the practice of husband and wife eating together as a scandal and a sin. Not only is the food prepared by the female members of the household, but it is also distributed by them. The grace and devotion with which beautiful maidens with their veils drawn over their heads carry the rice plates and the plates laden with fish and curry from seat to seat, dropping the grateful viands according to the age and eating

capacity of the feasters, cannot be described on paper. The jewelled arms are bare, whilst the body is closely enveloped in the thick folds of the flowing sari. The labour of the office may be conceived from the fact that the distributor must stoop in order to drop the food gently, without splash or rebound, upon the plates of the persons squatting upon the ground according to the native form of eating. The strongest men are often fatigued by such an exercise, but the soft, pliant, wiry female form seems to have been devised for the special purpose. After the male members of the family have been served, and with them any guests that may be present, the domestics are attended to and then the younger females. The grown up ladies eat last, for they must complete a lengthened worship of the household-god before they can taste food or even water.

This worship demands varied employment. The room occupied by the god is carefully cleaned every morning by one of the female members of the family, generally a widow. The flowers with which the pooja is made are plucked and sorted, the plates of the god are rubbed, clean and shining; incense is prepared; the rice for the offerings is jealously washed, so that no unclean thing may lurk amongst the grains; the fruits are cut and prepared; the lamp is cleaned and lighted; and as many plates of offering are set out with every necessary article as there are grown-up women to make poojah. These preliminaries consume the best part of the forenoon, and a great part of the afternoon is consumed in the poojah, so that the elderly women of the family have to maintain a rigid fast till three o'clock in the day, when the entire household has been fed and when they proceed to eat themselves. The reason for the fast will be understood when I say that it is irreligious to eat before poojah; it is a mortal sin in fact to do so, not even a drop of water can be passed down the throat before the daily worship. Eating over, the task of cleanliness is resumed; the body is washed and the cloth is washed and changed; the toilet is almost wholly neglected, for duties crowd upon a scanty leisure; sweetmeats for tiffin demand attention, they must be prepared, for mere rubbish is sold in the village market. Piles of flour are kneaded and baked or fried in ghee into bread; sweetmeats are made of the same materials; also curries to accompany the bread. As soon as the work is ended, preparations commence on the same scale with the morning for the night's supper, and the household does not retire to bed before midnight. On the occasion of poojahs the picture I have drawn is vastly magnified, the labour and anxiety of the mistress of the house are increased a hundred-fold. The cooking is superhuman, but the lady is ably supported by relations and

neighbours. It is only a fanatical faith and unbounded benevolence of heart which enable her to extract holiday gratification from such titanic work. It may be safely asserted that the conditions described by me leave little time or inclination for a settled course of education.

I now come to the second division of my subject, viz., the occupations of women in the middle ranks of society. In towns the generality of these women are usefully employed, they attend to all the in-door concerns of their husbands. Early blessed with children, the nursing and feeding and cleaning of these, unassisted by any large retinue of servants, severely tax their patience and their time. Whatever may be the means at the disposal of the Hindu lady for educating herself previously, after she has been elevated to the stage of motherhood (and it does not take her long to arrive at that happy condition) the distractions and the duties that devolve upon her render abortive any attempt to include her within the routine and circle of a systematic course of instruction. The young mother has little rest indeed at night. The frequent demands of the infant for food, the oft-recurring occasions during which the child requires to be cleaned and its bed to be changed, render uninterrupted sleep a blessing to be prayed for. From a hot night of unrest she often rises to a day of continued trouble. If the child happens to be ill, she fasts; if it has to be physicked, the vexation is greater than if the mother herself swallowed the medicine. When English medicine is had recourse to, with its perplexing programme of mixtures and pills and embrocations in constant whirls by the hour, the mother is generally the sole dispenser of the doses, for the father is absent on his out-door work. Supposing the child to be well, there are a hundred little things that the mother is making for the baby; all the quilts which it uses are the products of her needle, the little pillows and cases she has made herself, the bedsheets she has hemmed. Most Bengali ladies in moderate circumstances are *au fait* in the sewing of bed clothes and mosquito curtains. Recently, carpet work and the knitting of caps and socks and shoes have been added to their accomplishments. They can relish also a good Bengali play, and in the art of cookery they are remarkably advancing. It is no longer a simple soup or a dish of porridge which establishes the fame of a Hindu woman as a cook; she must master the mysteries of *pillaos* and know exactly the true colour of a *kabab* in order to pass for learned in the art; some even aspire to the glory of preparing fowl curry and cutlets in exact imitation of the Great Eastern Hotel. Though the middle classes of Bengalis usually keep an establishment of hired cooks, yet their wives are not



altogether relieved from the duty of cooking. The ordinary rations of their families are of course produced without their help, but the dainty dishes are altogether their handiwork. The cook-rooms are invariably at the base of the house; but the lady has a small apartment on a higher floor, close to her sleeping room, where sweetmeats and bread and meat preparations and other interesting articles of food are got ready by her own individual labour. Even in joint families, this separation of delicate eating is effected with the tacit consent of a majority of the members. The wife cooks for her own children and husband that which is agreeable to them, in excess of the joint allowance of rice and fish. It is a delight to her to make her children sit in a ring round her husband, as she distributes the warm bread and sweetmeats, listening to the eulogies pronounced upon them. The joint ration is always miserably cooked and coarsely issued. It is the wife's labour that gives the Hindu a taste for delicacies. Frequently the lady has to exchange presents of fancy sweetmeats with friends and relations, and the taste and skill with which these are prepared are surprising. Fruits and flowers are imitated to perfection in flour and sugar; moulds are delicately carved in dried earth, with the aid of which the most grotesque shapes are given; *bon mots* and jests are stamped upon the finest specimens of confectionery; cheera or the parched beaten rice is made out of the kernels of cocoanuts, and a hundred transformations and illusions are practised upon the commonest articles; ships and gardens and houses and railway trains and ornaments are made with the stuff used to sweeten the pân-leaf. The beauty and skill of the designs would amuse, if not amaze, Europeans.

All this is the fancy work of the Hindu female. But there is holier work before her. On the sick-bed her attendance is priceless; she seems to be formed by nature for the office of a nurse. Cool, patient, and self-denying for days and nights together, she hangs over the object of her solicitude; nothing escapes her eagle eye; every need of the patient is anticipated. Indeed the devotion and strength of character manifested on such occasions by the affectionate creature prove more efficient means of the patient's recovery than the prescriptions of the doctor. The rich who are thrown upon the attentions of their servants during severe illness seldom survive; the poor whose wives are their sole attendants on the sick bed generally escape death.

The third division of my subject, *viz.*, the employment of the poorer classes of women, embraces a large range. The multitude of their occupations baffles the attempt to describe them faithfully. There is

not a department of industry in which the tall bony Bengali woman of the lower ranks is not to be found. In towns, mercantile firms dealing in seed produce, in mustard, in linseed, or in rice, give employment to myriads of Hindu women in their godowns. They clean and winnow, and husk, and perform various other duties connected with the commercial enterprise of the city. They are largely employed besides in excavating tanks and canals and in house-building. They carry weights of the lighter descriptions, pound brickdust or soorki, weave baskets, spin cotton, make ropes and perform delicate duties in steam and other manufactories. The bulk of women in Europe, who have to provide their subsistence by manual labour, are confined to the needle. But in India, where sewn clothes are worn only by the rich, this branch of female industry is wholly unknown. But the vast field of the small trade is open to Indian women instead. They sell fish and they sell vegetables; they keep shops and stalls, and the system of caste gives the female members of the various castes a monopoly of certain trades. Thus the barber's wife is very profitably occupied in paring the nails of the ladies of the Zenana and in painting their feet and fingers with the red *alta*. The washer-woman does a good stroke of business in her line; the mehtrani defies competition. The wife of the Brahmin has the exclusive privilege of being employed as cook; the dairy woman sells milk with as large a mixture of water as she chooses, for her place is guaranteed to her by her caste; the weaver woman sells clothes and the professional dancing girl amuses the Zenana with songs and fantastic evolutions of the body. There are female doctors also who undertake to cure the diseases of infants by charmed waters and charmed oils and herbs and incantations. There is a class besides of feminine match-makers, who derive large gains by procuring advantageous marriages for families, the fees realised by them in various forms being considerable. The business was formerly the monopoly of a professional class of men called *Ghuttucks*, but the influence of the Hindu female has so remarkably increased of late in the disposal of the weightier concerns of domestic life, that the men, who necessarily had no access to the Zenana, have been superseded by female members of the craft, and have almost passed away from cities and large towns. There is a class of women again, who go about from house to house exchanging looking-glasses, and combs, and brass and stone plates and pots, for old clothes, faded lace, and worn-out shawls. In the country the generality of poor women live by cleaning rice, drawing water, or hiring themselves as casual servants to

well-to-do families. A large number are employed also in farm work and agricultural pursuits. The women dig and hoe and weed and harvest, and the gains of such simple occupations suffice to provide their simpler food and clothing. There is not much distress observable in their condition, because their wants are remarkably few, and luxury is a thing of which they do not know the name. By the natural courtesy of the Bengali mind, female labourers are very mildly treated; for to raise hand against a woman is considered to be as sinful as well as an unmanly act.

It will be seen from the foregoing hurried sketch of the occupations of Bengali women that, with the sole exception of the women of the richest families in the city, the softer sex in Bengal are most agreeably and usefully employed. The Hindu wife not only obeys and loves, but also cherishes her husband, thereby fulfilling the marriage vow to the very letter. There is room indeed for improvement; a great deal of refinement could be introduced into manners; she may be put upon higher descriptions of work. But that change in her destiny cannot be at once effected. Her surroundings must be altered before her habits can be safely or surely meddled with. There is a large spice of domesticity in her existing composition. It is to be feared it will pass away or be lost to a great extent, if other elements are introduced.

But the naked selfishness that may dictate a perpetuation of existing conditions is inconsistent with progress. Ideas have been introduced into the Hindu mind which, when fully developed, will chafe and batter against existing restraints. We must be prepared for the crisis that awaits us. The bulk of female work suits exactly the current state of Bengali life, an inactive state to which motion is imparted only by the demand of the senses. The Bengali people are content now to eat and to sleep. But the time is coming when these will be deemed only subordinate enjoyments. The mind will demand its food as strenuously by and by as the body now does, and a re-adjustment of female occupations must inevitably then be made. All the professions and duties, it will be observed, are more or less developed in the general class of Hindu women with the sole exception of that of teacher. That there is ample room for such a profession, who will deny? Many destitute widows of the higher castes whose occupation is essentially menial at the present moment, who draw water and clean rice or perform the painful drudgeries of the cooking-room, would be glad indeed to exchange this mode of life for the more honorable occupation of a teacher. If schools are established in the

villages contiguous to the metropolis, for it would not be safe to extend the experiment further inwards, on moderate scale for the education of the class referred to with a view to their training as teachers, numbers will be found able and willing to profit by the opportunity. But the male element should be rigidly excluded from these schools, and a character imparted to them through the co-operation of the heads of the villages, of the strictest respectability. Female teachers thus trained will be a new power in Hindu sociology. Their services will be eagerly sought for as governesses in the families of the rich and even of those of the middle classes; they will impart a tone to the entire sex, a holy and an intellectual tone now sadly wanting. It will become the fashion to have a tutoress in the establishment of each household, and if the Bengal Social Science Association can be the means of promulgating such a fashion, the gain to refinement and civilization will be such as to entitle it to the lasting gratitude of the human race.

My First Railway to Rajmehal.

[Reprinted from Mookerjee's Magazine, February 1861.]

Holiday-makers are not unfrequently placed in the position of the ass between two loads of hay. The demand upon their fancy is so varied and infinite, the focus of their pleasures is formed from lights collected from such discordant points of amusement, that the very thought of how to commence and from what to commence becomes a serious effort—upsetting all previously conceived thoughts, and rendering them helpless under a sheer *embarras de richesses*. The mind is bewildered amidst a maze of beckoning joys, and the moral courage to strenuously resist the allurements of one in deference to those of its neighbours, is exercised as vigorously as in any of the more important concerns of life.—I have known men of the most ardent temperaments and buoyant spirits absolutely sink under the weight of the consideration how to spend a holiday. Perhaps for the whole week previous the same consideration had afforded a perpetual pabulum to their elated minds, exercising their wits in the most torturing positions of human conceit—a fishing excursion or a picnic, cards or cricket, grouse-shooting or a river trip—yet when the day of action arrived, all their favourite plans broke down like a paper house, making them bilious and sad, discontented and testy—the blasted relics of disappointed holiday-making! Of course, I am not an exception to the general rule, and many is the time, I have felt the agonizing pain of a listless day which I had hoped to spend like a king but which I had slept out like a beast! Oh! the torment of that night on which I recounted the events, or rather the no-events, of my murdered—cruelly murdered day. I could pluck my heart out of my breast and bastinado it for the crime of having made me miss my holiday! But human ills come and go away like breath upon the polished mirror. The next day dawned and everything fell in its proper place as before—the same perpetual office with its cares and its anxieties, the same eternal struggle for gain, the same greetings and lip friendships, the same repetition of hackneyed nonsense, made up the aggregate of existence.

I had, however, resolved that the Doorgah Poojah recess of 1860 should not mock me with a sleeping draught. I have a constitutional aversion to railways. My reasons, if any exist, need not be recapitulated. Perhaps they belong to the "I do not like thee, Dr. Fell" category. Perhaps the sight of the third class carriages with their compact cargo of oily human wretches puffing the air as in an air-pump, with distended nostrils and starting binoculars, pressing and squeezing each other as if life and death depended on an additional inch of turning-in room, had furnished some imperceptible ground for the dislike. Perhaps I am no dreamer and believe that railways do not lead to heaven. At least my forefathers not only did very well without them, but lived happily without one care how to hold a slippery insolvent fast, or fill up an Income-tax return! Perhaps—but why heap Pelion upon Ossa for nothing. I had set out with the statement that I did not like railways, and the public might take a gentleman's word for such a simple matter as that without worrying him with questions like a lawyer. I hate railways, and on that ground I stand in the teeth of Mr. Stephenson's ghost, who is already grinning at me from the dark corner of the large room which does duty at once for a dormitory, eating-room, study, nursery and what not. Fortunately the next bed is fully occupied and I can return Mr. Stephenson's ghost stare for stare. Well I do dislike railways; that is, if a journey was proposed to me with the free option of travelling in a boat or in a railway-carriage, I would by all means and without the impediment of a second thought hang out for the former, though I fully know I cannot swim like a fish and will go down to the lowest depth of the waters like a plumb if by any mischievous freak of the stars of my destiny the frail wood took it into its head to turn a somersault, as it does almost every day of the year. Yet notwithstanding this formidable dislike, this deep and settled antipathy to the iron-horse, I did travel rail and with a vengeance for twelve hours in a run from Howrah to the farthest limit of Rajmehal. The reasons which induced me to perpetrate this extravagant folly, were many. The public will find no interest in them. Let the too curious satisfy themselves with the conceit that I was disgusted with the world and its ways, with perpetual and never-ending strife, with boring acquaintances and hollow friends, with the very tomtoms—it was the season of the Doorgah Poojah be it remembered, when all the rat tat and unserviceable drums in Bengal are poured down upon Calcutta to prevent the citizens from going to sleep on the festive occasion. Let the curious I say

help themselves to any one or all of these conjectures. Let them even suppose that I meant to take a flying leap into the Adji as the train whirled over its fifty-two arches, in order to escape from my troubles. Perhaps such a thought did occur to me as it must have occurred to many who survey the world with the eye of Cato and lament with the envious Roman that it should all have been made for Cæsar! Perhaps it was a crotchet, a mere fantasy of the brain that made me stick to my resolution not to allow the Door-gah Poojah holidays to escape without some tangible use of them in a lively way. Alas! how often had such strenuous resolves melted into thin air before the unconquerable inertia of my somnolent nature! How often had I risen from my holiday-couch to behold the sun set in radiant majesty behind the house-tops and the cocoanut trees. How often had I yawned and stretched myself as the last purple of twilight faded away reminding me of the morrow with all the terrors of the work-a-day world aggregated and condensed in that horrid "black Monday!" And shall I now say, sinner that I am, that I stuck to my resolution without the help of a more adequate or omnipotent cause than a mere crotchet of the brain or a simple fantasy of the mind? No! I will not perpetrate such moonshine. I am infinitely above it, so help me God or even thou Sir Mordaunt Wells, that hast sworn to uproot perjury and forgery from Bengal. I was driven to Rajmehal by that everlasting tomtom which had sworn as solemnly as even Sir Mordaunt Wells, and more solemnly if possible, to uproot sleep from Bengal, at least for a season. I arose on the second day of the tomtoms from my restless couch. The sun had not yet risen and the stars shone as brightly as on that night on which Lord Byron saw the Duchess' ball at Brussels break up to be followed by the break-up of Napoleon's splendid army at Waterloo. I, however, did not hear the "cannon's opening roar," but something worse—the perpetual rat tat which had murdered sleep like a second Macbeth. I resolved to fly. But whither could I fly? All Calcutta and its suburbs were redolent of the harrying music. I bethought me of the Railway, of Rajmehal. Everybody was talking of Rajmehal, every newspaper in the city was brimful of Rajmehal. The very streets overflowed with notices of Rajmehal printed in the largest type of the Railway Press. To Rajmehal then, now or never! I have said the stars were shining brightly in the heavens. Yes! that they were, and I thought I should be the first mortal in the booking office. But I had not gone far, when a strange unearthly sound broke upon my reverie. It seemed as if all

Babel were lending their voices to swell its clamour. But foremost amidst the din uprose the shrill Bengalee treble whose clear ringing brazen note was unmistakeable. There is a sort of caste in even Bengalee lungs which renders them pre-eminent above those of any other race. But if the distant growl of that immense sea of men, who at that early hour were blocking up every access and avenue to the booking offices, was so startling and formidable, what was the impression upon the tympanum at the minimum range to which I had now approached! When the powers of expression fail, silence is usually resorted to, to indicate transcendentalism and extricate the narrator from his wanderings in the dictionary. I eagerly avail myself of the conventional help; the more gratefully, as I shall presently have a great need of words which I cannot afford to exhaust at the very outset of my trip. Like a good general I must reserve my fire so that I may have sufficient rounds for a *feu de joi* with which I mean to illuminate my triumph.

The pencil and not the pen can do justice to the scene which awaited me at the Booking Office. Fortunately, Bengalees are an exceedingly parsimonious people, thoroughly understanding the golden maxim, "take care of your pence and the pounds will take care of themselves." Otherwise my journey to Rajmehal might have been prolonged to a journey to a certain very distant locality from which they say, only Jesus Christ once returned for just a few hours' yarn with his disciples. The silence of death reigned in the first and second class offices, whilst drawn battles were being fought at the third class aperture between contending masses resolved upon upsetting the law of impenetrability by a long dash, a strong dash, and a dash altogether. Behold yon oily Brahmin with his bare body streaming with perspiration and looking in his nudity more like one of those savages you read of in the books of Australian travellers than the sacred minister of God carrying salvation in the knots of that dirty non-descript skein of thread which begirts his huge body, pressing close upon the white cambric back of that young Baboo dressed out in the full splendour of the latest fashion, merino stockings and China coat. Alas! how the spotless white of the charming vest disappears under the magic of that holy contact! Holy indeed! Observe how the little dandy turns fiercely upon the discolourer as if he could eat him alive, thread and all. But the assault upon the law of impenetrability becomes just at this moment so furious that the belligerents are fairly swept out of the scene, depriving me of the rare fun of

beholding Young Bengal dine off a live Brahmin, a feat which he will some day or other accomplish to confound the shasters and give Hindooism its final *quietus*. The railway steamer has in the meantime arrived and I hasten on board for fear I should be pitched into the Hooghly by the pressure of that immense living mass which chafes and surges behind the grating which confines it to the rear of the jetty until such time as the first and second class passengers have made themselves comfortable in the cabin of the steamer. The cavalry charge at Balaklava could have been scarcely superior as a feat of combined and headlong movement to the rush with which the third class passengers charged the steamer the moment the grating was opened, every one of the compact mob afraid of losing the vessel and overturning in their precipitate fury casks, barrows and planks, the strongest pushing aside the weakest, and hurling others' head foremost into the deck at the imminent risk of eyes, noses, the dental decorations and other equally useful and interesting components of the human form divine. The last man had jumped in, having escaped a tumble into the river most providentially by holding on to the bars of the steamer with the clutch of death with one hand and with the other to the jacket of a fat Baboo which not possessing the consistency of a coat of mail forthwith exhibited a formidable rent, when the steamer heaved anchor and dashed into the water like a mermaid. More pressure, pitchings forward, miraculous escapes from drowning and bloody noses, and lo! we are on our way to the carriages. To augment, maliciously augment and intensify the sufferings of the third class passengers, perhaps to punish them for their rebellion against the statute of impenetrability and mock them with their impotence, a narrow passage admitting scarcely two abreast was, with a triple distillation of cruelty, placed in their way through which the jammed-up mass was required to run up double quick, the ominous bell ringing impatiently for the last time but one! Such however are the forbearance and elasticity of the much abused natives of Bengal that the malicious Khyber was cleared without so much as an imprecation or a groan! Nay, there were men who achieved the heroic march with a smile on their lips and a beam in their eyes! And well they might, for is not the mild Hindoo governed by a philosophy, a homœopathic globule whereof would have sufficed to save France from her Revolution and prevent the English people from perpetrating cold-blooded regicide? In any other country than Bengal the atrocious treatment of the third class passengers would have

brought down a grim and ghastly Nemesis about the ears of the officious puppies who bluster up and down the platforms in the full blown impudence of irresponsible power. But the Bengalee has too great a love of sleek skins and plastic limbs to jeopardise their natural conditions in senseless affrays with guards, stokers, engine-men, *et hoc genus omne* of Railway economy. He is content to pocket all the ills that ever flew out of the hand box of that careless hussy Miss Pandora for the sake of another half pice. Perhaps, poor soul, he cannot afford to be liberal at the expense of that numerous brood of aunts and half-sisters whom he must feed out of his scanty income, and not only feed, but send them to Benares or Juggurnauth once every five years to fatten idle Brahmins and rascally faqueers. But to return to my journey. Behold me strutting busily up and down the platform in search of a convenient compartment. I am very particular in that matter, for I once happened to be in the same partition with a German doctor who bored me all the way with dissertations on alkali and potash, and who insisted on my seeing how easily my countrymen could make a splendid use of "plantin fibres instid of stoopidly trowing away the stalks to cettle." On another occasion I had the misfortune to enter an empty carriage which I hoped would escape the notice of my fellow travellers. Judge my confusion and dismay when half a dozen stalwart British grenadiers marched through the half open-door with muskets and accoutrements complete and a well-stocked brandy bottle peering ominously through the side bag of the most formidable-looking of the set. My desire to be left alone was now converted into a furious longing for more company. I looked beseechingly into the eyes of the throng who were hurrying to and fro in search of places. But alas! they took one peep at the soldiers and vanished from my imploring gaze. Every one of the second class carriages was full, yet none of the still hurrying on passengers would enter that in which myself and the grenadiers were thinly scattered. But one week before, the Calcutta newspapers had published a horrifying account of a robbery by soldiers in a second class carriage from the person of a Bengalee Baboo, and it was therefore no wonder that my fellow-travellers shunned our compartment like a plague spot. One stout European gentleman had almost opened the door of the carriage and my heart leapt with joy at the happy event. But the sight of the rough grenadiers was a settler to him—the coward! He sprang back as if he had beheld a Gorgon. My heart returned in despair into its inmost citadel. I looked the picture of a forlorn hope. But there was no

help for it. One shrill blast of the whistle and the train moved heavily away from the station. The brandy bottle was now withdrawn from its hiding-place and passed briskly round. It was even very kindly offered to me. I was unfortunately a teetotaler. Yet I durst not disoblige my grim host who might base upon my refusal a pretext to relieve me of my watch and chain, which latter glittered rather unseasonably on my breast just then. What could I do? No! I will not sell my soul! I called to aid my blandest smile and most winning intonation, a neat little speech was hastily improvised in which my caste and every other humbug which the shasters could supply was duly paraded with all manner and circumstance of regret, extreme obligation, great misfortune, and such like gilding of a bitter pill. Luckily the brandy was genuine Radhabazar stuff, three-fourths water and one-fourth spirits. It made my companions merely a little merry, a condition of mind from which I had very little to dread. I was deluged with songs and duets which I omitted no opportunity of praising superlatively until the thousand and one notes of the train dashing away at the rate of fifteen miles an hour was drowned in the tumult of the chorus with which they greeted my warm connoisseurship. Perhaps the reader will excuse this digression to which I was tempted with the sole view of proving that I am not unreasonably particular about the choice of a seat. Well, and I at last did obtain a comfortable place amongst a group of funny looking Israelites who I learnt were going to Burdwan, to see the races. These chosen people of the Lord are extremely companionable owing probably to their belonging to every country and to no country. They know their exiled position, which they take good care should not be rendered further irksome by a disposition to quarrel with their neighbours on the slightest pretexts. My fellow-travellers amused me exceedingly, specially an old fellow with a scull cap and capacious gaberдинe reminding one strongly of Shakespeare's Shylock. He was rather a gloomy sort of person, scarcely deigning to exchange above a couple of words, and those awfully practical and to the purpose. The train had not been in motion above an hour and the sun had scarcely yet risen high in the horizon, when the old gentleman commenced fidgeting in his seat as if a flea had entered his dress. By and by he shifted his position, laying down his parallels nearer and nearer the huge basket of edibles which his friends had taken care to provide as it seemed to me for his particular use and behoof. In another moment his plump broad hand had uncovered the basket, relieving it of a large double loaf and no end of cakes. With this heavy prize he retreated into his snug corner munching away till the loaf disappeared beneath his capacious throat. The whole carriage was alive with enthu-

siastic talk, for we were rattling away at an enormous pace through scenery that looked like a gorgeous picture. Far as the eye could reach, rich verdant vegetation shot up on all sides. Groups of villages with their picturesque straw-houses lent a rustic charm to the surrounding landscape. As we neared Chattrā, where the rail passed direct through the very heart of a populous Hindoo town dividing the little brickbuilt houses as it were with a table knife, the curious in sociology might have taken a peep into the domestic life of the Hindoo Zenana, for the carriages overlook all those puny obstacles with which Oriental jealousy in vain sought to hide and hedge in the little misses and portly dames, who might now be seen in the interesting occupation of skinning fish or pounding turmeric on the sunny housetops. There in that little pond half-choked with water-cresses, a beauteous purdanashin has just opened out her fair plump arms in the act of ablution. A hundred eyes are directed to her splendid profile. She stands bewildered for half a second, then dives into the water before her like a goddess of the element! Behind that grated window another tall handsome belle is combing out her long black hair, black as the raven's plume, casting furtive glances on the approaching train. We have arrived just opposite to her, when lo! the beauteous head vanishes suddenly from the window sill and our view like a ghost! But the gormandising son of Israel cared not for such scenes. His mind floated over the provisions basket which he had by this time fairly anchored between his two legs. Let the young please their eyesight. He pleased his palate! A fabulous quantity of dates was going through the highly interesting process of deglutition within the broad isthmus of the old man already well moistened by half a gargle of water. But the wheel of fortune is served by a perpetual steam engine. It has neither sabbath nor holiday. My friend's monopoly, his bread law and his date law, was destined, to be broken—most rudely broken. That enormous commissariat upon which he had quietly and unobservedly made such a merciless havoc did not compose his individual ration. There were other and as greedy mouths billeted upon it. These gradually became intelligent with thirst and hunger. The wagging tongues stopped suddenly, and as every eye turned inquiringly upon the catables, lo! and behold! how they had been abbreviated! The finest loaves and the broadest cakes had taken wing and disappeared, the dates bag had collapsed and lay shrunk and smothered at the feet of its admirer. Not a moment was to be lost. The fat plump hands were again making their way to the basket. Other fat plump hands had now however entered the field under the generalship of more ravenous appetites. A hot *mélée* ensued. The supplies disappeared apace till not a fragment remained of that huge

mass which only three hours ago was swelling out in all the impudence of conscious plethora. Alas! hunger is contagious, and the sight of so many men eating away like aldermen after lent, was not calculated of all things to allay the longings of my own famished stomach. I had no provisions basket, and the sun was riding in the meridian. The train stopped for just ten minutes at Burdwan. But the Burrabazar was a good fifteen minutes walk from the station. I could not eat in the hotel. My too sensitive caste stood across the door way with a thick volume of the shasters, ready to shy it against my soft head if I durst attempt to make an entry. My throat was as dry as a sponge. I was dying of thirst! Mr. Caste shook his head authoritatively. I must not pollute my lips with water from the mussels. My gentleman-in-waiting had taken a most undue advantage of my kind disposition and the rogue knew when I had once given up the reins to his keeping I was not competent to resume them, though it were to save myself from a precipice.

Another whistle, and the train moved away from Burdwan. My Israelitish friends had left me and I was the sole occupant of my compartment. I felt lonely and sad. The scenery did not delight me; for the same endless repetitions of open fields and clustering cocoanut trees filled the retina on all sides. Occasionally the ground rose, shutting up the prospect on either side and enclosing us as it were between two ramparts of earth. Now we crossed little rivulets reminding the Calcutta cockney of the great municipal drains of his dear city. Now we whirled over the fifty feet span arches of the Adji and the Mourakhi—broad and rapid streams whose sandy beds extended far and wide like sheets of burnished gold beneath the glaring sun. Anon we are entombed by high green terraces on which the rude habitations of the Sonthal workmen loom faintly. How little is the world aware of the patient toil, the untiring energy of that half savage race. What indeed would have been the fate of the railway in Bengal if the Sonthal had not lent his spade to the great work? If during their famous rebellion those swarthy Hillmen were guilty of devastating the Railway, they might now proudly say “if we have destroyed railways we have built more,” parodying the boast of the Macedonian madman. In the opening dinner at Rajmehal one important toast was omitted. We could wish some original thinker who looked more closely into the hows and wherebys of the East Indian Railway than is indicated by the mob cry of “Stephenson” or of “Canning” had proposed the Sonthals, the pioneers literally of the Railway in Bengal! Smile not, reader, at the seeming paradox. Large forests are not ashamed to own a stray acorn as their

progenitor, and surely it will not detract from the dignity of our Railway to allow the savages their due in that great work.

We had passed Cynthea and two or three other stations further up when a dark cloud appeared to hang over the western horizon. What could it be! On, on we dashed away at a furious pace. Behold the dark cloud has become magnified and a chain of similar clouds obscures the horizon. A Calcutta man who had never seen higher land than the ramparts of Fort William may be excused for mistaking the true character of the clouds during another hour's sharp rattle. Eureka, now I have it. Those are the hills! Yes! they must be the hills. See how one tier rises above another! Glorious sight! I stand transfixed. What should I have done if I had seen the Himalayas? No wonder Shiva, the God of Gods has made his home on the Dhawallagiri! On, on we speed. The mist gradually clears away. It is half past four. We near a splendid elevation covered with jungle. My hunger and my thirst have disappeared. I could fast for days to look on such a scene. The train stops. It is Rajmehal. Now for the ruins. Whoo! goes the whistle, the train is again in motion. Is it not Rajmehal? No! We have still a good hour's whirl before us. We scamper away through a tunnel cut out of the living rock. On all sides the frowning masses of granite seem to reproach us for the mutilation caused by the audacious hand of man. But the iron-horse is not amenable to impeachment or attainder. It rushes along like the wind until we again gain the open country. Another hour has elapsed and we are in Rajmehal. The broad Ganges flows by. But where are the ruins? In vain the eye searches all the four points of the compass. The ruins are a myth—unless that dilapidated mosque at the single aperture whereof a couple of half famished Sonthal urchins are grinning with their white teeth, may be accounted a ruin. But why go to Rajmehal for it. I could shew at least half a dozen such ruins in the very heart of civilized Calcutta. Then again where are the hills? We have left them far, very far in our rear. What a disappointment! I descend sorrowfully from the carriage and ask up my way to the new bazar. A group of low dirty looking hovels into which you must creep up on all fours to effect an entry, completes my vexation. The stalest sweet-meats on which the dust of at least half a week lay thick and nauseatingly were offered to me. I turned away in disgust. I could have lain quietly down and died rather than swallow such an apology for food. Woe me! Why did I come to Rajmehal! A burning thirst possesses me. Away with caste, I must enter McCheyne's hotel.

What excesses I might have committed in this unorthodox mood of mind I cannot say. But my three hundred and thirty millions of Gods and

Goddesses had not yet given me up to the opposition shop. A Jew supplied me with two glasses of lemonade for the very moderate sum of half a rupee. I felt revived and restrengthened. McCheyne lost a customer and Young Bengal a convert. I lay that night in the hospitable bungalow of the Joint Magistrate's Sheristadar; but I could not sleep; I had sworn to bid good bye to Rajmehal at once and the least sound awoke me with the frightful apprehension that the train was returning. At last day dawned. I hurried away from my still sleeping host, had another long twelve hours' ride, another day of close, unmitigated fast, another crushing bout in the railway steamer, and my journey and folly were over simultaneously. I need hardly mention how I astonished my friends with a gastronomic feat that night, beating completely hollow even the old Jew of whom honorable mention in that line has been made by me, and how my snore drowned even the wild energy of the tomtoms thundering away on this the last night of their glory.

The Reconciliation.

[Reprinted from Mookerjee's Magazine, February 1861.]

A common danger and misfortune are better peace-makers than elaborate negotiations and officious friends. Whilst the passions are on stilts it is impossible to get them within parleying distance. They

* The article refers to the reconciliation between the non-official European class and the Natives effected in the course of the agitation against the Mysore grants. As many of our readers may not be acquainted with the history of that memorable agitation, which led to certain momentous political results, we give below a very brief account of it. In 1860 Prince Golam Mahomed of the Mysore family went to England to prosecute what were considered by him certain treaty rights and obtained from the Secretary of State for India a grant of half a crore of rupees, which he had failed to obtain from Lord Canning. A meeting was held at the Town Hall towards the latter end of December 1860 to protest against the arbitrary control exercised by the Secretary of State for India over the means and the expenditure of this country without reference to the Government which should be directly responsible for them. The following extract from an account of the meeting which appeared in the *Hindoo Patriot* of the 26th December 1860, may prove of interest to most of our readers :—

"We have alluded to the unanimity which prevailed at the meeting, composed as it was of the most heterogeneous materials. There was not a class of the community unrepresented in the gathering nor an individual that did not feel the most vivid interest in the proceedings. European and Native, Hindoo, Mahomedan, Jew and Christian felt alike and in unison on the occasion. This exhibition of a heart-felt unanimity cannot fail of its effect. Its significance cannot be misunderstood or underrated by any placemen or potentate. An incidental but not unimportant benefit that was secured at the meeting was the cordial and complete reconciliation of races and classes which for years past had been divided by wide differences of views and wider misunderstandings. The speakers at the meeting did but attach adequate importance to this circumstance when one after another they congratulated their audience upon this devoutly wished-for consummation.

* * * * *

We subjoin the two principal resolutions —

That the arbitrary control now exercised by the Secretary of State for India, over the means and the expenditure of the country, without reference to the Government which should be directly responsible for them, is highly dangerous to the stability and well-being of the Empire, and that it is expedient that a petition should be addressed to Parliament, praying for the establishment of some effectual check upon such exercise of his power.

That in the opinion of this meeting the tax-payers of India have a right to full accounts of the national expenditure; that the Government should have control of the proceeds of the taxation it imposes; and that the changed position (of India) demands a Legislative Council composed of nonofficial as well as official members."

stalk away majestically like the Ghost of Hamlet at the touch of the halbert! So soon however as they descend upon *terra firma* they become accessible to sense and reason. They perceive the utter inutility of isolated glory, which however grand and aristocratic-like is nevertheless tiresome! Exclusiveness is not the normal condition of our nature, and why should our passions affect it. We are glad that our European friends are beginning to ask the question, however late. They have perceived the length and the breadth of the liberties which they had, unwittingly it is to be hoped, and under a mistaken view of the thing, allowed to those sneaking mercenaries of the fiend who are ever aiming at annexation at the expense of the kingdom of heaven. We do not write in the spirit of a sermon for we know we have no earthly title to the pulpit. But we feel convinced that "race" and "antagonism" and "higher destiny" had no place in the garden of Eden whilst Satan was groping through "upper and through nether darkness," and that it was the fiend who first rang the discord bell in the delightful abode of our unfortunate progenitor. Alas how lustily that proud arm that would fain have seized the thunder bolts, plied the sonorous metal whose faintest echo reverberates through the farthest corners of two hemispheres to the present day! It is needless for us to admit that there had existed causes whose emergency afforded some palliation for the daggers-drawn attitude with which our European fellow subjects had not two months ago rendered all communication between themselves and the native community a matter of the highest constraint and unpleasantness. Every word that was uttered trembled upon the lips in dubious uncertainty—all was hollow and superficial except where the venom fell. There the fatal dark spot was unmistakable. An awful sincerity and reality prevailed. We could wish there was less truth and more hypocrisy in that contracted brow and fiery eye. The blood feud begotten in the North West was unmeaningly extended to Bengal. The Pandys were confounded with the Mookerjee. Vengeance was denounced against both. We scouted the dishonorable coparcenery: We claimed to be treated otherwise. We were loyal from the tips of our toes to the utmost mathematical points of our hair. Accordingly we indignantly repudiated the brand of the traitor. In the heat of innocent passion perhaps we were led into an extravagant latitude of tongue. Perhaps we said things which in a cooler moment we would have been the last to utter. The vocabulary of abuse is a dangerous book in the hands of the weak and the injured. Unfortun-

ately the European press was publishing edition after edition of the wicked tome in all the varied forms of editorial paragraphs, special correspondence, local punch, and even Punjab Reports. Are we to blame if we blindly took up the syllables and hurled them at their utterers? We will not however insist upon a reply. We are indeed sorry for having ever asked the question. We have buried our animosities in the tomb of the Capulets. The two nations are friends again. It is no longer war, it is peace. The educated Englishman and the educated Hindoo have a more glorious work before them than the interchange of "niggers" and "parallelograms," like Daniel O'Connell and the costermongress! The weal or woe of the finest empire under the sun depends upon their united energies. Singly they are but men who may be crushed like creeping worms. But united what power can break their strength? They speak trumpet-tongued and the firmest ministry shall quail before the moral fire of their remonstrances. Already a bolt has been hurled by their united efforts which will rake up no small amount of dust in Cannon Row. What must be the condition of the devoted building when the political battery earnestly opens under such glorious auspices with its full service ammunition of petitions and protests!

The Currency.

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One of the most striking advantages that have resulted from the transfer of the Indian empire from the hands of a corporation to those of a responsible ministry, is the reality and earnestness with which Indian anomalies are being wheeled out under the sun, turned and sifted, examined and entered into, so that not a single flaw may escape observation to throw back the reformer upon his original position of doubt and perplexity. The corporation that hitherto mismanaged the empire stood committed to all the errors and absurdities of the century in which they received their patent. Their policy may be reduced to a collection of precedents, their statesmanship to an aggregation of luck! They worked without an object and succeeded in by sheer good fortune. They crossed the Indian Ocean in search of dividends and picked up a sceptre. Yet they never thoroughly lost sight of the dividends though handling a revenue. They stood out lustily against an extension of territory. Yet they were ridden down by their very servants to the farthest limits of the Himalayas without being able to put in so much as a gentle nay. They consumed foolscap whilst their delegates consumed the exchequer. A fair statement of income and expenditure was simply impracticable. The accounts were kept more for show than for use. Loans were raised on every emergency and on the slightest pretexts. Extravagance never wanted feeders. If the revenues of the state could not meet its liabilities there was nothing to prevent it from borrowing. Not a thought was spent upon the future. The present monopolised every care. As long as 1850 was provided for, 1851 may go suck its fingers until its turn came. A ruinous system prevailed—if system it may be called which broke abruptly from the orbits of calculation and nestled under a temporary expediency. One fine evening the Treasury had found the philosopher's stone and it proclaimed to affrighted stockholders the doom of their interest drafts. The Government will pay off its debts like an heir just come into the possession of his estate. The stock-holders stood aghast. What will they do with so much

cash ! "Ladies and gentlemen," says the Financial Secretary, pulling up his collar and adjusting his shirt frill, "you are in a dilemma. But the Governor-General will not annihilate you. Do you mind putting up with the loss of only one paltry per cent. of interest in order to secure the remaining four ? I am sure you have too much good sense to forego such an excellent accommodation. Do please make up your minds at once, for the Sub-Treasurer is regularly suffering from a nightmare, the effect of extraordinary repletion." We could wish some mischievous Asmodeus had laid open the vaults of the Treasury just at that moment to confound the swindle. But the devil had a special retainer from the Government and lay snug and happy inside his bottle. The swindle was perpetrated. A few months after, the public was astounded by a Gazette extraordinary declaring a fresh five per cent. loan ! It was cunningly styled the "Public Works Loan." But the trick was clearly seen through. The stock-holders had been sold ! The credit of Government fell to zero. Every body cried fie ! and kept back from the open loan. Suspicion tainted every act of the state. The greased cartridges were readily believed in. The Sepoy army revolted, and the empire tottered and trembled to its very foundations. The mutiny was quelled, but at the expense of the Finances. The latter are in open rebellion defying England's greatest economists. One of them has been already laid in his grave. He perished in the unnatural struggle. The deficit is truly alarming. But earnest and determined men are closely at work to choke up the hiatus. It is consolatory to reflect that we have finally done with shams, with make-shift expedients truly symptomatic of the hopeless spendthrift, with borrowing from Peter to pay Paul and again borrowing from Paul to pay Peter. The East India Company's system or rather no system, is ultimately at an end. We have hope for the future, if not relief for the present. That is a great gain. A much greater gain than may at first sight be imagined. We are hitherto accustomed to clap trap—juggler's tricks with immediate results astonishing the mob, filling empty treasuries with no end of balances and converting deficits into surfeits. Perhaps there will be some difficulty in our getting rid of the former glare. Already a cry prevails that the Financial Councillor is a poltroon ! We expected it. The public looked sanguinely for some grand stroke, some stunning scheme embracing heaven and earth, that would have wiped off all debts and deficits and left an enormous surplus into the bargain. Mr. Wilson contemplated such a stroke and he was regarded as a demi-god ! His

worshippers were fully prepared for any amount of extravagance ; and he gave them a dose against which even the South Sea speculators would have shut up their eyes and their mouths. He was a despot. In a country where mind and body enjoy a perpetual siesta, the slightest demonstration of a will confers oracularism. Mr. Wilson did possess a will, and he exercised it in a manner that left little room for contradiction. He instituted an Income Tax at the point of the quill and regardless of every difficulty. How he waived his pen and all objections vanished before his mandate ! He had set his entire energies to the work and he succeeded in launching an Act which had to be amended in twenty-six days. Its constructions now occupy half the official Gazette. He contemplated a scheme of currency which fortunately, he did not live to mature. We say fortunately, because we fully believe its effect would have been ruinous to the country and disastrous to Government. A more mad and presumptuous measure never suggested itself to an English Financier. In England the scheme would have excited ridicule. In India it was received as a manifestation of transcendental statesmanship. It was proposed to establish a paper currency based upon a mixed reserve of cash and of Government securities. The former was limited to one-third of the whole amount of issue, the latter to the remaining two-thirds. That is to say, the former proportion was never to be transgressed, though the latter might fluctuate during an abundance of silver. But the reserve in securities was not formally restricted to any known amount, leaving the financial juggler to issue notes *ad libitum* on a basis the most objectionable in principle and ruinous in result. The Government undertook to play the same game which smashed the Union Bank—putting a fixed liability against uncertain assets. We know from cruel experience how Government securities are raised or depreciated by the most trivial causes. A single paragraph in the newspapers suffices to put the stock market into unusual heavings and throbings—making the fortunes of fund-holders or reducing them to beggary ! The gambling in opium is not more slippery and extreme in its consequences than the dabbling in securities. Mr. Brown, so well known in the mercantile world for his sagacity and foresight, and who dines with the Financial Secretary three times a month, descends into the stock market and makes large transactions. The news flies from mouth to mouth. Burrabazar swarms with brokers. The fund-holders are up and stock ascends in value by many per cent, without any good assignable cause. The masses are steeped

in ignorance. They do not and they cannot look closely into cause and effect. They merely follow their guide like a flock of sheep. If the day after, Mr. Brown sells his papers, the funds are amazingly depreciated and ruin overtakes many a blind speculator. Now, if the dining companion of the Financial Secretary, the Mr. Brown of mercantile repute, exercises such a marvellous influence over the market, what must be its condition when the Government descends to it in proper person? All the existing evils will not only be increased and intensified as regards the private speculator, but the state will always be at a disadvantage. Whenever it buys, funds will rise. Whenever it sells, funds will fall. The state will have to buy at the highest market and sell at the lowest. During a period of panic Mr. Wilson's paper reserves would have shared the same fate with his notes, and insolvency would have followed. The tendency to expend already so characteristic of the Indian Government would have been augmented by the facilities offered by an unlimited power to issue paper money on a paper basis. We would have been deluged with grand schemes of canals and roads, barracks and civil buildings. Large sums would have been sanctioned on account of establishments. The Currency circles alone would have consumed half the capital of the country. And to what would the note-holders have been reduced? Why to this, that if on a sudden emergency they demanded cash an Act extraordinary prohibiting cash payments beyond a certain limit and funding the remainder of the Government notes would have been hurried through the Legislative Council and sent forth as a shield against the onslaught of importunate creditors. A sinking credit would have been bolstered up by an act of despotism. We know how orders from the King's Privy Council sometimes suspended cash payments in even the Bank of England where public opinion and the exigencies of trade might be supposed to exercise a stronger influence on the acts of Government than they ever will in this country. The Court of Directors of the Bank of England had made large advances to Mr. Pitt's Government. They had even violated the clause of their charter which restrained them from lending money to the King without the consent of Parliament,—another proof that even the most stringent legislation gives way before the necessities of the state. A commercial crisis was impending. The directors appealed to the minister for assistance. A run had already been made upon the country banks. The Privy Council was hastily assembled. The Bank was ordered to suspend cash payments. Fortunately the

Directors were firm. In announcing the orders of the Privy Council they proclaimed that "the general concerns of the Bank were in the most affluent and flourishing situation and such as to preclude every doubt as to the security of its notes. The Directors mean to continue their usual discounts for the accommodation of the commercial interests, paying the amount in Bank notes ; and dividend warrants will be paid in the same manner." Had such an announcement been made in India, the most disastrous consequences would undoubtedly have followed. But the credit of the first merchants and Bankers in London was staked in the credit of the Bank. They unanimously resolved to stand by the Bank notes through every emergency and public confidence was at once re-established. Suppose such a misfortune to have overtaken the British Government in India, would the bankers and the merchants of the country have upheld the Government notes with a similar spirit? The conditions of the Home and Indian Governments are so thoroughly alien to each other, that a conjecture in the positive would scarcely be true. In England the subject is directly bound up with the acts of the ministry. Wielding omnipotent power, it can make an arbitrary use of the supplies as well as of the prerogatives of the King. The nation at large might create a credit for itself irrespective of canons of political economy. It can subsist upon paper money without an immediate cash reserve. It can dictate terms to the money market. Far different is the case in India. It is needless to publish a catalogue of our wants and our disabilities. We are not represented in the Government. The greatest distrust prevails between the governors and the governed. An extended scheme of paper money is therefore utterly impracticable.

It is on these grounds that we hail with joy and confidence the plan of currency set forth in Mr. Laing's lucid speech before the Legislative Council. It has not the Indian merit of a great flourish of trumpets and extravagant promises. But it is based on a sound and unassailable basis. It is not the dream of a poetical Financier. But it embodies the honest straight-forward views of a real practical man of business. Mr. Laing proposed to issue only such an amount of Government notes as will be protected by a main reserve of cash or bullion aided also by a partial reserve of Government securities. The latter will not exceed four crores of Rupees for the present. The limit has been ascertained from data furnished by the charters of the Bank of Bengal; Madras and Bombay which are authorised to issue paper money to the extent of five crores on a reserve of only one crore of specie. It will be perceived the Financial

councillor has proceeded firmly and cautiously to his work. He risks nothing yet he gains much. True he cannot repay the debt, (it will be long before such a consummation is attained) yet he will have established a great result—one, the constant action whereof will in the end save the state from bankruptcy. He will have introduced an organic change into the monetary constitution of the country without incurring those hazards which attend vital changes. If he is moderate—he is sure. But the chief, and in our opinion, the most valuable merit of his currency scheme lies in that absence of vast machinery without which shallow minds cannot advance a step in their calculations, and which in the end swallow up all the gains of a Financial measure. Look at that ponderous and inexplicable turnings of wheels within wheels by which the Income Tax Act is being worked out. A large share of the proceeds of that tax will go into the pockets of placemen. The printer of the returns has alone appropriated it is said 25 lacs of Rupees. The staff of assessors and sircars will dive their fingers still deeper into the collections and what little remains will scarcely be a fair set off against the annoyance and heart-burnings, which the tax must inevitably entail upon the people at large and the blow to industry which its inquisitorial character will undoubtedly have struck. Mr. Laing's Currency Bill is unattended with all that bombast of circles and semicircles which formed the most gorgeous feature of the scheme of his predecessor. We shall have no fabulously paid officials to regulate the distribution and consumption of Government notes, no Commissioners, nor Deputy Commissioners nor Sub-Deputy Assistant Commissioners to clog and obstruct and bewilder and bamboozle honest men whilst eating up the cream and the marrow of the profits of Government. Instead of placemen the already existing Banks of the country will work and administer the currency. The Mint Masters of the three Presidencies will ex-officio be Commissioners of Issue impressing the notes as they impress coins. A simpler and more efficient machinery could not be devised. But its chief merit does not lie in mere simplicity and efficiency. A higher and more important purpose underlies the scheme. As we have already said, a radical change will have been effected in the monetary condition and prospects of the country. A more thorough change than is anticipated by superficial observers who look only to the immediate gains of the measure. At present banking as an instrument of production is almost unknown in this country except in a form which is an eye-sore to every generous and kind-hearted man. For it is usury out and out doing more harm than good, plunging the needy man lower and still lower in misery instead of helping him to rise. Wringing the last cowrie from the

hard hand of afflicted industry and then leaving him to rot in starvation and want. Such is the true picture of the system of the *mahajuns*. But we may now fairly count upon its doom. The currency will be the means of establishing country-banks which will displace the money-lender eventually. The Government will warmly support every such scheme which will facilitate the currency and take the place of the ponderous establishments by which its mofussil payments are now made. It will lend all the weight of its influence to the establishment of district and even of village banks based on sound scientific principles. The advantages of credit will be diffused throughout the land and trade and agriculture will receive a double impetus. We give only a faint sketch of the feature which will open upon us in gorgeous prosperity so soon as a healthy and rational system of currency is established. The speculative reader may fill in the colors. But the gaudiest coloring will fall far short of the reality. The history of English banking bears us out in this prediction.

Mr. Laing's scheme is objected to in certain quarters on account of its rejecting a small note circulation. There is certainly nothing in it that absolutely and at once places an embargo upon small notes. If the requirements of trade demand them, the Government have certainly no interest in withholding the accommodation. But the risks of a small note circulation are so great that even in commercial and enlightened England it had to be checked by Act of Parliament. An Indian financier may therefore be excused for feeling his ground well before deluging the country with notes the value whereof may not be readily appreciated. The easy and immediate convertibility of the Government notes will alone render the currency a success. Suspicion and doubt have already been cast upon the credit of the state by the foolish, we might also say, wicked financiering of Lord Dalhousie. The Government must retrieve its character thoroughly before its subjects can trust in very small notes. Analogy between English and Indian circulation of this early date is premature and ridiculous. We must not leap, but trust to time and system.

The Smash in the Indigo Districts.

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It is said that when the worse comes to the worst, it mends. There is a point of evil, beyond which even evil, so elastic in its power of tension, cannot stretch. Providence steps in always at the last moment to save unfortunate mortals from the lowest condition of destiny. This has been strictly verified in the case of the Indigo ryots—men who for upwards of a century were groaning under a most nefarious system of political economy—who were working without a profit and toiling without a hire—in whose case the established canons of the labor market were reversed, the demand not governing the supply but the supply crouching before the demand. An unfortunate old man in his dotage had fingered an indigo advance. Probably he was in distress and his mind wandered from calculation. Probably the advance had been forced upon him by a factory Gomashta not troubled with a peculiarly sensitive conscience. That old man was thenceforward a doomed man. The brand of the vats was on his forehead and not death even could release him from the fatal mark. It descended to his generation from father to son—every heir at law coming in for more chunam godowns than half pence. The advance no bigger than a rupee swelled out in bulk and dimensions as the carried forwards multiplied. Awful book-keeping! How devoutly the ryots prayed that the single and double entry had never been invented! We do not mean to say that there was not law on the side of the planter. Unfortunately Littleton upon Coke is exceedingly partial and condescending towards all aberrations from reason and commonsense. But justice was undoubtedly all the other way. Paley prescribes that promises are not binding when the performance is impracticable. Where was the practicability ask we of supplying Indigo at 6 Rupees a Biggha when the charges of cultivation exceeded 10 Rupees?

But the Shylocks of the factory pointed to the letter of the bond and whetted their knives upon their soles, or their souls! A Daniel came to judgement, yea a Daniel! Long live King Halliday! The great big man rendered everything smooth between the victim and the executioner. He stuck to the pound of flesh and never bothered himself about the blood. At best it was but a nigger's blood—fit to only mark the Indigo chests

with. Ask Mr. Latour if he did not behold the clouts red and ghastly ! But every dog has his day and the ryots though treated in a worse way than the poorest Englishman's dog, occupy nevertheless a higher platform in creation than the canine species. The Nemesis of the Indigo fields was thoroughly roused by repeated and persistent injuries. The grim goddess sprang into existence with all the accompaniments of an oriental *avatar*. Her fiery eyes and gleaming sword scorched up and devastated the districts in which her sacrifices had so long been neglected. Even the mild Bengalee, the cringing minion of the lowest factory chuprassie, the wretch without a soul, bowing down before every calamity by the mere force of habit—threw off his fears and caught inspiration from the deity. He revised his character, altered and methodised his habits. The hooka no longer brought oblivion upon his lacerated mind. He had passed the stage of passive obedience. He resisted—in some instances actively. The face of affairs turned. The proud oppressor became panic-struck. It was his turn to fear—he who had so long excited that passion in others. The charm had broke which invested him with god-like power. He flew to Calcutta—to the Planter's Association—to Belvidere House—to the newspaper offices. The welkin rang with his cries. To his fear-oppressed mind it was rebellion and revolution. The aristocracy of France was not more thoroughly frightened during the terror days, than was the Indigo aristocracy during the first few weeks of the ryot's refusal to work. Conscious guilt magnifies every danger. The destroyer of the peace of families looks out for a foe in the inmost recesses of his citadel. The avenging sword is constantly before his eyes. He sees a dagger in every phantom of the brain. The planter had just arrived at this torturing state of mind. He called out lustily for troops. The districts where not a uniform was seen ever since the mock fight at Plassey, now swarmed with soldiery. The officers of the regular battalions who had only recently quelled the mutiny laughed in their sleeves at the ridiculous nature of the service. But it relieved them from the dull monotony of Dum Dum and Barrackpore, put batta into their pockets, and entertained them with dinners such as they had never eaten before in all their lives. The planters feted the red coats sumptuously to compensate them for the lack of fighting. The best beef and the best mutton in the country were freely supplied to the military through whom it was hoped to intimidate the ryots into obedience. The dodge failed. The *dhurm ghot* triumphed ! Not a spade was thrust into the soil in the cause of the dye. Not a bucket was dipped into the stream to water an Indigo plant. The strike was universal and complete. For once Bengalees had united, and not even

cannon balls could break the cohesion. They stood upon the righteousness of their cause.—That cause which had been for a hundred years trampled under foot, but which they had now determined should be the sport of lawless men no longer. They went into prisons by thousands and by tens of thousands. They cheerfully went into prison. It was at all events a refuge from the godowns. From Shamchand! whose strokes sent all the blood in the body up to the heart. The coercion Act was a blessing. For it cancelled former wrong, halted the carried forwards, and annihilated the book-keeping. A large amount of injustice was perpetrated under its cover it is true, yet it thoroughly cleared that atmosphere of fraud and forgery which hung in gloom and pestilence over some of the richest districts of Bengal—paralysing industry and sitting like an incubus upon mind and body, converting plenty into haggard want and blowing an artificial sirocco over fields capable of supplying the cereal necessities of the world! The ryots have completely slipped out of the hands of their oppressors. They have turned a new leaf in existence. They were slaves. They are freemen.

The Indigo smash will mark a new era in the history of Bengal. For the first time since the accession of British power a long vexed and more important question has been settled by the agency of means thoroughly English and constitutional. The people have enforced their rights by fearless and lawful representation. By the sheer effort of their will the peasantry of Bengal have triumphed over prescriptive and powerfully supported wrong. In spite of serious obstacles—of partial magistrates and unequal laws—of a press sold to the planting interest and a public ever ready to knock down the nigger, they have succeeded in establishing their liberties on a firm and solid basis.

Every man who values his own liberty must rejoice at such a glorious result, and admire the spirit and energy by which it was gained. We are certainly now in a progressive state—on the trial of a better future. Though the face of Bengal has been radically altered since the battle of Plassey—yet the Indigo disabilities of the people confined and limited the march of improvement. The free and extended action of a healthy system of political economy which is the key to the prosperity of a nation, was kept down and subverted by the system of Indigo. The dye may be very valuable, but there are much more valuable things to be got out of the soil. If free and impartial competition permit it the former would undoubtedly be welcome. But why hedge it in by pains and penalties which are not deemed essential to the development of other

species of production. If the dye is worth its price, it is certainly worth well paying for. But why insist upon it being grown at a rate fixed in the past century whilst all other rates have undergone enormous fluctuations.

Foolish people have raised the cry, that the Indigo disturbances are due to the same causes which precipitated the mutiny. The same lust for anarchy, the same Feringhie hatred have been at work to annihilate the factories. But the loyalty of the people of Bengal is proof against such a senseless calumny. The ryots bore meekly and without the slightest effort at resistance, treatment, that would have driven into madness a less calculating race. They calmly stood by whilst their homes were being burnt, their ploughs and their oxen forcibly carried away, their daughters dishonoured. They merely heaved the sigh of heavy grief; for they believed that their rulers countenanced all this wrong, that they could not resist the planter without being disloyal to the sovereign; and they shrunk instinctively from the very thought. They had suffered much.—They were prepared to suffer more. They would have even laid down their lives rather than raise one finger against constituted authority. Their slanderers know this intimately, and it is this knowledge that supplies the gall and the venom of their invectives against Mr. Grant. If the Lieutenant Governor and his officers had not explained to the ryots their true position in respect to both the planter and the Government, if the huge lie of which they were the dupes and the deception of which they were the victims, had not been unravelled by authority, they would have gone on cultivating Indigo from year to year and from generation to generation despite every disadvantage, till from hard treatment and scanty sustenance their race had become extinct. Their loyalty would have carried them through every phase of oppression with impunity to the oppressor and without danger to his minions. But the Lieutenant Governor of Bengal was too generous and high-minded to lend even his passive support to a fraud. The ryot discovered however late that disloyalty and constitutional assertion of right were distinct and antagonistic terms;—that resistance to the planter did not necessarily involve resistance to government;—that on the contrary the government was interested in the prosperity of the subject and the confusion of evil-doers. They may be of the dominant class, but still they were evil-doers, who systematically defied the law and tyrannized over the weak and the ignorant. A reaction was inevitable and the bubble of half a century, burst with a terrific explosion!

We do not sympathise with the sufferers. They fully deserved their doom. They affected to look down upon signs and omens. They had

long ago defied justice and good faith. They whose countrymen had snapped the bonds of the African slave endeavoured in an age emphatically devoted to progress, to rivet more firmly those of the Hindoo freeman. But the hour of retribution had come. The God of Providence interfered. Ruin over-took the inflictors of ruin. The factories were closed. Indigo ceased to exist. Right triumphed over oppressive might. The laws of heaven were vindicated. But the laws of man are being forged to subvert the laws of heaven. Accursed be the infamous legislation which seeks to reduce Arcadia to a plague spot.

The Civil Finance Commission.

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The Civil Finance, *alias* the Punkha Coolie Commission, is said to have nearly concluded its labors, and the public is naturally anxious to know what the Commissioners with their very expensive Secretary have done in return for their salaries! We have had occasionally let out upon us glimpses of some very unique and highly entertaining propositions for the reduction of Civil expenditure. It is not our fault if in the absence of more extensive information we endeavour to make the most of these fragmentary curiosities. We premise this because it is possible the Commissioners have hit upon some real improvements the nature of which has been studiously kept away from the public—though we fail to observe either rhyme or reason for such fastidious mystification, seeing that the public possess a cardinal right to sit in judgment over recommendations which must affect them more immediately than any Government minister or dictator. But the outside barbarians have always stood in the relation of an eye sore to the Indian bureaucracy. We must not therefore fall foul of one unfortunate Department for perhaps following out the strict letter of its instructions in accordance with the prevailing creed. We only regret that the system leaves us but the ungrateful task of hashing and slashing notwithstanding the existence in us of a devout and very charitable wish to pour balm and butter in an equal proportion of benevolence against malevolence. Indeed if we could conscientiously do it we would rather back up than thwart the Commissioners, whose mission and ours are identical, viz., the exposure of abuse, its pursuit and eradication. But the Commission has deceived us. It has failed, grossly failed, as far as can be judged from data up to this moment in our possession, in fulfilling the expectations formed of it. We do not write in the spirit of contention, but in all sincerity of disappointment and grief, when we say that the commission has attempted to move Athos by a crowbar, and that in its inability to perform the feat it has struck away heedlessly and at random at the huge excrescence, parading the splinters and the shavings thus obtained as trophies of its power and heroism! Men who set themselves up as reformers

must indeed be differently constituted from ordinary men. Their heads must be high above their shoulders, their vision clear and far-seeing. They must on no account handle the microscope lest their minds should be so full of insects and creeping worms that when they come to gaze upon the stars they should be dazzled and blinded by the great transition. Indeed we question whether the successful entomologist can ever be a successful astronomer. The conditions of mind that influence a choice of the two occupations are so radically different that an affirmative hypothesis will scarcely be true. If any doubts still exist, the Civil Finance Commission will supply stunning evidence of the conflict between microscopic and broad and full-proportioned statesmanship.

And firstly as regards the Punkha coolies—that *chef d'œuvre* of the Commission, that one great culmination of intelligence and wisdom which is destined to diffuse the glories of the indefatigable trio and transmit their names to future generations of *keranies* like that of Howard amongst the jail birds or of Wilberforce amongst the slaves ! It is said that upwards of 5 lacs of Rupees have been saved by retrenching the customary allowance of wind ! Are the Commissioners sure that they have made that absolutely. That is to say, has the reduction in the number of Punkha coolies resulted in no reduction of the quantity of work done by the aid however distant and external of those necessary adjuncts to a crowded office. We predicate the contrary. Punkha-pullers are but men ; they are not machines so that you only turned the spring and the hand advanced and retreated with mathematical accuracy for a given number of hours. If by any stroke of financiering they could be transmuted into iron and steam, then indeed would the name of Mr. Hugh D. Sandeman be held as that of a modern Prometheus. But until that miracle is accomplished and human beings continue to exist only in the components of flesh, blood, bones and sinews, we must claim the forbearance of the commission to our hesitating to acknowledge the genuineness of a saving which aggrandizes a spurious economy at the expense of a masked extravagance. The Commissioners have not been able to prove that Punkhas are superfluities in Bengal. If they had done that, by a reference to their individual capacities for abiding in a furnace, they would indeed have established some title to credence on the subject of their reform ; and the Government might have collected a rich harvest by the exhibition of the fire-eaters at the Town Hall or in Professor Risley's saloon. But the charitable gentlemen who have made those learned disquisitions in the science of heat

as it affects the Bengallee anatomy, are accustomed to prosecute their researches under the genial influence of no end of fringes and Punkha wheels. That huge body of Mr. H. D. Sandeman overflowing with perspiration and melting away by inches under the action of a burning sun, would scarcely supply thinking material to even that diminutive brain which can digest only peon's wages, if the Punkha were not vehemently rocking over head under a spirited fire of paperweights and erasers to aid and sustain his gasping mind. But the new broom in the Civil Auditor's office is forsooth an English broom and entitled to all the comforts and privileges of Magna Charta which undoubtedly contains a clause regarding Punkhas immediately below that which sanctions impunity for the murder of a nigger. Indeed we know not whether to laugh at or resent the stupidity which proposed to deny Bengallee clerks the indulgence of a Punkha because the Bengallee does not require a Punkha to keep him cool at home. The premisses are as wrong as the conclusion is mean and infamous. If every Bengallee does not sport a Punkha the nation is at least in such a comfortable undress at home as not to be at all incommoded by the want of a ventilator. Their dress defies the action of heat, for the bare body unfettered by those torments of European life—the shirt and the neck-tie, the pantaloons and the dress coat, is never in want of a cooling breeze. But will the Bengallee be allowed to carry his singular privileges to a public office where straight lacing is a fundamental condition of gentility? We should think not. Even the head dress is not permitted a leave of absence by squeamish little men in authority who persist in matching shoeless feet to an exuberant muslin-folded apex! Admitting even that a nigger has no claim to a Punkha absolutely, what are the gains of the argument? Will the state benefit by the discovery? Any tyro who has had caned into his head the lesson involved in the phenomenon of the connection between mind and body will tell the Finance Commissioners that the mind working within a furnace must of necessity exhibit less energy and power than the mind working in a cool comfortable place. The Civil Auditor does doubtless understand the philosophy of figures; otherwise he could not have found his way to a Finance Committee. Supposing five assistants drawing between themselves the sum of Rs. 500 as remuneration for 780 hours' work in the month were placed in a hot room without any contrivance by which they could be kept cool. Every one of them would be tempted to snatch up the nearest half sheet and fan himself lustily for at least half an hour in every six, making an aggregate wastage of 65 hours in the month. An hour's value being represented

by 10 annas, the loss to Government will be Rupees 40 per minute, or Rs. 32 in excess of the pay of a Punkha coolie and a relieving coolie ! We will not support the calculation by a commentary. Arithmetic is more potent than either logic or prosody. Figures are irresistible.

Another notable scheme of the Commissioners was to send away all its highly paid Judges from the Small Cause Court and fill the benches with Moonsiffs. They might as well have sent adrift the Governor General and given over Council Chamber to a Committee of Registrars from the Public offices ! The latter would be as grand an improvement as the former and its financial result infinitely more advantageous. As to feasibility, that is no part of the Commissioners' look out. They seem to be absolved from all responsibility that way, otherwise their recommendations would undoubtedly have courted common sense and reason.

The Education Department—that *bête noire* of all Indian Financiers—has supplied rich chopping materials to the Commission. The gentleman who characterised every Bengallee as a rebel at heart, was morally and politically bound to cut away all support from under the feet of the quasi malcontents. Education certainly is no part of the scheme of a politician who hopes to keep subject millions in order by reducing them to bestiality. Accordingly we have a humane recommendation for the abolition of the Kishnaghur and Civil Engineering Colleges, the elimination of this school and that and other equally Vandalic suggestions for the suppression of knowledge. It is true these suggestions like most of the other suggestions made by the Commission are never destined to be practically worked out, their place rigidly being in some obscure back shelf of a dusky record room, yet is it not painful to be insulted by a body who fatten upon your money and yet deny you rational existence, who make abundant use of their opportunities to throw us back upon the dark ages and smother the ray that is faintly struggling its way into the native mind ? We could tolerate every absurdity and condone every impertinence but this. Our consolation is that the nation has thoroughly roused itself to independent action and might well afford to laugh in the faces of all its enemies and obstructives.

The Omedwar.



[Reprinted from Mukerjee's Magazine, April 1861].

That unfortunate section of the human family whose lot is cast in the lobbies and in the landing places of the great and the highly placed, who wear out existence in the constant endeavour to create interest, the sole business of whose life seems to be to elaborate petitions and conciliate chuprassies, deserves a photograph in these pages. The reader of Roderick Random is familiar with the English phase of the disease which reduces a rational being to the condition of a place hunter. We call it a disease because it falls within the category of human ills and afflicts its victim as virulently as even insanity. It paralyses the strongest intellects rendering them nervous and palpitating, the mere thralls of a passion. In the course of our enquiries we have stumbled upon facts which are perfect metaphysical puzzles. Not Rory himself, so learned in his own sphere can supply the whys and the wherefores of the formula by which his darker brethren work out their destiny.

We do not set up as the annalists of place hunting. Indeed we have not the stamina for such a task, however interesting its completion might be to the world about the offices. We merely undertake to give a straggling account of the idiosyncrasies with which we have come into contact in the course of our investigations into social anomalies. And firstly there is the Cutcherry Omedwar. That tall attenuated, haggard specimen of humanity, with a turban as huge as a basket and an enormous reed stuck behind his ear. He haunts the amlah like a ghost. Is almost ubiquitous. Now filling the crowd before the Magistrate, now besetting the bungalow of the Collectorate, and anon swelling the hubbub around the Principal Sudder Ameen. He daily perambulates every place where there is even the most distant prospect of an opening. His patience is amazing. We have seen our friend Ram Roy rise up early in the morning from perhaps a sleepless bed. He had been told in a confidential whisper from Tez Singh chuprassie—who had doubtless received his *own* price for the information—that an anonymous complaint had been filed against the *nuckul navish* for corrupt and fraudulent practices. Of course the man was guilty. Ram Roy knew from first to last how matters would end. Why Sir, the *nuckul navish* had bought gardens and Company's papers and celebrated the

Doorgah Poojah in style. Where could all this money have come from except from the pockets of litigating unfortunates? Now the murder was out and Ram Roy, having already made sure of the vacancy was puzzled how to get at it. The poor man had tossed and tumbled in bed the whole of the previous night weighing probability against probability and means against means. His fifth cousin's father-in-law's nephew was the school fellow of the Magistrate's fourth writer. He had casually heard the circumstance mentioned by a brother Omedwar and he hastened to make good use of the knowledge. What a mine of wealth is an efficient Intelligence Department! There was one step in the ladder to preferment. A most important point was gained. Ram Roy was in ecstasies. The prize was already within his grasp. He told the dear partner of his miseries "Cheer up hussy, for I am at last in luck's way!" Here he entered into an elaborate exposition of his hopes and his prospects, how the situation was one just suited to his tastes and his capacities, how a former incumbent had retired from office a millionaire, how the present incumbent had, during his short tenure of the office bought gardens and Company's papers and was yearly celebrating the Doorgah Poojah with great pomp and feasting. The simple woman was dazzled and bewildered with this catalogue of riches. But her imagination having been hitherto fed only upon bran, her visions wandered amongst unromantic rice bags and stenchy fish, an unlimited allowance of the latter constituting the *summum bonum* of human happiness in the eyes of a being who had vegetated, from the moment she learnt to masticate to the present time, upon green herbs with an occasional slice of a mouldy potato. As we have already said, Ram Roy was up with the dawn. He had risen three or four times before, but was driven to his restless bed by the gloom of the still unbroken night. How he cursed the sun for a laggard and as bearing a special enmity towards him and his! But the golden luminary did at last make his appearance and our anxious friend hastily huddled on his clothes scarcely stopping to adjust the seams and the rents which disfigured them, and sallied forth upon his hopeful mission. His wife had taken the precaution to tie a sacred flower to one end of his dress, binding luck fast and firm thereby. But the *Omedwar* is always a step-son of the fickle goddess whom the crone delights to harry and worry with worse than even a step-mother's hate. Ram Roy had just crossed his threshold after bowing and praying round and round towards every point of the compass invoking that success which alas! had mocked him hitherto with a grin and a horse laugh, when lo! whom should he encounter but a filthy *Dhobee* with his filthier bag! God of *Omedwars*! what a disaster! The poor man

shaded his eyes with his skinny palm. But the retina had already photographed the hapless vision. There he was, that *Dhobee*, shedding a pestilence around him, drying up all the springs of ambition and hope and covering the most brilliant prospects of life as with an undertaker's pall. Ram Roy stood aghast. If a ghost had crossed his path he would not have looked more ghost-like. The dream of the last fifteen hours was rudely broken. He muttered a prayer, or it may be, a curse! and slowly retraced his steps towards his hovel. There was no use trying for the place. His stars were against him. In the agony of the moment he grasped an almanac and mechanically turned over its mystic pages. Half in hope and half in bitterness of heart he proceeded to examine his fortune. It was the month of May. Could he trust his eyes! He rubbed those organs carefully, and again pored over the astrological record. It could not deceive him. Joy filled anon that visage which only recently was cast down in gloom. His thin lips were wreathed in smiles. The erst drooping mustache shot up like a fox's tail. The astrology promised success, and Ram Roy could now fearlessly encounter a Regiment of Dhobees and an army of chirping lizards! Our hero sallied forth afresh like a knight from the feet of his lady-love. All his former fire had returned and hope bubbled up to his throat. He flew rather than walked. If it had not been too early for horse or vehicle he would assuredly have been run over. He had unconsciously achieved a peripatetic feat clearing five miles in less than half-an-hour. (The intelligent reader should take note that the wings of mythology are not the exclusive property of the ardent lover. The ardent place-hunter has an equal title to the feathery accelerators). At least Ram Roy had dashed through the monopoly if any such existed. He was a thorough Peelite in that respect. In the prosecution of his object he respected neither law nor usage. It was sufficient for him to know that interest in such a quarter was essentially necessary to the success of his petition, and interest he would endeavour to make in spite of all the laws of matter and of mind. The magistrate's fourth clerk's school fellow's uncle's son-in-law was yet in bed when the Omedwar's loud double knock roused all the pariah dogs in the neighbourhood and brought the shrill maid of all work to the door in the full clatter of female volubility. "Who are you to sir, what are you, sir, have people nothing else to do but to answer impertinent knocks? Why the man must be either mad or drunk! All the house is asleep, sir, and what can you want at such an early hour?" Ram Roy was too old an *Omedwar* to be daunted by a shrew. He had bullied a whole file of Fouzdary chuprassies in his day in order to get at a much more formidable personage than the

magistrate's fourth clerk's school fellow's uncle's son-in-law, and he again his fifth cousin. He had a right to command in the house. The maid of all work was duly furnished with the genealogical tree, supplemented by the right to command. The former might have softened matters, but the latter was a lighted brand. The beldame ignited with the force and instantaneity of a decayed old stick that she was. *She* had command in the house for the last forty years, venting her temper on all the big men and little children and ruling the dames and the young ladies with—not a rod, but a tongue, of iron. She may be excused therefore if she was as jealous as a Czar, and if she flew at her rival with the hate of an Elizabeth or a Maria Theresa. This time Ram Roy was staggered. He never had crossed such a she-bear in the whole round of his experiences, and that was almost as extensive as Cook's round round the world. The file of Fouzdary chuprassies was but a flock of lambs compared to this tigress. The Omedwar's wits were at a stand still. His presence of mind utterly failed him. He had once been severely mauled by a drunken constable who mistook him for a thieving vagrant. But even on that trying occasion he had sufficient animation left to use his legs effectively, scampering away across trees and thorn bushes and over drains and acclivities till he had interposed a goodly distance between the range of the blows and his own precious anatomy. But now his senses failed him entirely. He could not even run. He would have undoubtedly sunk upon the ground where he stood if rescue had not timely arrived in the person of his dear fifth cousin, who disturbed from a sweet morning nap by the tumult of the wordy strife and recognizing the sharp treble of his formidable maid, had run downstairs with the hot haste of a sporting gentleman whose fiercest hound had snapped his chain and was about making a feast on the throat of the first visitor without permission asked or obtained. The old man saw at a glance how matters stood. He interposed the whole weight of his authority to save his relative and succeeded in carrying him off with the utmost difficulty. We reserve Ram Roy's fate for our next issue.

Gardens and Gardening.



[Reprinted from Mukerjee's Magazine, May 1861].

How many of our readers possess that luxury of the rich and that paradise of the poor, a garden. How many of them are accustomed to whirl into their suburban pleasure grounds of a bright summer evening as the sun recedes into the horizon and the dust of Calcutta rises *en masse* to bid good bye to the retiring luminary. How many go there to wander about in vacant listlessness or at best admire the beauty of the clouds. We will not from sheer charity mention the other uses which are made of a garden by the young and the thoughtless. Suffice it to say that our countrymen as a body idolise gardens, though they as collectively do not understand what a garden means, what are the requisites to good gardening, wherein lies the enjoyment of a garden, why a garden is a luxury and how it can be converted into a paradise. And yet if we read history and our ancient literature aright there is nothing in our constitution or our antecedents that disqualifies us for tasteful and successful gardening. The garden of India has employed the enthusiastic poetry of the best Sanskrit writers and there is not an epic or a drama in the language in which a garden or the wilderness does not occupy an important scene. Sacountala is discovered by Raja Dúswanta whilst watering her flower plants. Rutnavali encounters the King of Oojein for the first time in a garden. Charoo Dutta proceeds to marry Vusantsena in a garden. Sita is imprisoned by Ravana in a forest, and the loves of Krishna and Radhica are judiciously placed in the groves of Brindabun. Thus the most beautiful poetry of our country wanders amidst gorgeous natural scenery impressing every plant and every flower with the sanctity of the sublimest thought and the chastest imagination. The local peculiarities of our position, the fertility of the Indian soil and the variety of its vegetable products render gardening a pleasure and not a task. It is a task nowhere, yet it is attended with labor and difficulty in climes where the hand of nature is not so beautiful as in our own. Fancy the English gardener rearing the most ordinary fruits and 'vegetables in hot houses and under hand glasses. For every shovel of soil the market gardener of London is compelled to buy an almost equal quantity of manure, cart it and dig it in. In Bengal manures are accounted generally as heterodox, the virgin soil being looked to exclusively for every agricultural *sine qua non*. And as to digging and

draining the Bengalee plough merely scratches the earth with the aid of a pair of half-fed bullocks impressed from the nearest pasture, and a few shallow indentures suffice to carry off as much water as materially incommodes the growth of crops. If an English treatise on gardening were put into the hands of a native mallee and minutely explained to him, the odds are he will laugh in your very face and entertain grave doubts as to your sanity. His forefathers never had even the most distant knowledge of the systems of London, or Abercrombie, of Paxton or of Price, and yet they grew as good drumhead cabbages as even graced a horticultural show. The argument is unanswerable, at least to the mind of the rustic Whately, and he struts away like jesting Pilate without waiting for your reply. Herein lies the great first cause why our style of gardening has remained stereotyped since the days of that standing chronological referee, the oldest inhabitant. You cannot get over the bugbear prescription. Your own servants defy you. If you want to make any improvements sure enough a cocoanut tree stands in your way and you are authoritatively told by every man, woman and child who gets the faintest inkling into your intentions that the destruction of one such tree brings down upon your head as much sin as the murder of half a dozen brahmins! Of course you get terribly frightened, more especially as the text is fearfully illustrated by the histories of men who had lost all their children within three days of having committed such a sacrilegious act and you abandon your plan with more haste than you adopted it. The cocoanut tree flourishes through the very roof of your sitting room and you dare not harm one fibre of its stalwart body. The same obstructiveness defeats you everywhere till you are content to let things take their own course. This means every barbarism in taste and science—groups of overgrown fruit-trees which bear no fruits, flower plants on which the centipede weaves its interminable net, greens and vegetables which even cattle will not touch, thorns and brambles, long grass and no end of rubbish. The garden becomes an eye-sore and a deformity. Instead of affording a rich sensual and intellectual treat it pains and oppresses, disgusts and outrages the eye of taste. All our previous ideas of rural beauty are roughly upset. The landscape is one mass of incongruity. Your first impulse is to snatch up an axe and enact the grand leveller. But your tormentor the orthodox gardener is close at your heels to thwart and bully you out of your generous purpose. You must combat a huge mass of inertia in order to succeed. No dependance can be placed upon the Malee. With him every thing has a to-morrow inconveniently tacked to it. Why has not the soil been dug up? Waiting for the rains is the glib reply. Why have not the walks

and the borders been kept clean and free from straggling vegetation? Waiting for the cold weather! Why is that rose bush run over with spider's webs? You cannot wage war against spiders certainly! Every neglect has its reason the value of which if you attempted to sift you will probably have to do your gardening yourself. Again every native mallee is not only a fool but a thief. The audacity of the class surpasses every known type of thieving. Your implements and your furnitures disappear within a week from the date of their being supplied—and as to seeds, they never germinate—at least in your garden. You may have paid eight rupees for a packet warranted fresh. The Sahibs are the greatest cheats in the world! Of course your mallee is a saint! The incidents of Suburban gardening would indeed fill a volume. The annoyance and vexation are really insupportable. We have attempted to give only a shadowy sketch of the most important drawbacks to amateur horticulture. We have purposely omitted the word floriculture. For that is altogether a myth in and about Calcutta. All the floriculture which the native mallee understands is represented by the Marigold, which grows wild in Bengal, and a few of the country species. Beyond them nothing will germinate except on the grounds of the nursery gardeners who live by their labor and do not therefore fail. But in a Baboo's garden where the wages come regularly and the Bungalow is cool and the cocoanuts are abundant, what can be more agreeable than the hubble bubble and sleep! We could in very desperation of wrath wish the whole race of mallies to be proscribed, put out of the pail of law, something like the way in which Mr. Beadon proposes to deal with the Indigo ryots, so that full latitude may remain to us of fining and flogging and killing too—if need were for the sake of an example—in order to radically alter our system of gardening and make a clean sweep of the present abuses. Until such a course is open to us we fear no amount of essay writing will better our condition and drive away ugliness from our parterres and our pleasure grounds. We ought certainly however to try the effect of combination and decision before we finally give up all for lost. Paradise may yet be regained by storm!

The White Act Miscalled Black.

[Reprinted from Mookerjee's Magazine, May, 1861.]

Anglo-Indian energy is needlessly exhausting itself in crack petitions and rancorous leading articles. We are sorry for this wastage because the steam would have been serviceable elsewhere. It would have been serviceable if directed to the growth of cotton or the reform of the Indigo system. It would have been serviceable even if let into the Debating Club of the Dalhousie Institute. As it is, coal poker and stoker are lamentably abused producing mischief or manufacturing ridicule. Truly has it been said that real nobility courts that which sends the parvenu to an "*caduche*." Real nobility shrinks only from what is substantively base and inconsistent with good taste. Parvenu falls down in a swoon at every shadow of disrespectability. A guilty alarm overspreads the face of the vulgar man when his feathers are even remotely threatened. Real nobility thinks nothing of walking the streets for business or for exercise. Parvenu cannot step into the next house without the help of a flaunting equipage and gorgeous footmen. Real nobility is satisfied with a grey coat and a plain hat. Parvenu must be embedded in silks and brocade and rigged out in all the latest imports of lace and ribbon. Real nobility is dumb on the subject of his ancestor though he may be a Suffolk or a Leicester. Parvenu omits no opportunity of parading all the stars of the peerage on his genealogical tree and impressing every Dane and Norseman of note from the time of King Alfred downwards for the good of his pedigree. We have been led to these sage reflections by a perusal of the curious effusions of leading journalists and their constant readers on the subject of the so-called Black Act. One little man who has a press at his command and is therefore in a position to publish every outrageous conceit that troubles him, in an oracular way mounts his high stool and indulges in a vehement rhapsody on the immaculacy of Magna Charta, the divine right of conquerors, Saxon blood and Norman blood, as contradistinguished from heathen blood, and a great deal other of what sensible men term nonsense but which takes precedence of the gospel amongst the magnates of Cossitollah and Tank Square. The cry is taken up by another great leader of public opinion who is if possible a more thorough professor of Magna Charta,

a purer Saxon cum Norman, with whom the divine right of conquerors is an intuition and who over and above all these and numerous other excellences is an infallible authority on the subject of Hindoo morality—who has studied every native from the Mountains to the Cape, inspected every cutcherry in Bengal, Behar and Orissa and made the important discovery that a Bengalee is a bundle of all the sins denounced in the ten commandments. He would probably have suggested (if blasphemy were not involved in the elimination) that the ten commandments should in this age of short words be abbreviated into "Thou shalt not be a Bengalee!" Certainly if the D—l had sat on the shoulders of one of our amiable critics the commandments would have taken some such form to the no small relief of Magna Charta and Indigo. But as matters actually stand both incur imminent risk at the hands of true Christianity and real English liberty. We decidedly have passed that stage at which class legislation is tolerable. The interests involved in an equal and impartial distribution of justice are gigantic and the Imperial Government cannot consistently with its position and its policy neglect them. At the head of that Government are men who may be said to have identified themselves with principles which tend towards the millennium. They are statesmen and men of rank who cannot stoop to become the tools of a clique. The dictum has gone forth that what is good for England must be good also for India. On that strong basis the whole fabric of Indian Government is being rebuilt and consolidated. England is the great model at which India is now working. Our taxes have become English, our offices are becoming English, our laws are English, our courts will ere long be English. They are already so in their principle. How foolish then is the prayer that the thoroughly English doctrine of the equality of every subject before the law might be abandoned to humour a prejudice and uphold Vanity Fair! For if closely weighed and tested it will be discovered that the cry of the Black Act is an essentially parvenu cry raised in defence of the feathers! It is one of Mrs. Turnbull's "*eadache*" manifestations, to be put down only by an uncompromising exercise of decision and sound sense. No henpecked composition will meet the case. It will only aggravate the "*eadache*" and extend it to all the other parts of the system. And what is the Black Act over which our non-official European friends are skirmishing? If it had been the old Act which proposed to give them overbodily into the hands of the boy magistracy there might have been some ground of discontent in the manifest danger to life and limb involved in the conveyance. However

much we could have wished to stand upon an equal ground with the Anglo Saxon in the relationships of criminal life, we would have still respected the endeavour to avoid a jurisdiction which adopted strange contrivances for determining truth, which ignored the value of evidence, trusted to a raffle, decided suits after a snooze and adjudged decrees and dismissals on alternate cases on the file without the inconvenience of having to listen to them. We would have even justified the attempt to repel such a jurisdiction until matters altered and justice ceased to be a lottery. But what is the substance of the present complaint? What is the gravamen of the charge which our slippery fine gentlemen have urged against the Legislative Council in general and Sir Bartle Frere in particular? What is the very Black Act in regard to which our white cousins are getting so black in the face? A stranger would pronounce it a simple case of beggars upon horseback! It is assuredly no other. Our wild friends have been made so much of as the developers of the resources of India, the saviours of the Empire and the pioneers of civilization that they have actually worked themselves up to the belief that they should be the Brahmins of creation recognizing a higher law and endowed with privileges which no profane Judge or Jurist might heedlessly approach. By the law as it stands they cannot be tried for a criminal offence by the officer who tries a black native. By the law as it will stand they must not be even committed by a Justice of the Peace! The fear is that by some freak of fortune a black native might be pitchforked into that honorable office. The last is decidedly a condition of Magna Charta run mad. There is no present prospect of many natives rising to the dignity of Justices of the Peace. But it is apprehended the Government might in some generous fit let in a host of them and then Magna Charta will be tried and committed by a heathen! Oh the torture of the thought! Death itself were a bliss compared to such a fearful degradation. Henry Jones the son of a ploughman in Surrey and the nephew of the boots of a conspicuous hotel in the old country, who has murdered deliberately Buxoo Syce must not be even committed for trial in the Supreme Court where he is sure to find an active sympathy and a ready acquittal, by a descendant of a Rajah whom poverty has driven to a thankless Deputy Magistracy. No, the higher blood rebels against such a sacrilege and the Imperial Government whose principal support is the Land Revenue must insult the population at large by making a pariah distinction in its legislation. An honorable man must feel indignant at a cry in which a low prejudice and an excessive vanity are predominant, which takes ground



upon no real grievance but is meant only to convey an insult to the entire class of educated natives. No danger to life or limb is menaced by the harmless power of committal. The Supreme Court watches with a jealous eye the privileges and the comforts of even the European malefactor. Yet Anglo-Saxon dignity is compromised by the law's refusal to qualify a Justice of the Peace by a caste prefix ! A Justice of the Peace is undoubtedly a Justice of the Peace whether he wears tight breeches or a flowing pyjamah—whether he delights in a smooth fair skin or is coated in deep black—whether he sports a long beard or is a devoted friend of the barbar. The externals of a man hardly compensate for the want of a mind within and we are sorry that a community distinguished by great good sense in matters involving the daily concerns of life should so far forget their real interest as to stick out for color and pedigree in the judicial hierarchy in supersession of worth and intellect. If a native should be so extraordinarily gifted as to make a first rate judge why should not his talents be made use of just as well as if he was a European. He will assuredly bring a keener head and a more careful hand to his work. Witness the amount of civil suits disposed of by native Moonsiffs and Suddur Ameens. Their decisions are generally confirmed on appeal and the proportion reversed is so slight that it cannot logically be said to furnish any data for complaint or dissatisfaction. It is a false objection that a native Justice of the Peace will from the instincts of his caste endanger wilfully the case of a European suitor. They that urge the objection are wilfully blind to one important fact. The native dreads a rebuke from superior authority much more than loss of appointment. He knows the insecurity of his position. He feels that he must work up his way to public confidence. He is not a heaven-born—nor is he the half-brother or cousin of a heaven-born. His laches will meet with scant excuse, and he is therefore compelled to tread his ground cautiously and with baited breath. He knows further that a violent and sensitive Press will pounce upon him the moment he wronged a European by even a mistake of the judgment. All his eyes are open lest he should make such a mistake and the smallest items of evidence are carefully analysed before a judicial opinion is framed and put upon record. From such a state of things the European has more benefit to expect than evil to apprehend. He can calculate upon more than an impartial investigation, for excessive caution not to err often leads to much error on the safe side. Even if the error were all the other way, is not the Argis of the Supreme Court always at the service of

our white friend to extricate him from every difficulty? And when the judge dons the black cap and pronounces in solemn measure and with tearful eyes the extreme sentence of the law, is not Anglo-Saxonia ready with a memorial numerously signed to cheat the gallows of its prize and return a scoundrel to society? What then is the meaning of the Black Act cry? Justice is already at the wall. Why crucify her with worse than Jewish spite!

The Civil Finance Commission.



[Reprinted from Mookerjee's Magazine, May 1861.]

Mookerjee's Magazine has already become a power! It is acknowledged to be an *enfant terrible*! It is one of the constant regrets of journalism that the authorities whom the press denounces are so thick-skinned as to be unmoved by the animadversions. We at least are above that complaint! The child is father to the man, and even at this early stage of existence the community have felt that an infant Hercules of the fourth estate has been born on the 20th February, 1861. At least the Civil Finance Commission have felt our blow! Not a little, surely, is our credit. Archimedes is less remembered for the scientific defence of Syracuse than for the vaunt that if he could get into another world pretty near our planet he would move the earth. That other world did not come to his assistance and the miracle remains unaccomplished. But the very vaunt has immortalized its author. *We* have performed a feat more arduous than that which Archimedes announced was only possible, and what is more, performed it without a vaunt! Nay, not without a vaunt only, but without a warning too! We have come suddenly upon the world! The thousands whom the Doctors ignorantly suppose to be carried off by the cholera and other diseases at this moment are really dying with surprise at our achievement! For not less is it than moving a body heavier in dullness and incompetency than what Archimedes spoke of operating upon! In fact we have moved the Civil Finance Commission, Mr. Hugh D. Sandeman alone of whom would weigh, anatomy and intellect, (the latter of which possesses all the attributes of matter,) above a ton!

We have moved the Commission by the lever of a single article. (Evil-doers beware!) Hitherto their sensibility seemed impervious to the shots from the small arms of the daily and weekly press. The bull did not feel the gnat. But the case became quite different when *we* were roused to demolish the sham upon whom the arrows of the press had fallen effectless. The volleys from the hundred pounder of the Magazine are not quite the things to be "digested" as a Bengalee would say, even by an Indian Finance Commission. And so the event proved. Our article in the last number destroyed all the complacency with

which they had fortified themselves. They could not leave it unanswered. Their vindication has been published in the shape of a couple of articles in the *Times* of the vernacular press. Apparent is their meanness in publishing it at all if they could not get it published in the English. But necessity has no law. Repulsed by the daggers drawn attitude of the English papers, they were obliged to fall upon the generosity of the nigger. That hospitable gentleman chivalrously extended his protection to the suppliant foreigner. Under these circumstances, in pity for the Commission we suggest to them the consolation of reflecting that as the attack proceeded from a native quarter so may the defence, without greatly militating against rhyme or reason, be entrusted to, for want of a better, a native pleader. The Commission are not so highly placed in the good opinion of the public as to be at all injured by the indifferent logic implied in the difference of the tongue in which the defence is made from that in which the attack was worded.

We have not the slightest doubt whatever that the two articles to which we have alluded above are written under the direct inspiration of the Commission, if they are not a faithful translation of a paper written by some one of them. The Bengalee writer speaks with the fullest authority. Witness, for example, the tone of the following:—“We have summarized almost whatever has been effected by the Civil Finance Commission since they were entrusted with the reduction of expenditure.” Be it remembered that as yet the local English papers have only diffidently published a few stray and occasional bits of information. The confidence of the vernacular paper would scarcely be expected of a semi-official organ, and we believe that that confidence is in the present case very well-grounded.

If, however, this defence is all the Commission could put forth, their case is quite hopeless indeed, and justifies all we have urged against them. The Commission think that a saving is feasible in Punkahs of 5 lacs, in Stationary 3, in Contingents (Bengal Presidency) from 10 to 15, in the Education Department (Bengal) Rs. 50,000, in the Marine 20 lacs, in the Pegu and Martaban Police 3, and in the whole of the other items between 4 and 5. That is to say, if all the reductions of the Commission are sanctioned *in toto* by the Government, (not the most probable of probabilities!) the saving to the state will nearly reach the sum of 50 fifty lacs of rupees. But Commissioners are notoriously and necessarily sanguine animals. Therefore from their state-

ment deduct at least 50 per cent for "too favorableness" and superfluity of coloring. The sum is reduced to nearly thirty-six lacs. Then at most half the propositions of the Commission have any prospect of being accepted by the Government. The real reduction promises to dwindle to something between 20 to 25 lacs. Magnificent saving in a proverbially extravagant Government and at a time when governing threatens to become impossible for want of funds!

The truth is, the *personnel* of the Commission has not been selected from among men who have any reputation for statesmanlike ideas. The recommendations of the Commission, whatever other merit they may possess, completely lack breadth of view. Civil expenditure can be reduced, without sacrificing efficiency, to at least a point where a saving of upwards of one crore and fifty lacs could be effected, but the way to attain that end was not to raise an undignified row with peons and punkah coolies, but by abolishing fat sinecures, of which there are plenty in India, reducing the many notoriously overpaid salaries, and, chiefly by filling some of ten now reserved appointments with chief European and native talent. We repeat, statesmanship alone can bring the Exchequer to a state of solvency—not such an order of mind as Mr. Hugh Sandeman glories in. Men like Mr. Sandeman may be very good clerks or even heads of minor offices, but they should never sit on a Commission with such a task as has been allotted to the Civil Finance Commission.

The rhetoric of the defence in the Bengalee newspaper is happily illustrated by what we suspect is meant for a moderate hyperbole which describes the Commission as being the means of saving India. Saving indeed by a reduction of less than 25 or even nearly 50 lacs! We however leave the case to Sir John Lawrence, who will doubtless not allow the Commission to deprive him of his hard acquired title. The reasoning of the defence is condensed in a favorite anecdote of Mr. Sandeman's of a very extraordinary personage who practically respected the proverb "take care of your pence and the pounds will take care of themselves." The Commission are quite mistaken if they think that we find fault with them principally for their interference in small matters. Their reduction in the staff of office chupprasis is legitimate. Their discouragement of punkahs instead of resulting in a saving is really expensive. And in their anxiety to take care only of pence they have wholly left the poor pounds to take what care they can of themselves!

Hurris Chunder Mookerjea.

(A Fragment.)



[Reprinted from Mookerjee's Magazine, June 1861.]

A thunderbolt has fallen upon native society. Hushed is every voice and fixed is every eye. The friend of the poor and the mentor of the rich, the spokesman, the patriot, the brave heart that defied danger and battled foremost in the strife of politics has been swept away like a vision from our aching eyes. In the prime of his youth and the full splendour of his intellect, while yet the Indigo ryot was bending before the sun and invoking blessings on the head of his deliverer, and the country from one end to the other was ringing with jubilee, the stroke of death fell heavily upon the land and its pride and its ornament disappeared in a cloud of glory. Our loss is great. We were only just putting forth the buds and the blossoms of a healthy existence. From the darkness of ages we were only faintly emerging into light, groping our way through a choking mass of prejudices and struggling feebly though earnestly through obstruction and difficulty. We had only recently learnt the value of political liberty. The heads of our people had banded together for the noble work of representation—calm, sustained, and irresistible representation. They assumed an attitude of dignified remonstrance which the ruler could not help respecting. Hurris Chunder Mookerjea was the soul of this movement. He supplied the spirit, the energy, the breadth of view and the raciness of logic which raised the British Indian Association to the position of a power in the state. His earnest mind was incessantly at work, digesting the past and probing the future. Placed by fortune in a retired grade of life he worked up his way to the topmost ranks of society which he ruled by the sheer force of his intellect. He had established a dictatorship in the realm of thought to which the richest and the best did homage. The life of such a man is undoubtedly an interesting study and we proceed to sketch it in the hope that the biography might benefit those whose genius and ambition it is to follow in the footsteps of the deceased Hindoo Patriot!

Hurris Chunder Mookerjea was born in the year 1824. The second son of a *koolin* brahmin of slender means and many wives he was reared in the house of his mother's maternal uncle. The European reader will find

it difficult to realise the nature and significance of the tie which bound such widely distant relatives, but the initiated in the mysteries of *koolinism* will scarcely stop to mark the anomaly. Of course the rearing was limited to the supply of coarse rice and such vegetables as could be had for the asking. The boarding was as cheap as possible and the education cheaper—for it cost nothing. An insignificant village school which subsisted on the philanthropy of certain high officials imparted the rudiments of an English education to the man who at a maturer age wrote the English language with the fluency of a native and the strength and vigor of a University man. At school the precocious infant gave promise of the splendid man. There was not a subject in the curriculum which the youth had not mastered to the extent at least of his tutor's capacity to teach him. It is said that one of his native masters stood in such an awkward dread of his pupil's cross questionings that he was put to the serious necessity of carefully preparing the lessons which he taught and even then there were times in which the boy suggested a more correct analysis of a difficult passage than the man. His spirit and energy were remarkable. A drunken sailor having insulted some stray lads of the school, Hurris Chunder hastily organized a little regiment, armed it with rulers, and at its head gave the enemy such a severe mauling that he was too glad to blow a retreat. We cite these little incidents as illustrative of the vigor of mind which distinguished the subject of this memoir at an age at which native youths are lost amidst pigeons and play. We have already said that the pecuniary prospects of Hurris Chunder's family were none of the brightest. The same cause that made him a charity student of the Bhowanipore Union School operated to force him into active life before he had completed his education. The cry for bread at home was too piteous and urgent to be neglected by a young man of fine sensibility and strong natural feelings. He deserted his school though he did not desert his books. At that time a *keraniship* was hard to be obtained. School distinctions and educational accomplishments were ridiculed by stiff-necked Registrars who had slowly risen to fortune by the help of neither. A sputterer of Shakespeare was contemptuously treated by men who had never even heard the name of Shakespeare except perhaps as Sir Robert Shakespeare the Resident. The only passport to the office was a letter of recommendation. Hurris Chunder was as poor in that commodity as he was in purse. That was a great obstructive to his hopes of preferment. But money he must have, or starve. His position had become desperate. His pen occasionally brought him a glittering rupee. But petition writing could not keep him above want. It sometimes never-

theless did him yeoman's service. We remember an anecdote told by himself as illustrative of his unhappy position soon after leaving school. One unfortunate day all—all his supplies had been so exhausted that there was not a grain of rice in the house. Dinner under the circumstances had become a serious difficulty. It was raining hard and furiously. He could not even go out and mortgage a brass plate, and buy food. He sat meditating with a heavy heart on his grievous destiny. Yet he could not believe that the God of Providence would forsake him. His mind was intensely fixed on the great author of his being. The door opened and a stranger entered his sitting room. Was that stranger the divinity in disguise come to rescue him from starvation? Possibly. It soon appeared however that he was the mooktear of a well-known Zemindar who wanted some Bengallee papers to be translated into decent English. The fee offered was two Rupees. Hurris Chunder valued the silver at two Gold Mohurs, so urgent was his necessity and well timed the relief!

But such a precarious income did not meet his wants. A permanent supply alone could leave him free to pursue his studies. He therefore took service with Messrs. Tulloh & Co., the well-known auctioneers, on Rs. 8 per month. The pay was subsequently raised to 10 Rupees. And his employers thought it such a good salary for a young native that they positively refused to grant any further increase, although Hurris Chunder declared that he would not vex them for promotion for a long time were he allowed an additional two Rupees. The auctioneers were inflexible. Sircars were at a glut in the market. If Hurris Chunder could have stooped to rob his employers—auction Sircars have peculiar opportunities and temptations for that—he would probably have staid to revenge himself on the senior partner for his stinginess. But though hard pressed for money he disdained to acquire it by infamous means. He resigned his place and was almost immediately appointed to a subordinate post in the Military Auditor General's office. The pay was Rupees twenty-five per month. But the prospects were cheering. He found an invaluable friend in Mr. Mackenzie the now popular and energetic Abkarry and Income Tax Collector of Calcutta. This gentleman, himself a European, spurning the vulgar prejudices of caste and color took him kindly by the hand and omitted no opportunity of putting him forward. He early discovered in his young friend the genius that flashed out at a subsequent period and introduced him as an extraordinary clerk to the notice of Colonel Champneys the Deputy Military Auditor General. Hurris Chunder's prospects now began to brighten. The Colonel at once perceived the worth of

the youthful copyist. With the shrewdness of judgment for which even his enemies gave him credit and the liberality of soul which has justly procured him the title of the Lucullus of Calcutta in the pages of Mr. Russell's Indian Diary, he deeply appreciated the brilliant talent which had elated the fortunes of a keranie. Fortunately also for Hurris Chunder the head of the Military Audit Department was the high-souled and chivalrous Colonel Goldie of whom it is not too much to say that he was one of the loftiest minded and most honorable men in the Bengal Army. No sneaking partialities obstructed the wide action of that splendid mind which directed the military economy of the Indian empire with a master's hand. He raised the copyist to the pay and position of an auditor, an office until then the preserve of European or Eurasian assistants. A remonstrance from Hurris silenced the voice of cavil. It was couched in that earnest philosophical style so peculiarly his own and which lent an austere charm to every thing that was written or even touched up by him. But whilst thus advancing steadily in official life, he did not neglect the opportunities which his success afforded of preparing himself for that stormy sea of politics into which he was launched at a later period. Baboo Somboo Nauth Pundit the well-known Govt. pleader who was then only a Mohurir of the Sudder Court of Calcutta, had established his residence at Bhowanipore. His dingy garret soon attracted by the sterling good qualities of its occupant and his hospitable *chutnies* a crowd of young men of whom Hurris was the leader. Neither Somboo Nauth nor Hurris relished idle talk. Action was the prevailing tendency of both and their action eventuated in a law club. Brilliant were the law discussions that were nightly held in that little room. A stranger entering it would have believed that he had lighted upon a sort of Bengallee Temple bar. Regulations and constructions were hurled at each other with the enthusiasm of neophytes and the sagacity of practiced lawyers. It was indeed a thorough bewilderment to lay understandings to follow up the current of the discussions. The original court had passed a decision, the judge had reversed it on appeal, the Sudder had reviewed the proceedings and ordered a re-trial. The whole merits of the case were energetically gone through in that mock court at Baboo Somboo Nauth's. Counsel was arrayed on either side with the warmth of actual forensic struggle. Opinions were advanced which for depth and originality of conception might have equalled those of the brightest Sudder Judge. An animated discussion followed. Regulation so and so of so and so supported this view. But construction so and so of Regulation so and so opposed it. The grounds of the construction were analysed. The principle

of the Regulation was laid bare. Hurris Chunder's keen intellect directed the nice operations. His voice rose pre-eminent above the voices of the rest. His powerful mind made itself conspicuous in the debate and final adjudication. What an ornament was lost to the Sudder bar by a caprice of fortune! His nearest friends advised him to give up the writership and assert his proper position. But he remained firm to the profession he had adopted in adversity. It is said that he justified his choice by maintaining that his situation as a clerk left him greater leisure than otherwise to aid the poor by his advice and by those petitions which every wrong doer in the country has read with the blush of shame and the palor of ungodly fear. But the public does not yet know the true reason of that self denial which pinned him to the desk whilst he might have starred it in the bar. He had the delicacy not to parade his virtues—and it was the virtue of gratitude which tied him to the Military Auditor General's Office. In the confidence of private friendship he only for once mentioned that honor and the highest feelings of that highest of human virtues to which we have already alluded forbade his deserting post so long as Colonel Champneys to whom he was so much indebted, remained in office. No argument could set him at liberty on that point which was a cardinal point with him. For once he broke through it and resigned. But a feeling word from the Colonel yet more firmly planted him where he was.

Some idea may be formed of the energy and perseverance of the remarkable man whose life we are portraying from the fact that he footed it all the way from Bhowanipore to Cornwallis Square a distance of 12 English miles, coming and going in order to hear Dr. Duff's lectures on Mental Philosophy. The greed for knowledge must have been great indeed to enable him to kill time and space in its pursuit. Where are the young men that would willingly stand the locomotion for even a more exciting purpose? Some would want conveyances, others would want companions. All would beat the tail of an excuse. But Hurris Chunder's energy was of the real English type. In the course of his keranie life he was once compelled to make what convenience he could out of a three-legged table and a broken chair. He was advised to represent the grievance to his superior officer. His reply deserves to be recorded as brimful of a haughty nationality. "A Bengallee is used to write upon his knee" said he to his Eurasian adviser, "a three-legged table is decidedly more convenient than that."

The Borrowed Shawl.

A Bengali Christmas Sketch.

[Reprinted from 'Mookerjee's Magazine, December 1872.]

[The following was written in competition as a Christmas story for a prize offered by the Dalhousie Institute, of which the writer was one of the most active members and brilliant debaters. Though the prize was carried by a European, Col. G. B. Malleson, we believe it was only by a neck, and our readers, we dare say, will be glad to read even the slightest posthumous work of so genial a writer as Grish Chunder Ghose. Ed.]

Hurry Hur Banerjea was the only son of an old and much loving father. As may be expected, he had not escaped those vicious influences upon the will, those high pressure susceptibilities and low pressure powers of endurance which are the necessary sequences of much love and the normal conditions of only-sonism. In his infancy Hurry Hur was the most obstreperous little darling within ten miles of his father's house, and—if the truth must be told—the terror of the whole sisterhood of nurses. He had his fancies, and, wild and irregular as they were, no amount of lolipops could turn them into easy, ordinary, manageable channels. At dead of night he would start up with a sickly boisterous longing for grapes, though it was then the heart of May and grapes had two months ago passed out of the market. The most soothing endearments served only to intensify the violence of the darling's screech until the whole house was awakened from its slumbers and some of the neighbours besides, and nursery had to part with many a goodly tuft of beautiful black hair which might have turned the wrinkles of an old maid—and the blood flowed from various little openings in her body dug by the nails of the dear pet. Such an excellent preliminary education was supplemented by the labours of a tutor who owed everything to Hurry Hur's father, and who, therefore, was in duty bound to make his youthful charge as happy as possible by skipping over the conjugations and ignoring altogether the dreary rules of syntax. Nevertheless the child was a prodigy, and, as his father boasted to his friends, was such a profound linguist, that he could tell the meaning of any hard little word in the English language by just turning over a *Dictionary*! A young alevé of the Hindoo College who heard the vaunt, unfortunately happening to cavil at this species of learning, had to return home with a broken head caused

by a well-directed brickbat from the hands of the prodigy who had overheard the blasphemous remark and was watching from a terrace the exit of the audacious heretic! The moral development of the youth did not disgrace his intellectual progress, for, if he could not tell the exact difference between 10 and 22, he was equally innocent of all knowledge of the established theories regarding virtue and vice. He had the good sense, however, not to come within the range of the police, but to limit his fingers to his own father's drawers and cash boxes. Indeed it never did occur to him that robbing one's own father was a crime, for, he said, as soon as the old man kicks, (and that was a favorite speculation with him) why, all that glittering hoard is mine! What harm then if I anticipate time by a little and help myself to as much as I now require whilst the old fellow is taking his afternoon nap! Not that his father grudged any moderate supplies that he needed for the good of his position—for the simple old man wished to see his son rattle away like a lordling—but the excitement of a secret raid into a strong-chest jealously locked, barred and bolted, was indispensable to Hurry Hur's existence.

* * * * *

It was a bright sunny day in December 1858. Christmas was drawing near, and Hurry Hur was pacing to and fro the open verandah of his house. He was apparently in a deep reverie and the lines of thought were clearly perceptible in that contracted brow and vacant eye. It was a new feature in the physiognomy of that veteran pleasure-hunter. He had rollicked and racketed with thought so persistently that it was impossible to believe he was in earnest now. Yet he never was more serious in his life. His father had been dead these eighteen months. His mother was stretched upon a bed of sickness. All those glittering hoards which had furnished speculation to him for a lifetime, had suddenly disappeared. His father was a Banian in an English Agency house and like most of his class his substance was made up of credit and—a *very big* belly. People estimated his fortune at 10 lacs of Rupees on the lowest calculation. His *poofah* cost him upwards of 10,000 Rupees a year—and he once had the effrontery to dress up his servants in shawl and cloth of gold. But the bubble burst immediately after his death. All his creditors pounced upon the estate. The Sheriff put his ominous seal upon every available bit of property even to the tin water pots in his garden. Still the dividend amounted to only two annas in the rupee! Hurry Hur could not believe his senses. He was nursed in the lap of luxury, and lo! he was a beggar! He would have hung himself or plunged into the first sheet of water in his way had not his father's foresight left him

a competence in the shape of certain Government Promissory notes which nobody knew of except his mother. Something was decidedly better than nothing, and to a person perfectly innocent of calculation fifty thousand rupees was as good as fifty lacs. The money-bag ran out apace in one giddy round of extravagance until the fast young gentleman found himself the proprietor of a solitary eight-anna bit! Even this was hypothecated to twenty different vile tradesmen who missed no opportunity of annoying him into very madness. But it was little Hurry Hur cared for the puppies. They could put him in jail at the worst. That would not certainly now be an emergency worse than starvation which was the alternative that stared him savagely in the face. It was this lamentable thing which perplexed the gay young gentleman as he paced up and down the verandah of his house. A crowd of sweet recollections, however, sustained him or he would too surely have fallen down and died. He was yet young and vigorous. But he could not work. He never was *used* to be a drudge, and besides was he not frightfully unlettered? Our hero was interrupted in his meditations by a friend who still fastened upon him in some hazy undefined notion that the spendthrift might yet be of service some way or other.

"Good morning, old boy! In distress I fancy? For shame! man, don't look so sulky. You can still raise money upon your house."

Hurry Hur was not in a fit mood to relish this banter, and he replied rather savagely. "Let me alone, Ram. I do not stand in need of a prime minister. What brings up so neat and dandified a young gentleman to a poor wretch like myself?"

"Poor wretch! indeed. Why, what could have come across you? You have either seen a ghost or have had your fortune told by the gypsies. You never were accustomed to be so down-hearted? Cheer up, old raven-croak, and remember, tomorrow is Christmas-day!"

"Oh, you want me to give you a treat as of yore—no end of *pillaws* and *kabobs* and champagne by the dozen a-head!"

"Why, indeed, you have hit the nail upon the head there! You will not surely deny us our due."

"But you do not make allowances for altered fortunes, you cannot pretend to be ignorant of the state of my purse."

"My dear boy, you are still as rich as Croesus. You forget that you are the owner of sixteen *cottaks* of land in the best part of Calcutta and that is as good as Rupees 8,000 in your pocket."

"Do you counsel me to sell the house just to furnish you with the funds for a jolly Christmas?"

"Oh, by no means. I hope you are not yet come to that; but you certainly can raise a small sum upon the building and pay up the debt in no time. Bollye, Chundy and Tarun have calculated the cost. It cannot exceed 200 Rupees, and we will have a nice exclusive little party—just the thing to keep us in health and spirits the next eleven months to come."

"Fiddlesticks! why, two hundred—I have not 200 *cowries* in the house."

"There! You are in a moral fit, or rather an economical fit; you never used to be so mean. But I see you are in despair and that is undoubtedly a horrid condition of mind. Yet you need not drown yourself so long at least as your friend has his wits about him. Let me see. I helped you last to your wife's nose-ring, and decidedly we made a better use of it than letting it dangle from and disfigure a beautiful woman's proboscis—a champagne dinner certainly worth its weight in gold, and we had it all, and other first rate wines, too, for a pitiful bit of twisted gold wire and never mind the three pearls in it. Now, Hurry, I hear you mother is dying. Poor woman, God bless her benevolent soul! But she is dying, and as good as dead. Suppose you draw as a *post obit* on her gold bangles; she will not miss them in the place for which she is bound."

Hurry Hur was aghast at this suggestion. He had purloined from his father's strong-chests gold and silver that would have endowed a pagoda. He had bored a hole in his wife's sleeping apartment and eased the dear woman of all her superfluous trinkets. He had palmed off Day Martin labels upon the simple creature as Bank of Bengal notes and extracted all her available cash. But he had not yet raised one impious thought against his mother. Her he doated upon with all the steadfast energy of his nature, and his friend's advice staggered and well-nigh stunned him. He felt shocked and horrified to a degree that rendered him for some moments articulate.

"Well? and have I not brains, old scapegrace? Let Ramlohl Surmah alone for raising the wind and doctoring despair? I have an eye, my friend, that can penetrate the gloom of the Soondebuns if it should cover an honest old soul like yours! The thing's then settled? Hurrah for Christmas!"

The bill of fare was duly discussed, the company chalked down.

"We will have nothing to do with Nobo," said Ramloll. "He will bore my life out of me with his everlasting linseed and mule twist. The fellow apparently believes that the world has nothing else to do but buy mule twist and ship linseed. Besides he is a screw and though he earns a good round sum in his way he has not up to this time entertained a single friend with so much as rice and curry. What's the good of feeding such a brute. He is all for *quid* and none at all for *quo*. No, no, my dear Hurry, my definition of a thoroughly bad man is one who never gives dinners!"

By this time Hurry had recovered from his abstraction and with singular command of temper entered with zest into his friend's plans and proposals. Christmas-day to be sure, must be kept with due festivity at any cost, and no friend of his shall be excluded from the joyful reunion. Even Nobo and his linseed must join or Hurry Baboo will give no dinner. The alternative was disastrous. Ramloll was soon brought to the sunny side of the hated man. Undoubtedly Nobo was a good hand at a song, and—what was Christmas without an efficient chorus? The invitation list included upwards of fifty names, and as Hurry Hur would be wholly occupied in providing the edibles at such a short notice, perhaps his friends will be kind enough to attend to the invitations and arrange for the *garriev*, for though the guests filled a position in life in which they were compelled to travel on foot an average distance of 10 miles a day, yet it was one thing to be sircar of Messrs Thungemboob and Co., and another to be the guest of Hurry Baboo. They could not go to a garden without conveyances and Ramloll's budget, therefore, providently included 30 Rupees under that necessary item. Besides Hurry begged his friend may not stint in that matter for he would pay liberally for the vehicles. He was resolved to spend his last substance on the fête and he was peculiarly anxious that his friends should not only be comfortable but make a figure!

It was settled that Ramloll should engage the carriages without reference to expense and take up all the party to Belghoria where Hurry once had a garden house. Alas, it had ceased to be his! But the new purchaser having retained the former *malee*, every hope existed that the Christmas party would not be ignominiously kicked out. At least Hurry gave his friend to understand as much. The rendezvous was all right and the guests had only to drop in *early*. Ramloll departed with this cheering assurance to gladden the hearts of his dear associates and bespeak the loan of a cashmere shawl without which no gentleman could be expected to make his *debut* in society in the heart of December!

"Now," said Hurry Hur, "I will pay off my fine gentleman and two scores of false friends besides. Heaven grant me strength to strike them as hard as they deserve."

His plans were at once taken. That very evening he posted to Belghoria and arranged preliminaries with his old *malee*.

Christmas-day dawned, and Ramlohl Surmah bustled himself like a top; now rousing the cabmen, now hailing a rather slow companion, anon waiting upon the friend who had kindly promised to lend him a cashmere shawl. It seemed as if Christmas-day had dawned only for him and those other greedier men who had not slept a wink the preceding night for fear they should oversleep themselves and miss the garrics. In due time the whole party was congregated in various costumes, in which, however, parti-colored woollen comforters predominated, upon the Chitpore Road, and in front of a fashionable cabstand. The carriages were rolled out one by one and lo! the jolly blades are on their way to the garden. The passage was enlivened by many a rude jest in which Hurry Babu of course appeared under various figures of speech suggested by his altered fortunes. Ten o'clock struck and the gay holiday makers were set down upon the arena of their pleasures. Hurry had not yet arrived, but he was immediately expected. The distant sound of carriage wheels sent the whole party trooping to the gate in the fond expectation that Hurry had joined with the edibles. They were destined, however, to be frequently disappointed. Now it was a military officer with a furious mustache driving to Barrackpore, now it was a Mahomedan Khansamah returning to the same ~~bly~~the station with all the dainties of Dhurumtollah bazaar in his custody. One o'clock struck, and where was the host? The affair looked ugly enough, and every face assumed a longitudinal cast. Where was the *malee*? He too had not entered appearance. Every eye was thoughtful and every visage was sad, yet none dared to utter the fatal word.—It was all a hoax! Another hour passed away in deep earnest consultation. The dinner had been long since despaired of but a new danger threatened the festive group. The cabmen had smelt a rat. In the whole range of their experiences they had never borne such a glum Christmas party. It was natural to be alarmed for their fare and they now openly mutinied. There was not even half a rupee between all those fifty men, and the fare amounted to forty rupees. The more knowing of the group slunk away through the open ditches but Ramlohl Surmah was in for it. Garreewans are proverbially

the most selfish of men and as hard-hearted as their whips. From sweet expletives they shortly descended to fisticuffs. Ramloll cared little for his carcass for he was used to such gentle passages at arms. But he bundled up the Borrowed Shawl and held it firmly to his bosom. Alas! all his care was unavailing. The audacious sons of Jehu seized upon his treasure and turning a deaf ear to his most piteous lamentations marched off with their spoil!

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Exactly two hours after, a young man with a bloody nose and without any portion of upper garment was observed by a peasant in Panhatty running frantically towards the Hooghly. But whether he drowned himself in the sacred stream or joined the crowd of adventurers in the North West, rumour telleth not. Certain it is that Ramloll's mother still mourns for her lost boy and his friend for his lost Cashmere Shawl!

The Mutiny and the Educated Natives.

Speech of the Lieutenant Governor at the distribution of Diplomas and Prizes to the students of the Medical College of Calcutta. 19th April, 1858.

(Reprinted from the Calcutta Monthly Review, May, 1858).

Amidst the boisterous howlings of hungry adventurers and impotent braggadocios, making a political capital of the sepoy mutiny and desperate ventures therewith for the blood and spoils of the Indian people, it is really refreshing to light upon the calm and dignified sentiments contained in the speech under review. Honorable alike to the sagacity of the speaker as a politician, and his feelings as a man, right welcome must these sentiments be not only to those whom they directly concern, but to every lover of justice and of peace; the more especially as coming from the head of the Government of Bengal, they indicate the humane and discriminating line of policy, which the administration intends to pursue in reference to its native subjects. A simple strike among the army has been magnified into a national rebellion; a wild hubbub has been raised about the disaffection generally of the natives to the British rule; and the whole vengeance of England called down on their devoted heads. Their peace has been menaced on every side; and even their total extermination as a race has found favor in the eyes of a junto of mean and selfish agitators. Need we say that at a juncture like this, the public recognition of their national loyalty—of the educated among them at all events,—by the Lieutenant Governor of Bengal, entitles his Honor to their most grateful thanks?

“Among the many lamentable and melancholy results of the Mutiny,” the Lieutenant Governor alludes in the 1st instance to “that heated, and embittered, and exasperated sentiment of antagonism of race, which has sprung up in so many minds,” and observes: “I take this opportunity of saying that I earnestly and from my heart believe that the sentiment is one fraught with evil and danger, and that if not speedily checked, it will not only raise up formidable obstacles to im-

provements in the country—it will not only check progress in the country—but it will introduce extraordinary difficulties in the conduct of Government,—and more than that, it may in its recoil, ultimately affect prejudicially the social and political condition of Great Britain itself." These, surely, are words of great and weighty import, and require no elaborate logic to indicate their truth. Already in consequence of the antagonistic feeling, in question, there has appeared in the field a number of officious legislators and self-styled reformers who have occupied themselves with the pleasant task of framing bloody and Draconian codes for the native inhabitants of the country, or rather codes which will make them over entirely to the tender mercies of a few European residents without any protection whatever from the law. But have these sages ever thought of the ulterior consequences of such unhallowed measures? Wanton severity on the part of rulers tends only to exasperate the people, and drive the multitude to the perpetration of violent and unlawful acts. These in turn are met with increased cruelty and rigor, but which serve unfortunately the more to outrage the people, and excite in a still higher degree their furious zeal. The ministers as agents of oppression too are obliged to cover their own misdeeds by false accusations and unmerited violence, and treating the complaints of their victims as crimes;—thus in a great measure creating the necessity for those insurrections and revolts which they may be afterwards compelled to punish. And rulers and ruled in this way come to be involved in a vicious circle of guilt, from which neither find it easy to extricate themselves. The moral effects of such a state of things on the minds of men cannot be otherwise than deplorable in the extreme. Frequently recurring scenes of bloodshed and horror gradually harden more and more the feelings of all, until, at length they become so infernally morbid and depraved as that cruelty is loved for its own sake, and acts of wanton oppression are committed without even the impelling motives of interest or malice. And what society can long survive the loss of its morals? Rightly then has the Lieut. Governor characterised the feeling of race-antagonism between the Europeans and the Natives, and which tends to produce such awful results, as "the worst—the most evil" arising from the mutiny of the Sepoys.

It is consolatory, however, to find that the feelings referred to, are not shared in by the responsible rulers of the country, or the higher and more respectable servants of the state; that in the services

they are confined merely to a few upstarts and pedants ; and are most conspicuous only in a parcel of factious adventurers, who without position or prospect at home, have greedily sought to lay their itching hands on India's gold, and whom the mutiny filled with a sort of ravenous delight at the prospect of glutting themselves with the blood and spoils of her children. The truth is that these men have never been remarkable for harboring any particular good feelings towards the natives of the country, who, they fancy, ought to be entirely placed at their disposal,—themselves armed over them with the powers of life and death. Of the educated among them they have been always and especially jealous ; and such as by industry and meritorious exertion have raised themselves to places of emolument and trust, have been an ever troubling eyesore of theirs. Against these, accordingly, they have cherished the most bitter and hostile feelings. The Mutiny has been a god-send relief to them as furnishing an exit to their pent up gall, hitherto boiling in their breasts and corroding their hearts, but now issuing forth like an impetuous torrent of lava, as from a volcanic crater. By all sorts of asperities and invectives against the natives, they have endeavoured to put them down, and reduce them to the most abject and absolute dependance on themselves,—each individually having the power of domineering over them at will, and lording over the entire length and breadth of the land. And because Government in its wisdom refused to countenance their evil purposes and designs,—outrageous at once to humanity and to reason,—they have loaded it with curses and imprecations, and in a time of imminent danger *patriotically* endeavoured their utmost to loosen the wheels of administration and upset the established order of things !

The excellence of all political institutions will be found, on ultimate analysis, to consist in the judicious and skilful combination of the elements of stability and progress. When the two are not in equivalent proportions, society is not in a state of radical union ; there is no internal cohesion of its parts. Mechanical pressure from without may for a time hold them together, but ever and anon the discordant elements seek for an outlet and a vent, and the violence with which the compound breaks and bursts at last is proportioned always to the intensity and tightness of the compressing force. History is full of illustrations of these vitally important truths. The Stuart dynasty in England opposed itself to progress of every kind, and the result was

to create those disturbances and civil commotions which drenched the kingdom with its people's blood, and led to its own ultimate expulsion from the throne. With the first impulse of an impetuous reaction, however, too much of the new element was introduced at once, and society burst with a tremendous explosion. The fragments for a time were held together by the iron hands of a military despot ; but vain efforts were subsequently made to unite them by readjusting them as before. The disturbances returned,—though in a less virulent form,—and the political fabric had once more to be moulded anew. This at length was effected by the revolution of 1688, which combined in such happy and equable proportions the elements of social order and progress. Society in France for the last three quarters of a century has felt the need of some fresh accession of this latter element ; but which not being duly procured and had, it has again and again been torn and rent by violent convulsions, and tossed from despotism to anarchy and thence to despotism again. Nor until the constitution of the country has been tempered by requisite admixture of the progressive element, can political equilibrium be restored again to France. To causes not much unlike may also be traced the present disturbances of India. They, no doubt, have been variously accounted for. But whatever might be their immediate or exciting cause—Wajid Ally or the cartridge or whatever else,—it is evident that the spark must have dropped upon combustible materials to take effect and produce the explosion. The affections of the sepoys must have been already alienated from their masters to enable even the most designing men to dispose them to mutiny and rebel. What then could be the cause of such alienation ? With superior wages and the regular issue of pay, the sepoy, no doubt, was better off under his present employers than under any of the native princes he had been,—and had he not reasons to be thankful therefor ? These reasons, however, had lived their time and done their work. Originally they induced the sepoy to enlist himself in the service of the conquerors of his country, and secured his attachment and fidelity to them for a while. But long and undisturbed enjoyment led him to regard the advantages of his situation in the light of mere matters of course ; he looked on them with other eyes than when with long arrears due from native princes yet fresh in mind,—he had enrolled himself in the British Army. As time passed, too, the limits of the Empire were extended and increased, and the sepoy, among others, was made the tool and instrument of such

extension and increase. All ended, however, without accruing in any fresh advantage to himself, or making any addition to his means and prospects. Whatever the amount of courage and heroism displayed by him in the battle-field, obscurity was still his lot. The path of honorable ambition was not opened to him. The familiar intercourse which officers of olden time were accustomed to hold with him had also been gradually replaced by hauteur and distant bearing. All these he felt and brooded over ; he thought himself as "one and somewhat," and believed not to have received his due—not altogether wrongly we must say. He had proved himself a most useful and necessary servant, and true to his salt ; and his blood and arms had contributed to the conquest of province after province and their ultimate annexation to the empire. It were but a bare act of justice, therefore, to admit him to a small participation of the reward. A few prizes in the shape of officerial appointments, at all events, he fully deserved to have. Even as a prudential measure a few such appointments should have been placed within his reach. They would have attached by the strongest ties of sympathy the best and ablest of the native troops to Government and its cause ; and who enjoying at once the confidence of their masters and of their fellow soldiers, would have been not merely as a firm link of connection between the two, but the readiest means of influencing the feelings, and obviating the complaints of those in subordination to them. Were such a grade of officers in existence, the rebellion which now rides rampant and lays waste the country, would have been, we venture, to say, a moral impossibility in the very nature of things.

But whatever in this respect, might be the past errors of the administration, they have been redeemed, in a great measure, by the moderate line of conduct—at once vigorous and conciliatory,—which it has pursued since the breaking out of the mutinies. Clamorous agitators and chop-house politicians might fret and snarl at the mild justice which has characterized its measures ; but the crisis is a most important one, and affords an opportunity to Government of laying a firm hold on the hearts and affections of its native subjects, which ought not by ill-judged severities to be rashly lost. "Rulers (it has been truly and wisely observed by Sir James Mackintosh*) can never render so lasting a service to a people as by the example, in a time of

* Vide History of England Vol. II. p. 222.

danger, of justice to formidable enemies, and of mercy to obnoxious delinquents. These are glorious examples for which much is to be hazarded."

Adverting next to the growing indifference and even indisposition of the Europeans to the education of the natives, the Lieutenant Governor, for the edification of such as may question the value of such education or fancy it to be fraught with danger, makes the following exceedingly just and well-meant remarks:—"There is no one thing more thoroughly established in all political science and by the experience and observation on which that science is founded, than that populations are orderly, peaceable and reasonable—and because reasonable, easily governed,—in proportion to their intelligence and moral and mental education; and I am satisfied that the natives of India form no exception to the rule. It is to the absence, and not to the presence of education, it is to the ignorance and not to the enlightenment, of a great part of our subjects, that we owe if not the rebellion itself, certainly the dark and dismal horrors which have distinguished it. Those who have imbibed the greatest share of English ideas and knowledge have taken the least part in the recent troubles and atrocities? The best educated have been universally the best affected; and I know scarcely one authenticated instance of a really educated native—I will not say joining but even sympathising with the rebels. When I say this, some of you will probably think of the Nana; but the case of the Nana is no exception. It has been said, and quoted again and again that that execrable and atrocious miscreant is a man of English education. But I am informed that he has merely a small smattering of English education and that he cannot in any sense of the word, be called an educated man." It is not easy to add to this triumphant refutation of groundless assumptions and visionary fears in respect of native education, which for a whole twelvemonth have disturbed the slumbers of so many souls. But we may be permitted to marvel at the singular obtuseness of those who could seriously think of attributing the present disturbances of the country to the spread of English education, and connecting them by way of cause and effect. So far from there being room for apprehensions in that quarter, the wide diffusion of just and sound and liberal views among the people appears to us to be the best safe-guard of the continuance of English supremacy in India. Pitiable, indeed, must be the state of that Government which can hope to maintain itself only by excluding the

light of knowledge from its subjects. Rulers who build on such foundations build merely on a stratum of sand. The loyalty of the people, when kept in a state of mental darkness, how great or strong soever it may seem to be, must always be at the mercy of the first blast of wind, for ignorance is ever the easy dupe of fanaticism and imposture, and a fickle and unthinking multitude the ready sport of factious and designing demagogues, who can lead them to promote, under various colours, their own interested views and selfish ends. Far otherwise, however, is the loyalty of educated and enlightened men. Theirs is not a mere blind attachment or passion, to be tossed and agitated by every gust that blows, but the result of mature deliberation and judgment, reared as upon a rock, from whence it is not to be shaken unless by causes by which the very foundations of society may be convulsed. Where too, such a class exists, the homage naturally due to superior intelligence, leads the multitude to tread on its steps, and regulate by its example their own conduct on all important occasions. It becomes thus the best guarantee of social and political order in the state. The education which Government here has given to a portion of its native subjects has enabled them only the better to appreciate the value of its institutions, and the benefits which under it have accrued to the country and are likely to accrue to it. And surely we do not expect to be told that a clear perception of the value and advantages of a thing is the readiest way to generate repugnance and aversion to it. Too well are the educated natives aware that their own shoulders are not *Atlantean* enough as yet to sustain the weight of their country's administration; and that by subverting the British rule,—even if it were in their power so to do,—they would only prepare their necks for another and, perhaps, a heavier foreign yoke. Educational alarmists, therefore are bound to set forth some intelligible *rationale* of their system; the *modus operandi* of their *panacea*—the abolition of colleges and schools. But hitherto they have acted like the veriest quacks,—giving enigmas for reasons, and vague jargon in lieu of cogent proof. No rational motives have been adduced by them which could alienate the educated natives from the British sway, and make them solicitous for a change. What superior advantages are in reserve for them were such a consummation to be brought about? And why the more they are in a position to comprehend the humane and enlightened spirit which has dictated the measures of the present administration, the more inclined will they feel to have it subverted and overthrown? To unriddle these mysteries exceeds certainly the

powers of Common Sense. In her view, at least, the British Government has nothing to dread from the spread of knowledge and education among its native subjects unless it were too bad in itself to stand a favourable comparison even with the Government of the Nabobs.

Even should education alienate the natives of India from the British Government, it will, beyond all dispute, render them better judges of the means necessary for its subversion; and consequently, until they have been in possession of such means, it must prevent them from making any rash or premature attempts to effect the same. Had the sepoy been possessed of intelligence enough to be able to measure correctly his own strength with that of the administration, and form an accurate estimate of the immense power and mighty resources of the English nation, whatever might have been his grievances—fancied or real—he would have surely paused ere openly erecting the standard of rebellion, or suffering himself to be led away by the counsels of interested and designing men. But ignorance swelled and magnified his own importance in his eyes, and led him to attribute to himself the merit of all the victories he had attained under British colours. The mist which clouded and obscured his mental perceptions, prevented him from seeing, that great and splendid as the said victories undoubtedly were, his part in them was only that of *hands* and not of *heads*; and that without heads to guide and direct, hands could achieve but little of themselves.

But after all, will it be possible, even if it were found to be desirable, to arrest at this time of day the diffusion of knowledge and enlightenment among the natives? The lessons of history must be entirely lost upon those who could suppose such to be the case. The stream of knowledge, when once it begins to flow, is not to be so readily impeded in its course. Whatever obstruction be thrown in its way it will serve only to swell the volume of waters, and increase the impetuous force of that reaction by which it can never fail at length to be removed and overcome. The authority of the most powerful and absolute monarchs, the horrors of the inquisition, the fires of Smithfield, and rivers of blood shed upon the scaffold, could not overawe the human mind into a retrograde course, or turn into given channels the current of ideas and thoughts. But an enlightened Government, in an age of liberty and progress, cannot we are sure, be betrayed into a fresh edition of old barbarities and absurd attempts. To perpetuate the reign of ignorance and error over this fair and

sunny land can never be congenial work for a nation, itself among the foremost promoters of knowledge and rational inquiry.* No! Persevering rather in that humane and enlightened system of policy which has hitherto presided over her Indian administration, let England redouble her efforts to dispel that mental gloom which overhangs yet her richest empire, and pour into the minds of her native subjects the blessed light of knowledge and of truth. And this done, she will have achieved a triumph of which no conquerors yet can boast, and which will place a crown of glory on her noble head, brighter far than what Alexander or Cæsar ever wore, and claiming devout homage from good and civilized men in every part of the world!

* As confirmatory and illustrative of some of the views adduced in the text, we avail with much pleasure of the remarks of the Hon. P. W. LeGeyt, while presiding at the last annual examination of the pupils of the *Oriental Seminary*. In reference to an observation dropped by one of the native visitors as to apathy of Europeans to native education being among the deplorable results of the disturbances in the N. W. Provinces, this enlightened gentleman expressed himself as follows:—

"I can confidently state, however, that this is not the case, and if you have ever seriously entertained such an idea, I would request you to dismiss it without delay. My countrymen will never forget to discharge faithfully the duties they owe to the natives of this country, and as rulers bound by human and divine laws they will never fail to do all they can for the social and moral amelioration of the condition of their Indian subjects." And further on: "England will most gladly continue to do all that she can for the improvement of the natives of this vast country, especially of Bengal—a Province which throughout this great disaster, has remained remarkably loyal and peaceful and the inhabitants of which has to a man behaved in that most satisfactory manner which gives it a peculiar claim upon its rulers."

Young Bengal.

Chamber's Journal,—March.

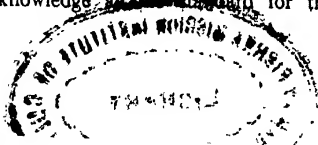
(Reprinted from the Calcutta Monthly Review, May, 1858).

Notwithstanding the vast importance of India as a part of the great British Empire, notwithstanding the unusual interest excited with regard to it, at the present time by the Sepoy mutiny, notwithstanding the great political agitation kept up by the question of transferring the Government from the hands of the East India Company,—a body which has existed from the time of Queen Elizabeth,—to those of the "Crown," the information possessed by the English nation at large with respect to the people of this gigantic dependency, their habits, customs, the way in which they are governed and treated and the progress of improvement amongst them, is truly deplorable. They know precious little even about the geography of the country. An English gentleman who pretended to be an oracle in Indian affairs and had even learnt a little of its language, on reading in the newspapers that the mutineers had come down to Sagur, said to those about him "well then our reign in India is over, the rebels have conquered the country down to the sea."

Amidst this utter ignorance of India and its concerns, it is cheering to find Indian subjects now and then handled correctly and well by writers in English journals. Here before us is an article in Chamber's Journal for March, headed "Young Bengal." It is an ably written paper and notwithstanding some blunders unavoidable in a European writing on an Indian subject, displays an extensive knowledge of things in this part of the world. The writer begins by explaining, that those who know what Young England, Young France, Young Italy etc. mean can have little difficulty in comprehending, what is denoted by Young Bengal. For ourselves who know the original, we require but little light to find him out. Indeed Young Bengal stands out more prominently among his countrymen than Young England or Young France does among his own. The reason is obvious enough, Young Bengal is the only moving principle among a mass of dead matter and consequently is easily distinguishable. Not so in other communities. Have you ever seen an old tree rotten and decayed and from its bosom a small twig just shooting out and exhibiting signs of

vegetable life by putting forth some leaflets on each side? That's the emblem of Young Bengal. But still there is a distinction to be drawn, and our meaning requires to be a little explained. "Young Bengal" is often used as a term of abuse to signify such as ape the manners of Europeans and imitate them in all those points which are least worthy of imitation, such as their habits of intemperance, their egotism, pride and their bullyism. Amongst this last class, our author places the Nana of cursed notoriety but he makes a little bit of a mistake in calling him a bigoted Mussulman, whereas in reality he is a Mahratta prince and a Hindu. But Mussulman or Hindu, his wickedness and short-sighted policy will meet its reward. The mission of England in India is not yet accomplished and therefore its day is not yet come; the mutiny is but a transient thunderstorm sent to purify the political atmosphere which was tending to become stagnant and pestilential, but this will drive out the noxious element and restore it its original heathfulness. But we digress. To resort to our old metaphor of the rotting tree, this last class is like the poisonous mushroom which bulges out from its decayed parts. You often meet a blustering fellow dashing forward in a phaeton or buggy, shaking you by the hand, pouring forth a torrent of English words without regard to Lindley Murray, eating beefsteaks with you at your table and drinking your health and now and then perhaps making amour to your wife or daughter. Don't you take him as the prototype of Young Bengal. He is no such thing. He is a fellow with a very slender education, some wealth, no morals and an outcast of his own society. But to return to the real Young Bengal class. Our journalist says truly of them that they are "men who cannot stand still, who must progress even though not in the true path. This class of young men is by no means small or contemptible and though they have as yet made but small demonstration, though they must be sought for if to be found, it is beyond a doubt not an unimportant part they will enact at no distant day." As we pointed out before, providence has an object in view in sending the English to India, it is no less than the improvement of the human species, the great final end of man's life and towards which everything tends. The appearance of the Young Bengal class is the budding forth of this fruit in India which will ripen in due season. There have been vehement discussions about educating the natives, but all such discussions are insane. The final cause of the advent of the English in India is to improve the country and the people, and to forward the progress of mankind towards perfection. They are the destined instruments in the hand of Providence for this great

and glorious work. As well might the mouth refuse to munch its food as they refuse to do their appointed work. It must be done. Nothing can prevent it. The march of civilization throughout the world is forward at the present time and India cannot stand still, much less move backwards. Lord Ellenborough may rave, Mr. Theobald may argue, but the progress of improvement cannot be stopped. What, shall the selfish and interested policy of individuals or bodies stop the course of the world and the designs of Providence? The impulse once communicated, the motion will continue. Government may continue or refuse its aid towards the enlightenment and education of the people of this country but the taste for liberal ideas once imparted cannot be destroyed. Our journalist justly observes that the only good result that the English Government in India has produced is the fact of calling into existence the Young Bengal. Young Bengal is indeed the young hope of India. He steadily distinguishes these from the other class which includes among others the educated Mussulmans. These last "never change nor progress, they are neither softened nor civilized, they have still the same undying hate for every 'dog of a christian' for every unbelieving Feringhee as of old, and though they seldom find it convenient or prudent to make manifestation of their true feelings, we must not the less be on our guard against those fanatics who deem it a matter of high and holy merit to murder an unbeliever." By the bye we might note these as the especial favorites of our Lieutenant Governor. He subsequently says "we shall look in vain amongst this class of men for one to join the swelling ranks of Young Bengal." Speaking of these last he asks "Whence come they?" And then answers that they are all sprung from the class rooms of the Government Colleges. Though this is true with regard to the great majority of them yet there are members of the Young Bengal class and useful members too, educated in private seminaries and a few who are self educated. He has also over estimated the cost of educating each pupil in the Government Colleges. He fixes it at £80 or £90 a year whereas in reality it no where exceeds £40 a year. He also asserts that though these young men have an extensive knowledge of English literature, though they revel in the beauties of Shakespeare and Byron, yet they have no acquaintance with the pure sciences. This is not true. Until very lately an acquaintance with the higher branches of Mathematics was essentially necessary for obtaining distinction in the Government Colleges. The senior scholarship standard was as high with regard to Mathematical knowledge as the standard for the Honor Examination at Cambridge.



But the assertion made with regard to the useful and practical, as opposed to the speculative and theoretical sciences we have no reason to demur from. But this defect has been remedied at the present time. The establishment of the College of Civil Engineering as well as of the chairs of Geology, Chemistry and Law in the Presidency College plainly indicate the desire of government to impart education in subjects of practical importance. But we don't want to go into the details of the education system at present. Like the Frankenstein of Mrs. Shelly, government seems to have been frightened by the shadow of its own creation. It recoils in fear from its own handiwork. It is contemplating the abolition of the Presidency College at the present moment. As a preliminary measure it has doubled the monthly fees of attending the College and then if it finds that it is not well attended it will abolish the institution as premature. We have been told the opinion of a gentleman high in the Civil Service and formerly a staunch advocate of the cause of education, in support of this measure. The government according to him will not subvert the established order of society by imparting education at a cheap rate which has the tendency to raise a new order of aristocracy in the land apart from that in existence *viz.* the aristocracy of birth. We are sorry that the experience of the gentleman with regard to the education of the country has not taught him better. If he had paid any attention to the subject he would have found that the classes who were most eager to send their children to the government schools all belong to the higher caste of Hindoos, the only true aristocracy of India. When these assert their superiority after receiving a liberal education they assert what is their due by right of birth as well as of worth. Their situation is quite different from that of the snob of the English community. Hence the ease with which the high caste Young Bengal assumes his position in society. He knows that his father and grandfather though poor perchance were as well descended as any body in the land and have done nothing of which he ought to be ashamed. His pride of ancestry is akin to that of Quentin Durward who being questioned amidst the assembled nobility of France and Burgundy as to his claims to high birth said that he was descended from Allan Durward. He too had been taught in childhood the name of the great man amongst his ancestors and to repeat in set phrase that the nobility of his race is coeval with the existence of the sun and moon and to preserve unforbidden the name of the village where his forefathers dwelt. It betrays a great ignorance of the Hindoo social system to say that by educating such men as these the government would upset the



established order of things. Riches do not constitute an element of aristocracy in India though it confers power as everywhere else. The mushroom gentry do not like to send their children to school or if sent they never distinguish themselves there. They have no great stimulus to exertion. They enjoy a position which their forefathers never did and why should they labor hard? The high caste boy on the other hand is spurred on by every incentive that can quicken the zeal of man. Every low caste upstart not fit to wash his feet rides in a phaeton or barouche whilst he is obliged to plod on foot. Our journalist though highly favorable to the cause of education yet insinuates that the education received by the Young Bengal is no way fitted to make him happy. Very probably not. How is he, who has appreciated the genius of Shakespeare and Bacon, who has conversed in thought with the greatest heroes and monarchs of antiquity, who has read and discussed so much about the equality of men, to bear the insolence of the civil servant or of the lowborn English merchant whom he is obliged to call master. He is therefore so much disliked by the Huzur Bahadoor. He would not leave his shoe at the door, he would not stoop down to the earth when *salaming* his honor, he would not speak in terms of slavish adulation to him. He likes to carry on the conversation in English which language contains no words so sweet as Khodawand, Junabali etc. There are very serious drawbacks in a Young Bengal. But he is no visionary. He has read Bentham and Adam Smith. He knows that there must be inequality of rank in a society and the relations of master and servant. But though willing to respect his superior or his master yet he would not condescend to do it in the style of an Eastern slave when addressing his Emperor. But the taste of the men in power has been vitiated by this latter kind of oriental adulation and could be content with nothing less; and thus it is that they are miserable and isolated when they return home. The picture of the "Bengal Tiger" portrayed by Capt. Maryat in his "Japhet in search of a father" ought to be a very natural one. "It is difficult" says our friend, "to ascertain the creed of this school of Hindoos. Their friends are still idolators and they attend the ceremonies to please their wives and mothers." The latter part of his assertion is true.

The creed of Young Bengal is pure deism. As far as his belief is concerned he owns one God, the father of goodness and mercy and the creator of the Universe. All his deductions are from unsophisticated reason. He is not an atheist because he believes in a Creator. Ask

him why, and he will tell you in a few words that either matter or mind must have existed from eternity for nothing can come out of nothing and that it is more rational to think that the latter must have had a previous existence. He believes moreover in an all-directing Providence because his every day experience teaches him so.

“They have learned so thoroughly to despise the ancient creed of their ancestors that knowing nothing of the one living faith they have flung themselves into the arms of unbelief.” No, they have learned to disbelieve the old religion, it is true, but they are not ignorant of the tenets of the Christian faith but in many instances have studied the subject deeply—though having escaped from the trammels of one class of prejudices (at least in idea) they are not willing to be entangled in the snares of any other class. The subject is suggestive of endless discussions but we will rest here for the present.

British Indian Policy for the future.

(Reprinted from the Calcutta Monthly Review, May, 1858.)

Quietus non movere is the flimsy labarum under which those hum-drum red-tapists, those white-haired, unimpassioned, vinegar-faced politicians, who themselves the creations of an unintelligible providence, owing their worldly comforts to a chance and therefore possessing only a sorry faith in the great doctrine of means to ends, rally their scattered philosophy, dress and arrange their crippled and defeated polemics, and are ready to do battle *mille fois* though the end of the battle be disgrace and discomfiture as often as it is fought. Archimedes said that a suitable fulcrum and a lever being available he could raise the world. True and hopeful philosophy beams through every letter of the splendid boast! If the world were gifted with a few such Archimedeses probably the boast would have been worked out to the wonder and amazement of lunar races, the earth clasping its humbler satellite in an affectionate embrace and the dwellers of the two planets running into each other's arms with all the ecstasy of incipient friendship and fellow feeling;—the man in the moon no longer a mystery or a marvel, but a thing of sight and touch, of passions and conviviality, politics and sentimentalism, philosophy and charlatanry! But the world produced only one Archimedes with singular good luck or our statesmen and *sub-juntas* who have already an infinity of bother with Sardinian and Neopolitan questions, and diplomacy involving the weal or woe of sublime Portes and Autocrats of all the Russias, would scarcely have kept their senses and their tempers under the combined impendency of mundane and lunar difficulties and our literate and men of science jaded and bewildered, distracted and run mad with investigations of Ossianic M.S.S. and Arctic passages, would have been choked and surfeited with problems regarding the moon's valleys and divings into lunar history and lunar metaphysics and jurisprudence! Progress is nevertheless a necessary condition of creation; and chaos giving way before an Almighty mandate, and light breaking up eternal night in obedience to the same irresistible bidding, are typical of the world's destiny and convey to the earnest and hopeful mind conviction of a brilliant and a marvellous something yet to come. They

bear a holy and devout significance which only the shallowest intellects, the most flabby and superficial of reasoners who would be atheists if they were not imbeciles in thought, and if they only durst disbelieve in a providence which they have just sense enough to see is the sole means of their prosperity, fail to perceive. The course of nature is perpetual development. The same divine hand that manufactures a butterfly from a chrysalis is ever busy achieving similar perfections. The proud Briton who now sways the sea and half the land, who rides in steam cars and talks by electricity, who built the crystal palace and is laying down interminable cables for sub-marine Telegraphs, was twelve centuries ago, a painted barbarian; burning human sacrifices in wicker idols, bending in humble adoration before oak trees and creepers, subsisting by the chase like the Cherokee or the Esquimaux, and altogether so foully savage and savagely untutored, that the refined Roman viewing him from the stand point of his own lofty civilization, could scarcely have dreamed in his most extravagant of dreams, that this painted and ochre-embellished denizen of a remote and secluded island, this burner of human sacrifices in wicker idols, this worshipper of oak trees and creepers, would, in the revolution of time, be shaved and scoured, perfumed and coated into the "first gentleman in Europe," which means necessarily the first gentleman in the world. And yet Britain's star has led her through a fearful reckoning of social, intellectual and economical vicissitudes, to a condition in which the large wicker idols have furnished models for steam boilers which span the seas and have saved and still save millions of human lives; and the oak once the cynosure of religious fervour and fanaticism has been felled and so put together that it yet continues—though in a more rational sense—to be the providence which blind superstition erewhile conceived it to be. From it the bulwarks of England have been cut and chiselled out, and the mistress of the seas rides in her wooden castle from one end of the world to the other, the marvel and the dread of every nation. In fine, a miracle could not have effected greater changes in the power, resources and destiny of the English people, than the steady, unobstructed and vigorous action of the great law of progress has achieved. Yet Englishmen are found, who oblivious of the progress of their own prosperity and greatness, ignoring the power to which their nation owes its own manumission from worse than Australian barbarism, and audaciously contemning the finger of heaven which points imperatively to the path of their duty, manufacture and export the intensely conceited and selfish doctrine that the Hindoo and the Mahomedan, the Sonthal and Jat, are excepted from the world's rule, that a heavy ban rests upon their

progress and improvement, that they never were intended to be great, so that any attempt to make them even moderately refined would be as bad as a crime! The doctrine has found many admirers. What absurdity falls still born upon mankind? The showman who promised to insert a pig into a brandy bottle, found a reputable collection of gulls at whose expense he had his joke and his dinner! What wonder that less manifestly egregious dogmatisms would command belief even in quarters where a better light burns than in the breasts of those who bit the pig cheat!

And this particular absurdity of Indian incompetence and stagnation, this impossible doctrine of Indian imbecility secures irresistible attraction and infallibility from the pride of race and the constructive glory it establishes at the expense of a people who had attained the highest pinnacle of civilization and knowledge long before either Greece or Rome had commenced to irradiate Europe. In a previous number we have proved how little this pride of race is born out by history or philology, how little the Briton and the Nigger are separated from each other in either their structural or metaphysical peculiarities, how little the Anglo-Saxon has cause to exult over the superior richness or disalloy of the blood which permeates his anatomy as compared to the blood which imparts vitality and strength to the Pandy. It now only remains to prove that England's policy in the East in order to be successful must fly above the upas influences of such wild theories and ridiculous speculations against history. The Hindoo is as highly susceptible of improvement or deterioration as the inhabitants of Yorkshire or Middlesex. The same acute perception of wrong, the same devoted attachment to order, the same love of country, the same domesticity of feeling, the same affection for the laws, the same intolerance of oppression, mark the two nations. If England can govern her own country without the aid of her Universities and her grammar schools, her circuits and her chancery courts, her newspapers and her periodical literature, then only can she hope to govern India by military courts and confiscations, disarming acts and Planter magistracies, by race laws and colonization.

But if the intellectual and educational element be a *sine qua non* in the system of the British constitution—if a free press and freedom of thought and speech be the corner stones of successful government in the parent country, why should the same refiners of men's passions and animal propensities, the same outlets of men's discontent and disaffection, be deemed dangerous or unnecessary in the government of India. The principles on which the administration of this country has up to the present moment been conducted, have afforded ground for neither regret nor dissatisfaction.

Lord Canning's policy for the crisis has, with one only exception, been all that enlightened statesmanship or the severest morality could desire. It ignores—and justly—the theory of revenge. Copy books and juvenile lessons denounce retaliation as a mean and despicable passion. Every religion in the world pronounces the same verdict upon it, and Jesus Christ's fundamental mission amongst men was to initiate a crusade against revenge in defence of mercy. Yet those who would most desire to Christianise India, those whom the fervour of religious zeal and the mad spirit of proselytism carry most to the verge of blood-thirstiness in respect to the means by which their mania may be accomplished, themselves mar the success of their faith by the display of a spirit least approaching the spirit of true religion. They talk one way and act another. They even talk irreligiously. The natives of India are intrinsically fond of polemics. The Hindoo is never so happy as when he has an opportunity of playing fence with the shasters. It is his delight and his glory to foil his adversary in argument. The opening and most animated scene in a Hindoo assembly consists of the furious shaster play of the elders of the religious hierarchy. Sanscrit verses in defence or offence of peculiar theories are spouted forth with all the energy of oriental eloquence and gesticulation. There is a perfect down-pour of the vedas and the poorans. Porasur is butted against Vyas, and Charbuck is flung at the heads of both, till the tumult of the word-strife deafens the ear and the disputants have to be separated by bodily force. With such a people conviction is the only way to faith, for Tipoo's molten lead and burning oil consume and singe only the corporeal man ! They cannot approach the mind which remains as a rock entrenched. England's policy towards India must therefore be divested of the religious element in order to be a strong and a triumphant policy. The state as such should neither side with Church nor Pagoda. The Government that is propagandist makes fast conquests and is glorious in war, but it loses in peace and becomes crippled and contemptible in its domestic administration. The religious history of the world illustrates and confirms our theory ; and English statesmen have to choose between the destinies of Akber and Arungzebe in laying down their plan for the Government of this country. The one endeared himself to all classes of his subjects by his leniency and toleration and bequeathed to his children a mighty empire with a happy people. The other drew upon his head universal execration by his intolerant bigotry and appalling cruelty, leaving to his successors a kingdom torn and dismembered by rebellion, overrun by violence and predatarism, and trembling and tottering under the pressure of Seikh and Marhatta freebooters. The mystery of the East India Company's empire in India, the

charm which strung together and held throughout a century discordant populations in one harmonious polity, consists in this that the East India Company jealously and persistently avoided polemics ; their servants were sent out imbued with the paramount principle that in their functions as civil governors or military commanders the religion of all classes of the population should not only be not interfered with, but respected. They followed to the letter Chesterfield's counsel "in Rome be like the Romans." The Mogul found at their hands treatment as liberal as any which the Emperors of Delhi could give him, with a sublimer justice and a more sincere courtiership. The Hindoo received from them the same respectful consideration which his ancestors received from either Vickramaditya or Pirtheraj. He regained under their auspices a free and fearless exercise of his religion which had remained smothered and suppressed ever since Mahmood the Iconoclast looted Thanessur and broke the idol of Somnath. For a long term of years he found them reverently and religiously administering the revenues of Juggurnauth, collecting for the idol the pilgrim tax and so identifying themselves with the people they governed, that the people they governed scarcely knew whether a Christian nation ruled over them or their own former princes had returned. It was by these means that India was won, and the same policy alone can retain it. The English have already seen what a bloody Genie of discord could be called up by cartridge and caste. The attempt to Christianize India by compulsion will call forth a thousand such grim visitations with a perpetual scope of action. What is now only transient and adventitious will then become chronic and fixed. We dare say the British Parliament have sense enough not to overlook this broad and glaring corollary to the mutinies.

We next come to the question regarding the treatment of mutineers and the people at large. On this subject a vast amount of nonsense and temper has been expended by amateur politicians who do not look beyond the Indigo field, and not well even into that.

It is seriously believed, after a century's rule over India, that all that had hitherto been done and is still doing in regard to the administration of this country was and is wrong, illogical, foolish and suicidal. The principles on which the fabric of Government hitherto rested have been at last discovered to be rotten and quick-sandish. A film has fallen from the eyes of the wise and a monster cheat timely detected with singular good fortune. The only true and infallible cure for mutiny, disaffection, Baboo insolence and un-salaming niggerism has been eventually found ;

and the compost is being lustily advertised like either Macassar oil or the composition for preserving octagenarian teeth. This Holloway of the Indian disease is compounded of the wholesale demolition of the schools, confiscation of property, hanging without limit or reserve, and such like astringent and spicy ingredients. 'What a very Macbethian witch draught ! The philosopher's stone is a child's bauble to this omnipotent remedy ; and if only it could be used and the patient induced to quietly take it in without flying at the nurse and knocking out the dear officious creature's eye with the medicine spoon, what a puff and flare-up there would be. Wouldn't the whole outside world, every great empire which takes an interest in contemporary politics and every little state which takes in a newspaper, gape and stand aghast at the sight of such daring and successful doctoring ! And wouldn't also there occur a perfect down-pour of Akbarea gold Mohurs and English Rupees—to say nothing of Kohi-Noors and Durriah-i-Noors and what not other equally temptingly euphonious and priceless Noors, into the auld 'country in which needy gentlemen have a keener relish for champagne and *rouge et noir* than they can well afford to pay for or play for ! But the matter-of-fact world, the matter-of-fact English people, will not permit such amiable Alnaschering. The wise-aces who are building these air castles are only a contemptible minority amongst their species. They do not possess the sympathies of even the English mob. Their extravaganzas have brought them into deserved ridicule ; and members of Parliament and editors of newspapers having at last thoroughly shaken off the bias into which sanguinary fictions and plausible hyperboles had very naturally thrown their credulous and exasperated minds, are beginning to see their way clear out of the labyrinth presented to them in the shape of the Indian question. Lord Canning's policy has, however tardily, been accepted as the soundest and the most English-like policy that could be adopted in the crisis. Conciliation and amnesty are acknowledgedly the two great rallying points to which enlightened statesmanship has directed its earnest and hopeful attention. It will not do to wage a war of extermination against a people whose existence is the source at once of England's glory and prosperity. If all the mutinied districts were denuded of their adult population, the expense of maintaining India would render England insolvent and ultimately compel her to abandon the losing conquest. Brute force is a wretched peace-maker ; and England must either remain at peace with India or abdicate her place in the Peninsula. One of these two states is certain, and who would not rather pardon a deluded and ignorant enemy than endanger his security by driving him to desperate resistance. Indian paragrah manufacturers

think and write as if extermination is a simple and peculiarly easy process, a question merely of so many bayonets and cannon balls, shells and yeomanry cavalry troopers! They possibly believe that the head of the Government has only to say, "let the people of India be exterminated," and the people of India shall be exterminated!

Ridiculous! It is a happy thing however for both India and England that those whose opinions are worth being turned into the right channel, that is, those whose voice makes the law and lays down the policy have unanimously adopted amnesty as the basis of their future operations in India and proclaimed the efficacy of peace as contradistinguished from war. The policy will surely succeed, and afford another bond to England's supremacy over Hindoostan.

The East India Company's Policy.

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England has at last reached the farthest goal of her ambition. One by one have almost all the independent native powers in India dwindled into the insignificancy of tributary and cribbed little principalities. The Mahratta sleeps in his grave, the Rohilla and the Pindaree are now no more, and the proud Scindian is content to receive a miserable pittance at the hands of his conqueror, whilst the rich plains of his ancestors fatten the enemies of his nation and his creed. The lion of the Punjaub stood single amidst all this wreck of sovereignty. Ram-parted by his own brave Khalsas, Runjeet, kept at bay the all absorbing ambition of Leaden Hall Street, and the memorable disasters of the British at Cabool tended to seat him more strongly on his throne. But the lion of the Punjaub came not with an overlong lease from his God, and in due time we see him quietly giving up the ghost, like all his predecessors, whilst the Punjaub which had only *one* interest and *one* ruler during his life time, now fell a victim to the intrigues of a licentious queen dowager and the ambition of an unruly court. Anarchy and civil war and commotion followed, and what between the disunion of the Sirdars, the ambition of Raneé Chunda, and the violence and brutality of the Khalsas, Lahore was for a period of near three years the scene of every social as well as political debasement.

It was about this period that the late Major Broadfoot, political agent in the North-West, having pressed the Durbar, regarding certain contested titles, on this side the Sutlej, brought the invader to our shores, and notwithstanding that internal feuds and political dissensions had totally sapped the foundation of all true discipline, the fight at Moodkee staggered the British Lion, and Saint George was fain to retreat, for the time being, from the range of the destructive artillery of the Seikhs. British courage and British diplomacy triumphed however in the sequel. Ferozeshur, Alliwál and Subraon were fought and won, the Sutlej crossed, and Lahore formally occupied by the British troops.

Such was the political condition of India in 1846. Teyhear 1848 dawned with more startling events. Our politicals had been murdered

under the walls of Mooltan, our power defied by the ill-advised son of Sawun Mull, war was again the cry, the cannon note of battle resounded throughout the Punjaub, and roused the mad spirit of the wild warriors of the Hazarah. Incident followed upon incident like events in a dream. The old Khalsa army appeared to have been resuscitated, and the demons of commotion held their carnival over the country. Armies hurrying towards the frontier,—Brigades forming,—troops recruiting and the tocsin of war sounding, complete the panorama of India of 1848. The year 1849 opened upon the anxious public, and the first great event with which it was ushered in, froze the heart's blood and damped all the buoyant hopes of prosperity. The bull dog courage of Lord Gough had been roused by a stray shot from the enemy's camp, his Irish blood could not brook being bearded by a barbarian host led on by a base traitor, and in an unguarded moment, disregarding all the dictates of prudence and sound military policy, the hitherto invincible Commander-in-Chief of the British forces suffered himself to be drawn into the snare laid for him. Regiment after regiment was ordered up to certain destruction: for exposed to the unceasing fire of a whole string of masked batteries, the British troops were swept off as soon as they advanced, and the 14th Light Dragoons, a corps of established good reputation, having achieved wonders in the Peninsula and the previous campaign on the Sutlej were forced to turn their backs upon their enemies and fly in total rout. Chillianwallah was indeed an awful day for old England. Her sons had been butchered, her armies routed, her guns captured, and her banners sunk, all owing to the rashness of one man;—that man was Lord Gough. We hold it as our unalterable opinion, that had it not been for the dilli-dallying and shilly-shallying exhibited by the Commander-in-Chief when news of the outbreak at Mooltan first reached him, we had been spared the vast amount of treasure that was lavished on the last campaign, and so many widowed wives and childless mothers had not had cause to mourn their slain lords and butchered sons. Take time by the forelock, says the adage, instead of which our Government delayed and procrastinated until the flame of rebellion had been well lighted in the Punjaub and blazed with fury, so that a grand army was rendered necessary where a dozen well directed regiments had sufficed; and the peace of the country was purchased at the expense of the best blood of the land. The victory at Goozerat, however, retrieved the lost honor of the British Arms. The public mind felt as it were relieved from a load and began to breathe more freely. Mooltan had already fallen after having made a

desperate defence. Moolraj was in chains. Chutter Singh and his son had surrendered, the Sikh army had been dispersed and the Punjaub once more lay prostrate at our feet. Thus the downfall of the last independent native power in India capable of waging an equal or doubtful contest with us was completed, and there is not from the Himalayas to Cape Commorin, from the Ganges to the Indus, one rood of Indian ground that we cannot emphatically call our own. But with accession of territory the responsibilities of the Government have increased, for it is no longer the destinies of 85,000,000 of British subjects that the East India Company now rule over, but perhaps of nearly half as many more.

The wild spirits of the Punjaub have not yet been pacified. The heroes of Chillianwallah have not *all* bowed the knee to the victors, but are said to be fast gathering round the wily Chief of Jummoo. We therefore know not how soon the peace of the land may be again disturbed, our rule threatened, and the Revenue and Judicial settlements in the country overthrown by the blast of war; an effective and an all powerful army will therefore have to be constantly maintained, fully equipped with all the munitions of war so as to be able to march at a moment's notice against any enemy that may hereafter appear. The expense of such a military establishment must necessarily be enormous and will undoubtedly prove a most serious drawback upon the already niggardly resources of the State. The Executive Police of the Provinces must have to be rendered equally strong, as well as the other Judicial and Revenue establishments. As a set off against this vast expenditure, we have the revenues of the Punjaub in prospect, but unfortunately war has blasted the fair fields of industry, and our assets in that quarter must therefore remain unavailable for at least the next three years to come. In the Punjaub, the labouring classes are a species of feudal vassals tilling the earth in times of peace and shouldering the musket at the call of war. Cultivation under such circumstances must consequently have been wholly neglected in the preceding year, when the Sikh army was almost constantly in the field. The state of our exchequer is known to all, the fact that the charges of the empire are fast gaining upon its revenues is notorious, loan after loan has been had recourse to to meet the growing expenses of the Government, till at last every available *cowry* of ready money would seem to have been drained from the country. The new occupation of the Punjaub will require new funds which a second loan will hardly be able to realize. Whence then is the money to come from?—not certainly by taxing the

already famished *ryots*; or by introducing an income or a capitation tax.

The conquest and annexation of Scinde in 1843, made the East India Company losers by about 10 lacs of Rupees per annum at the outset; although the present revenues of that Province are fast making up for that loss. We fear a similar deficiency will in the present instance also be discovered—unless however the Treasury of Young Dulleep has been found to be equally well stored with that of the Sultan of Mysore, a fact which we are not willing to credit seeing that the reign of the infant monarch was too boisterous to permit of his being able to lay up any sums against a rainy day. A pretty pass then, has the Company been brought to. We can, however, trace their present difficulties to one cause only—that is their unquenchable thirst after dominion.

Extension of territory is reprobated by all the principles of sound policy. Persia fell a victim to her own corpulency as did the ancient empires of Greece and Rome, and yet the British Government untaught by experience have been progressing in the mad career of conquest, without heeding the most positive injunctions of both Parliament and the Hon'ble the Court of Directors to the contrary, as expressed in the recitations of Acts of 1784 and 1793—"That for as much as to pursue schemes of conquest and extension of dominion in India are measures repugnant to the wish, the honor, and the policy of the nation," and again in the resolution of the House of Commons, dated 9th April 1782 as follows :

"That the orders of the Court of Directors of the East India Company, which have conveyed to their servants abroad a prohibitory condemnation of all schemes of conquest and enlargement of dominion, by prescribing certain rules and boundaries for the operation of their military force and enjoining a strict adherence to a system of defence, upon the principle of the treaty of Allahabad, were founded no less in wisdom and policy than in justice and moderation."

2nd. "That every transgression of those orders, without evident necessity, by any of several British Governments in India has been highly reprehensible, and has tended, in a chief degree, to weaken the force and influence, and to diminish the resources of the Company in those parts."


3rd. "That every interference as a party, in the domestic or natural quarrels of the country powers, and all new engagements with them in offensive alliance, have been wisely and providently forbidden by the Company, in their commands to their administrators in India."

4th. "That every unnecessary or avoidable deviation from those well advised rules, should be followed with very severe reprehensions and punishment for it, as an instance of wilful disobedience of orders, and as tending to disturb and destroy that state of tranquillity and peace with all their neighbours, the preservation of which has been recommended as the first principles of policy to the British Governments in India."

5th. "That the maintenance of an inviolable character for moderation, good faith, and scrupulous regard to treaty, ought to have been the simple grounds on which the British Governments should have endeavoured to establish an influence superior to that of other Europeans, over the minds of the native powers in India; and that the danger and discredit arising from the forfeiture of this pre-eminence could not be compensated by the temporary success of any plan of violence or injustice."

Let us examine how far the injunctions contained in the above resolution have been followed and acted upon by the servants of the East India Company in India. The resolution is dated 1782, the year in which Hyder Ali of Mysore breathed his last. The war that had hitherto been carried on with that prince was recommenced with increased asperity, Tippoo Sahib the young monarch was slain in battle, and Seringapatam with its dependencies made into a British province. This was the first instance in which the Court's injunctions regarding new extension of territory were broken through by the authorities in India, and surely the multiplied treachery of Tippoo justified his doom, but we cannot unfortunately say as much of the Nabob of the Carnatic who was under false pretences dispossessed of his rightful Guddee, and whose territories were made over to an usurper who paid an immense annual tribute into the Treasury of the East India Company! Tanjore, the Deccan, Oude, Furruckabad, Surat and Travancore were next wrested from their respective rulers on various pretences—a conduct certainly not in keeping with the honor and dignity of the British nation. The em-

pire of the Mahrattas likewise sent in its quota, to widen the boundaries of the East India Company's dominions. Sattara too fell a victim to a complicated system of fraud and treachery unequalled in the annals of Asiatic depravity. To support a puppet prince upon his throne, the war with Afghanistan was proclaimed, and the British cannon was heard to roar along the Khyber. Dost Mahomed the choice of his people was dethroned, and the imbecile Shah Shooja clothed in the borrowed feathers of royalty; but the Company had found their match in the heroic Mahomed Akbar—the patriot falsely branded as the traitor;—defeat and disgrace such as the British Government had never before experienced in India, followed close upon their victory. The garrison of Jelalabad gallantly defended itself but was subsequently obliged to retreat and evacuate the enemy's territory. The British Resident at Cabool was massacred in cold blood and all the Europeans in the city unmercifully put to the sword.

Beaten and defeated in Afghanistan, the British Government wreaked their vengeance on Scinde, which was usurped from its rightful Ameers and annexed to the British Indian empire; lastly, the conquest and appropriation of the Punjaub have filled up the sum  Leaden Hall Street ambition. Thus it is that the East India Company have in their transactions, not only set at nought the recorded opinion of the Parliament House of Great Britain in respect to Anglo Indian politics, but have likewise utterly lost sight in their mad career of conquest of those wise and salutary principles with which they at first set out, nor can we tell where this all-absorbing thirst after territory will end. Golaub Singh of Jummo has been already marked out as an object, and we shall not be surprised if within the revolution of a year we saw the fair fields of Kashmere converted into a dependency of British India.

But although externally the power of Great Britain would seem to have been augmented by this immense accession to territory, it must nevertheless be apparent to every calculating mind that it has in effect been greatly deteriorated for precisely the same reason; and unless a vigorous system of Government be introduced, we fear that the present position of the British in India will ere long be found to be untenable.

The experience of the past has proved that in proportion as the Company is progressing in the scale of political prosperity, the fin-

ancial condition of the country is degressing. Wars and treaties have formed the almost only occupation of three succeeding Governors General. Lord Ellenborough was at best a Military Civilian as some have facetiously styled him whose sole delight lay in fields of carnage and triumphal entries. Lord Hardinge was decidedly a Military man, the best portion of whose viceroyalty was spent on the tented field and the pleasant climate of the Hills, so that he could scarcely have the opportunity or even the leisure to turn his thoughts towards the consolidation of the monied interests of the empire. His Lordship, however, in a moment of infatuation, in a moment of blind trust upon the resources of his own genius attempted to bring about a saving by enforcing a general reduction of the army, a measure which at the time failed not to win golden opinions for his Lordship among both the Indian and British public, and the ex-Governor-General was lauded in all quarters for his sagacity, but the defect of the policy has now completely manifested itself, and it has again been found imperatively necessary to re-instate the army at its former complement. Had Lord Hardinge been a little longer in India he must have discovered that it is only the fear of the British bayonet that has hitherto restrained all hostile intentions on the part of the native powers; remove that, and the rule of the Ferangees will ere long be overturned. The English, notwithstanding all their forbearance in respect of religious opinions, have totally failed to secure the hearts of their subjects and of their native allies and tributaries. They must have a home in India, they must assimilate themselves with the people of India, make their interests identical with the interests of their own, before they can expect to be looked upon with feelings of love and of respect. As it is they are now regarded as a set of interlopers, dreaded for their power but hated for their pride. These are bold truths and may be disrelishable to many, but it is nevertheless our duty as public Journalists to undeceive the public, and to advise the Government on its weak points. The remedy cannot of course be instantaneous, but time and opportunity may do much.

School of Industry & Art.

[Re-printed from the Hindoo Patriot, April 6th, 1854.]

We have thankfully received a copy of Colonel Goodwyn's Lecture "On the Union of Science, Industry and Art, with a view to the formation of a School of Industrial Art and Design," delivered at the Medical College Theatre. Colonel Goodwyn is an officer of the Bengal Engineers and is therefore professionally qualified for the great work of which the lecture is intended to be the forerunner. We have very recently, it is true, lent our advocacy to the system of education now pursued in the Government Schools and Colleges, and taken some of our contemporaries to task for clamouring for practical education from a quarter from which moral and intellectual education alone is due, yet our sympathies are as deeply interested in the object Colonel Goodwyn has in view, as those of any body else. We are fully alive to the great fact that the Hindoos, in order to regain their rightful position amongst the peoples of the world, must be less a nation of dreamers and more a nation of practical men; we are painfully cognizant of the meaningless aversion to independent labour with which the middling classes of our community are grievously possessed. We shame to own it—but own it we must—that a native gentleman will serve rather as the factotum of a European guilder, cabinet maker or house builder, than become a guilder, cabinet maker or house builder on his own account. This is owing, we believe, to our tendencies being thoroughly quiet and unassuming. Setting up on one's basis necessarily requires enterprise and a carelessness for consequences. The Hindoo, in whom the element of foolhardiness is either wholly wanting or, if existing, exists only in an imperceptible degree, is both by principle and habit afraid of risking his patrimony and credit in a bootless speculation. The Englishman will pass through the Insolvent Court and then return to his position in society to shake hands and crack the jest of lightheartedness with the man he has ruined, without the slightest compunctions of conscience, but the Hindoo is gifted with no such happy faculty, and hence he is the steadfast enemy of the principle "Better to reign in hell than serve in heaven."

Small profits and a limited responsibility are of infinitely greater value to him than high returns and ruinous risk. Herein no doubt he is wise and consistent. But he withdraws the feeling of diffidence to an extent certainly harmful. He readily lends himself to other people's desperate adventures, and when the bubble bursts, is content to pocket his loss with the grace of a Stoic, but he will not enter into an adventure on his own account though Calchas swore the spec would bring in certain profit. This is what we deprecate. Perhaps, however, there is a reason for this too. The mechanical trades and occupations are what our countrymen, at least the respectable portion of them, have no idea of. Practical Mechanics or Engineering forms no portion of their education. From the *Patshala*, where they make their first acquaintance with the alphabet and numerals, to the college in which they receive their glaze and finish, they have no more practical idea of manufacturing than they have of the old woman in the moon. The end and aim of their education is to make them either accountants or letter writers. Evidently when everybody carries his wares to the same stall the surfeit in the market causes a diminution of profit to the vendors, and *Kerames* are accordingly at a dead discount. Some other stall must be set up, and we are glad that Colonel Goodwyn has come forward with a practical plan of operations. We are glad also that not contenting himself with an argument of words merely, he has—and the affair bears on its face the most distinguished paternity—further caused the assembly of a meeting in the house of Mr. Pratt, the very able and right-minded President of the Bethune Society, for the purpose of giving working impetus to his skeleton proposal. Mr. C. Allen the Financial Secretary to Government, was in the chair and the meeting was very respectably attended. If the plan of a School of Art succeed, Colonel Goodwyn will have established an undoubted title to the gratitude and respect of our countrymen. Caste prejudices will doubtless throw some obstacles in the way of the proposed school, but caution and perseverance can surmount every difficulty. Eugene Sue puts into the mouth of his Claude Gerard, the very philosophical truth "there is no condition in life which an honest man cannot fill with dignity." It would however be necessary to give sufficient ventilation to this truth, and it should be thoroughly impressed upon the minds of our countrymen in order to fit them for the state of society which the intended school is calculated to

usher in. The educated natives will have, we daresay, no such false delicacy as that we are afraid of. On the contrary, we have an instance of a very intelligent and worthy young man having thrown up a lucrative appointment in one of the Government offices and left his family and connections for a distant locality for the purpose of commencing pottery business on European principles. He had all but succeeded when certain untoward circumstances compelled him to give up the good work and forsake the scene of his labours. In France, after the revolution, respectable individuals joined the several *devoirs* and trades-unions and raised industrial art to a state of perfection unknown in former ages. The young mechanics, as graphically described by George Sand in his *Companion to the Tour of France*, proceeded to work in the following order—"We work and we study as we stop in one city and another, we have our workshops and our schools, where we are each other's scholars." There is a glory in excellence, and the efficient joiner and architect are as useful members of society as anybody else. India is full of raw materials which are mouldering in neglect for want of men to work them into forms and fashions. The resources of the country will never be developed unless the children of the soil learn the way to develop them. Colonel Goodwyn tells us that Dr. Hunter's élèves at Madras have already effected wonders, why may not the native of Calcutta achieve similar success? We shall have great pleasure in noticing the future proceedings of the Committee that has been formed for giving effect to the gallant Colonel's plans and schemes. For the present, we will conclude by giving the committee a little wholesome advice; let them humour Old Bengal, for Old Bengal has still the power to mar the glorious work before them in the same manner as they marred Mr. Bethune's plan of female education; let the orthodox members of the Hindoo community be consulted on the subject; let them feel an interest in the matter, and we will promise success.

The Paris Exhibition.

[Reprinted from the Hindoo Patriot, April 20, 1854]

In the midst of war we are in peace ! While Europe is arming
in defence of invaded treaties—whilst the din of the coming on-
slaught is already roaring afar like distant thunder, whilst

“ Such daily cast of brazen cannon,
And foreign mart for implements of war ;
And such impress of shipwrights, whose sore task,
Does not divide the Sunday from the weeks,”

indicates that Bellona is putting on her armour and sending
round her beacon light, Europe is preparing also for a grand *mela*,
as we say in India, in which the world's arts and riches shall carry
their tribute and deposit their *chef d'œuvre*. Napoleon III is deter-
mined to convert Paris into a duplicate Crystal Palace and revel
in a Universal Exhibition. He is doubtless governed in this whim
by state reasons as well as individual pride. Although from the
prints furnished to us by illustrated magazines and other pictorial
works, the Emperor would seem to wear a rather repelling exterior
reminding one, of the

“ —uncouth, salvage and uncivil wight,
Of grisly hew and foul ill-favoured sight.”

whom Spenser introduces to his readers with the hideous label—
Avarice, yet considering what moderate use he has as yet made
of power, and how though not wanting in strength, he nevertheless
has bound down the inclination to blaze away at his neighbours,
we are disposed to compose sonnets on the Emperor's beard ! And
further when we call to mind the scene in Dunkirk with the Emperor
letting in a whole volley of kisses on the stout dark-eyed sea-
nymphs who in accordance with the immemorial usage presented him
with the silver fish, Louis Napoleon melts into the hero of romance
and his dark rough features soften down apace into the features
of an Adonis. Whatever may be the motives that suggested the
Grand Exhibition, one thing is certain that it will be productive of

vast benefit to the cause of civilization. The union and assemblage of different nations of the globe for a rational purpose is suggestive of sociality and improvement. And considered with reference to the scene of blood and carnage that is looming in the distance, the exhibition looks like an oasis in the midst of a desert. These grand international meetings should be encouraged. The Olympic games and the Amphictyonic council bound together ancient Greece in a cement which the countless armies of Xerxes could not dissolve. In connection with this subject we would suggest that a Universal exhibition be held in Calcutta. The Metropolis of British India is indeed well worthy of such a show. The present pacific relations between our Government and the rulers of Asia is favorable to such a scheme, and we would exceedingly wish that the Governor General move in the matter. India is decidedly far behind civilized Europe and America in the modes and appliances by which science stimulates production and has overcome nature in her career of progress. The Hindoos are unfortunately held down by a religion, which they have not yet the moral courage to defy, from travelling into distant countries and importing innovations. They have as a nation scarcely any idea what enlightened Europe has achieved in the Departments of art and industry. A universal exhibition will give them that idea and lead native ingenuity—inferior in no respect to the ingenuity of any other nation in the world—into a field hitherto neglected and unexplored.

Marriage Settlements of the Hindoos.

[Reprinted from the Hindoo Patriot, April 20, 1851]

Man is a vain animal and that comes as a corollary to his gregariousness. From the wanderer over the prairies of Australia to the most finished pattern of humanity in the civilized corner of cockney land, this peculiarity manifests itself in his social and economical condition with a greater or less degree of intensity. The world is a vast vanity stage and the performers in it from the prince to the peasant, from the philosopher to the sot, move about in a perpetual whirl of ambition and littleness, fustian and fiddle-faddle ! National and conventional customs and usages may be traced to the same spring from which individual peculiarities arise. They are in fact only the time honoured aggregate of solitary idiosyncrasies. What are fashions in either dress or manners ? They are the effect of human vanity striving to vie with the fancied excellencies of what ignorant men have been bred up to look upon as the *haut ton*. And yet there is no lack of sensible people encouraging established custom which bears down upon society with a sort of prescriptive authority. Every trait in the character of a nation may be traced to causes as unerring as nature. The residents of bold mountainous countries take the hue of their nature from their rocks, for human vanity is at work, and with them boldness forms the beau ideal of human excellence. In countries intersected by vast rivers and roaring cataracts, navigation necessarily is all the rage, and human vanity seeks to subjugate the waters by an effort of the intellect. In both these instances locality establishes custom and the bent of the national mind is diverted into other channels by only extraordinary revolutions. In India our national habits have sprung out of our religion and that again owes its paternity to local causes. The fictions of the poets have invested our gods and our goddesses with an idea of grandeur and wealth which finds ready sympathy in the heart of the Hindoo, and hence the ceremonial part of our faith is yoked with

an extravagance which to those that are beyond the influence of that faith, appear foolish and unmeaning.

Oriental wealth suggested the notion of extravagance and although the wealth has disappeared, the notion still continues to bore and torment us. A false and artificial feeling of propriety has ripened into second nature, and sure enough it is a curse. What originally was free will has now become fate; and by a combination of circumstances, the thread of which is now invisible, the Hindoos have fallen into the trap prepared by their ancestors and patronised by themselves. Marriage, the holy institution by which two hearts are united into one, has been turned into a matter-of-fact, worldly, sordid thing of barter and low haggling. Undoubtedly European customs are not very far removed from this type, but there exists a vast difference between European and Hindoo marriages—English misses may remain old maids to the end of time without any singular dishonor attaching to their state of celibacy. Some remain unmarried through inclination, others through necessity. But in India the case is far different. You may starve and you may be in jail, but you must marry your daughter at the prescribed age. If you fail to do so you are an outcast and an abomination, your friends will desert you, your credit will sink, and you will continue to live a pariah amongst men. Nobody is of course ambitious of such inglorious singularity, and the anxious father accordingly counts the minutes of his daughter's existence with a heavy heart! *Coute que coute* when the hour comes he must bestow her in wedlock with a little fortune, and this little fortune perhaps it has taken him years of toil and parsimony to accumulate. If, unfortunately he happen to be the father of more female children, the troubles of King Danaus light upon him, though of course in another shape. In the North West, where the evils we are depicting equally exist and perhaps in a higher degree, the unfortunate father is driven to infanticide. What, ask we, gives such an enduring vitality to the mischief? The answer is self-evident—vanity, misdirected pride, sottishness. The remedy is in our own hands, but the same bugbear intervenes and scares us away from reform. Custom is a high Tory conservative, and radicalism must wait with constant dripping in order to wear it away. The grand movements now being made in the North Western Provinces, the Punjab, and Jummoo, on the subject of marriages

do honor to the great chiefs who have come forward to arrest the progress of infanticide, and their proceedings ought to call up a sympathetic echo in the hearts of our Gangetic countrymen. True, the mild denizens of Bengal cannot find it in their hearts to smother the infant cry and imbrue their hands in baby blood, yet expensive marriages are as great a curse here as anywhere else, and it should be the endeavour of every well-wisher of his country to put a stop to them. We wish the heads of our community will agitate the subject.

The Department of Public Works.

[Reprinted from the Hindoo Patriot, May 4, 1854.]

The Military Board is under a brisk operation of the shears. The Commissariat is already independent of the three old men under whom she was fast subliming into a paradox, and here is the Department of Public Works severed for aye from the rotten tree. At sea, when the monsoon overtakes a luckless vessel and throws her upon her lee side, the first step towards righting her is to hew away a portion of her heavy mast. Joteepersaud's trial which disclosed a world of abuses in the Military Board raised the storm before whose fury the old Establishment is decimating. The era for Boards and Committees has passed away. A single responsible officer acting under settled rules is worth a dozen superannuated old gentlemen guiltless of the least attempt at method and transacting business in the dear old style of 1799. In the age of Railways, Electric Telegraphs, Ballooning, the existence of such boards is a greater curiosity than even the mummies! It is a wonder how they got on at all after mankind had eschewed pinafores and baby's rattles. Where celerity of action is a virtue every thing that tends to frustrate the desired speed becomes necessarily a crime. Even the wisdom of Nestor, if it be tardy, assumed the objectionable character of a bore. We publish elsewhere the rather lengthy edict by which the Department of Public Works has been relieved of the nightmare by which it had heretofore been bestridden. The arrangements for the appointment of Chief Engineers, Superintending Engineers, Executive Officers, Accountants, are sufficiently satisfactory, and we shall for the future be spared the disgraceful fact of a necessary and emergent Public Work being neglected for years merely because the Board could not find time to think over the matter. *Le roi s'avisera* is not suggestive of promptness or despatch. On the contrary it has always stood for a polite species of negation. With the Military Board, or as it is facetiously called—the Dilatory Board, *Le roi s'avisera* is the last stage of a question about to be shelved. We are glad that the standing joke is at last in a fair way of being over. The shortcomings of the East India Company in

respect of Public Works are attributable as much to the sluggish cumbersome agency through which the meagre liberality of the Court of Directors was hitherto doled out as to the Directors themselves. The Company's Government appears to ignore the species of praise which survives the fall of dynasties and the crush of nations. The Grand Trunk Road which is cited *ad nauseam* as a nonpareil in its way deserves the epithet in an opposite sense only, for it gives us a formidable account of yawning precipices, violent "solutions of continuity," and all sorts of antipodes to macadamisation. The Ganges Canal is the only great work of which our present rulers may boast. But even that will hardly color over the shameful neglect with which they have suffered the stupendous works of former masters of India to crumble in ghastly ruin or run into wilderness. The Ganges canal is nevertheless a great public work, but the Military Board had little to do with either its planning or its execution. It progressed under the indomitable care and superintendence of a single man—Colonel Cautley. The public has already come forward to do honor to him to whom honor is due, and a Town Hall meeting has voted him a bust and a service of plate. We trust that this distinguished mark of approbation emanating from the high and most influential members of the community of Calcutta will incite others to deeds as great and beneficial as that for which Col. Cautley is justly honored. The three Chief Engineers appointed under the recent order are men of undoubted talent with an established reputation. Their exertions are calculated to effect in the course of 3 months what the Military Board with its complement of three members, sometimes not on speaking terms with each other and always wrangling about a straw, could effect in as many years. We trust that we may not be deceived in our expectations and that a new era of improvement has dawned upon us.

The New School of Art and Industry.

[Reprinted from the Hindoo Patriot, May 4, 1854.]

Our readers are aware that a society has lately been formed in Calcutta for the promotion of education in Industrial Arts amongst the people of this country. The members have now submitted to the public a proposal for the establishment of a School of Design to instruct the youth of Bengal in drawing, etching, engraving and modelling. The advantage of such an institution is undeniable. We noticed the subject in one of our recent numbers while reviewing Colonel Goodwyn's lecture delivered at the Bethune Society. While our countrymen are making progressive improvement in every department of useful knowledge since their political connection with the British nation, in the Mechanical arts they are in as backward a state now as they were in the days of Munoo. That we, as a nation, possess ingenuity of the highest order in some particulars has not been denied. Prince Albert's Crystal Palace in London has decided that point, and we hope our reputation in this respect will be upheld in the like exhibition proposed to be held by Louis Napoleon. What is wanted is the proper culture and training of the aesthetic faculties which are to guide this skill, the want of which renders the productions of native art in many instances distasteful. Under the existing social system, the exercise of all mechanical arts is held in India in positive disrepute. A Brahmin or a Kyast would rather prefer asking alms at his neighbours' than be a mechanic, an engraver or a blacksmith. This aristocratic bearing, no doubt, has its advantages ; but while we bear no sympathy with those who are the uncompromising advocates of a levelling system, we must admit that the almost religious abhorrence with which a high caste Hindoo looks down upon the calling of the artizan is calculated to produce effects injurious to the real interest of the country. It prevents a man from entering an honest and independent profession to which he was not born, though he may be the best fitted for it by nature. Such a state of things is peculiarly hurtful to the middle classes of the community—those who have to live upon their own labor. The numerous educational institutions in and around

Calcutta and in the Provinces send forth annually a large number of educated youths who consider a clerkship in the Treasury or any other public office as the ultimatum of their aims and expectations. They would submit to the most insulting treatment which the caprice or the meanness of the heads of offices can inflict, but can never be prevailed upon to undertake the honorable and independent profession of the arts, even of the liberal kind. The market is already overstocked with these so called educated men ; are they to multiply without a corresponding increase in the means of honest livelihood ? This is a serious and important question for those of our countrymen who have the improvement of the social and moral condition of the people at heart. We admit there is a strong national prejudice to be overcome, before any change in the present system can be effected. But the difficulty is not insurmountable, and is worth being contended with. Already the people have commenced to think for themselves. The absurdity of regarding the employment of an engraver or a sculptor as beneath the acceptance of a high caste native is fast wearing off in Calcutta. The present is therefore the fittest time for the formation of an institution of the kind which the proprietors of the intended School of Arts have undertaken to found.

But this is not the only, or even the chief, benefit which may be expected to flow from the sort of education now proposed to be imparted on a systematical scale. Training of this sort is calculated to secure a higher end. The culture and development of the æsthetic faculties are essential to the progress of a nation. There is a connection between the imaginative and the ratiocinative powers of man whereby the proper direction of the former aids in the strengthening of the latter. If this holds true of individuals it is still more true of nations. In the present condition of our countrymen this influence of æsthetic education will be peculiarly efficacious. A general diffusion of refined and sound taste will promote a healthy mental action and one of its effects will be the destruction of the grosser part of Hindoo superstitions. We are a nation of idolaters, and so were the ancient Greeks. The idolatry of the latter people, however, never stood in the way of their progress, whereas Hindoo idolatry exercises a pernicious influence upon the national mind. It was in subservience to idolatrous purposes that the noblest productions of Greek artistic geniuses were created just as the masterpieces of modern Europe owe their existence to a similar impulse given by the spirit of Roman Catholic-

ism. The idols we worship on the contrary outrage taste, as the worship itself outrages all reason. Let our readers now consider what would be the effect of a body of artists with high conceptions and refined taste modelling the idol forms we worship. Superstition loses half its horrors when its extravagancies are corrected by good taste. This will be one of the effects. Another and a greater one will be to irresistibly force on the Hindoo mind a conviction of the grossness of the present religious practices of the nation. What is now absolutely necessary to ensure the progress of our nation is to disturb the optimism into which they complacently take refuge whenever an improvement is suggested and the School designed will according to the measure of its ability effectually contribute towards that end.

Colonel Goodwyn and Mr. Hodgson Pratt with whom the new scheme originates have placed us under much obligation by their active labour in promoting it and carrying it into execution, and we offer them in the name of our countrymen our warmest thanks for the anxiety and zeal they have manifested for their welfare on this as well as on many past occasions. They have shown that it is not derogatory to the position of the governing classes nor incompatible with their official usefulness, to occasionally come down from the state chair, and mix with the governed in the elaboration and execution of plans for the amelioration of the moral and material condition of the people of the soil.

We wish them all success in this new field of usefulness. Our countrymen who have the means and the will have now an opportunity of doing substantial good to the rest of the community. We hope that the call which has been made upon the public for support will be as unsparingly responded to as the importance of the undertaking deserves.

The Affair at Krishnagur.

The Shieks and the Zemindar.

[Reprinted from the Hindoo Patriot, May 4, 1854.]

A detachment of 30 Shiek irregulars with a Native officer returning from furlough was set upon by a party of Bengallees at or near Krishnagur and severely beaten. Rumour has invested this occurrence with a thousand shapes. At one moment we hear that the assailants were a party of Dacoits who with unparalleled coolness and audacity fell upon their prey in the face of God's sunshine, and we have had interesting homilies on the state of the Bengal Police, *Lahulism* and such like fruitful themes. This is the version of the *gobe-mouche* and wonder hunter. Another account states that the Shieks had made a slight mistake in geography and chronology and having under its influence taken Krishnagur for Goordaspoor or Rawalpindi, and the current year for the good old days in which the Khalsas enacted their wholesale tragedies in the Punjab, they pounced upon a brace of village belles and endeavoured to supply their want of women after the manner in which Romulus helped himself and his subjects to that very necessary commodity 26 centuries ago. A battle on a little scale necessarily ensued, and as bloodshot-eyes and Naperian beards do not take with the mild damsels of these parts the ravished creatures refused point blank to close the encounter by throwing themselves amongst the combatants. Their spoilers accordingly came in for lots of broken bones and—served them right. This is the story of the fifth hearer after the eye witness. Another account states that the Shiek soldiers having landed upon the Indigo plantations of a certain powerful native Zemindar and unwittingly damaged a portion of the crops, came under the displeasure of the great man who mustered a little army of lattials and himself mounted on an elephant led the charge. This it requires no great discernment to tell, is the got up fib of an indigo planter. The last and most probable version of the affair is that the followers of the Gooroo unable to resist the charms of a couple of *Choor* beauties who

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were working in an Indigo field along with their brothers, took the liberty of making off with them *en cavalier*. The brothers of these women proceeded to the rescue, but they were two against thirty and summary chastisement followed their rash attempt. The ryots working in the same field unable to restrain their feelings charged the Shieks, but the latter had made away with their captives before their enemies could muster in sufficient numbers. In the mean time a neighbouring Indigo planter who owed an ancient grudge to the Zemindar in whose lands the *Dangah* occurred, catching opportunity by the forelock, resolved to have a fling at his old friend and siding with the Shieks caused the ravished women and their brothers to be concealed in a convenient corner of his own factory. He then like an able Diplomatist sent notice of the affray to the magistrate and with considerable show of public spirit set about aiding the Police in the investigation of the case. The ruse took effect and we fear our rich countrymen will come in for a scrape unless a rigid and impartial enquiry be instituted.

The Gagging Order.

[Reprinted from the Hindoo Patriot, May 11, 1854.]

Poor Captain Jacob of the Scinde Irregular Horse has ruined himself by publishing with his name the strictures on the discipline and economy of the Company's Army which we reviewed in a previous issue. Over and above the rough wig which Lord Fitz Clarence rammed into his throat, his conduct, it now appears, was reported in no favourable light to the Court of Directors who shook their wise noddles, stared in wonder and amazement, then frowned like Jupiter on Olympus, and hurled their thunder and lightning on the unfortunate culprit. We have not been admitted into the Court's Despatch about Jacob's jacobinism bodily, but from the fragment promulgated by Lord Dalhousie in the general order extracted below it is pretty certain that the poor Irregular is done for, floored, ruined. The Court of Directors have always shown a particular aversion to publicity. There is no mistaking the latent cause of all that nervousness. Publicity in a constitutional Government like that of England or America is the furnace that purges all the dross from the nugget and refines and malleates what was originally rough and misshapen. But publicity in the realm of the despot is the dagger of Marcus Brutus, the arrow of William Tell. The Turk hides his horridness under a mask, and so long as mankind is content to look only at the outside of things, through sheer laziness, the Turk will no doubt reign omnipotent. But the hour that raises curiosity in the human mind and incites the oppressed to examine into the grounds of the oppression, the covenant under which one man arrogates to himself the mastery over a hundred millions, that hour the fate of despotism is sealed. When Martin Luther denounced the hollowness of Popery, the Christian world had learnt the value of positive truth, and the veil with which the successors of Saint Peter had endeavoured to stifle the curiosity of the laity was rent into tatters by the headlong fury of regenerated thought. Mysticism may succeed for a while and delude its imposers into a sense of security, but the lull before the tempest has an awful meaning, and the progressive character of society rises above the rod of the tyrant. To gag intelligent men is therefore by no means the best

way to enforce their obedience. On the contrary there is wisdom in letting discontent have its full vent in idle words,

“ They do not act that often jest and laugh,

“ ’Tis old but true, still swine eat all the draff.”

Let us see what chance there exists that the Court’s gagging orders will be respected. The press of this country owes its main support to the contributions of Military officers. They have the most leisure upon their hands for literary work, and their position enables them to discuss matters in a fair gentlemanly manner. The *cacoethes scribendi* is so natural to educated men having little to do that it is irresistible and folios of G. O.’s can hardly cure the itch. Under such circumstances it is clear that the Court’s orders will effectually make the officers of the Indian Army a parcel of hypocrites. This is really a less desirable result than that when the Sir Oracle of the Company’s, be it Governor General or Officiating Deputy Assistant Secretary Lieutenant so and so, speaks no dog should bark ! We have over and over declared that questions affecting the weal of the many are never the worse off for a little judicious ventilation. All civilized governments ought to bear in mind that their power is merely derivative, and that because a member of the general polity consents for the benefit as well of himself as that of the public to accept service under the state, he does not thereby forfeit the title of a free born citizen to give expression to his opinions regarding measures to which he may take objection. On the contrary his official experience should peculiarly qualify him for leading the public mind into the correct channel of thought, and to a government that builds not its power on the complement of bayonets at its service, but on the reverence and affection of its grateful subjects, such discussion is fraught with manifold advantages. But Evil seeks darkness and the East India Company is certainly not in a position to bear the light.

State of Affairs in China.

[Reprinted from the Hindoo Patriot, May 11, 1854.]

It never rains but pours. Three years ago when Prince Albert was elaborating his Crystal palace and sending cards to all the nations round for a general merry making in jolly London glittering with the arts and wealth of a hundred empires, the most gifted soothsayer could hardly catch a glimpse of the dark lowering forms that were watching in the background the festival, planning death and devastation to the world so soon as the enthusiasm of joy shall have subsided. The war fiend is already stamping about in Europe. The red thunder will ere long rake up the echoes of the Danube and a mighty nation will probably drink of the bitter cup of defeat and humiliation. But the war fiend is not satisfied with the hurly burly which he has created in the Western continent. He is sending his furies even into the East. From the accounts received from China, we are led to believe that the foreigners in the celestial empire, are not likely long to maintain the neutral and pacific position which it was hitherto their boast that they did maintain in the teeth of the civil wars of the imperialists and insurgents which promised them such a glorious opportunity for diving into the politics of the Chinese Empire and profiting by a judicious intermeddling. Elsewhere we republish the manifesto by the British Consul at Shanghae detailing the circumstances that operated to disturb the peaceful views and intentions of the British, and American Governments with respect to the Chinese and lead to an open rupture with a portion of the Imperial levies. It appears that the Chinese troops with the most wanton disregard of the consequences, had attacked and plundered the house of an eminent English merchant in Shanghae. This attack was followed by a general firing on the foreigners in the city in various places. A representation was made by the consulates against these unprovoked aggressions, but the mandarins did not either care to stop the soldiery in their career of violence or they did not possess the power to do so. Be that as it may, the settlers could not go to bed with easy hearts so long as the camp of the Imperial Army was

permitted to stand in the city of Shanghai, and they accordingly represented to the proper authorities the desirableness of having them removed to a safe distance. This representation did not tell, and the British and American Consuls were compelled in self defence to exact compliance at the point of the sword. The men-of-war landed their crew and aided by the volunteers succeeded in dispersing the Chinese encampment and ridding the city of the soldiery. This passage of arms will no doubt precipitate hostile measures and we shall not be surprised to hear that the Chinese have mustered a strong force and are coming down to drive the Feringhees into the sea. In that case war must follow and the English will be compelled to disavow their peaceful policy.

The Shoe Question Again.

[Reprinted from the Hindoo Patriot, May 11, 1854.]

The result of a recent observation brought to our notice has convinced us that the genus *Nabob* is not yet entirely extinct in this country, and that it was a mistake which naturalists have hitherto laboured under in classing the animal under the feline instead of under the asinine order. The European who, having learnt to jabber Persian to swallow *Pulaw*, interdicts his native visitors from entering his chamber with their shoes on, is decidedly an ass—such an ass as men occasionally become and generally describe an ass to be: for, to be honest, we must admit that the genuine ass of nature is one of the noblest creatures in the world, and there is not more justice in calling him a stupid being than in characterising excesses of drunkenness and sundry other purely human vices by the term “beastly.” It is difficult to reason with these animals. We shall nevertheless endeavour to convince them that they are egregiously unconscionable in requiring that Baboos and Moulvies should slipshoe themselves at the entrance of their lairs. It is true that a native entering a native’s chamber leaves his shoes behind; but it must be remembered that those chambers are covered with something cleaner and more costly than the solitary mat which covers the nakedness of a European’s floor. We sit in our own rooms cross-legged on a soft *Bechouna*; we have to hang by the middle in the apparatus called a chair in a European’s room, with our feet requiring half an inch leather over them to protect them from the cold and dust. A native gentleman is incapable of being intentionally uncivil; it is a sheer physical necessity which compels him to take his shoes into a European’s room.

The above remarks are intended for the special edification of a certain military academician in Calcutta who has recently left his regiment, and now presides over one of the first educational institutions in Calcutta. It is necessary to add that they are not meant for a far higher personage who is now engaged in discussing a set of rules for regulating the admission into the viceregal palace of native shoes divorced from worsted stockings.

The Jorasanko Theatre.

[Reprinted from the Hindoo Patriot, May 11, 1854.]

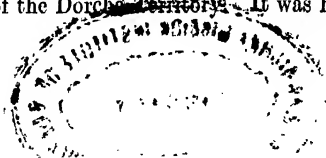
The rage for theatre-making has usurped in Calcutta the place of pyrotechnics and such tomfoolery. This is decidedly a change for the better. And although such playing as that which we witnessed on the evening of the 4th instant at the Jorasanko Theatre is calculated rather to disgust than amuse the lovers of the Drama, yet as it aimed at establishing a rational principle we can find it in our hearts (notwithstanding the shockingly bad acting of the majority of the performers) to applaud the spirit in which the Theatre was got up. The scenery and the stage decorations were extremely creditable, and with an efficient corps dramatique the Jorasanko Theatre could indeed be made the means of affording intellectual recreation to those who for want of better amusement are not wont to spend their money on the most contemptible species of pleasure. We understand that the proprietors of the Theatre have incurred considerable expense in fitting it up and it is a pity that their object should have been so woefully frustrated through an injudicious selection of the *dramatis personae*. The play of Julius Caesar requires skilful acting, but with the exception of Cassius and Casca, the whole of the performers sang or blustered through their parts in utter manglement of Will. Shakespeare. Cassius was well represented by a young man named Juddoonauth Chatterjea, an expupil of the Oriental Seminary. The young gentleman seemed to feel what he acted and having by nature the advantage of a "lean and hungry look," he did very well indeed for the Roman Conspirator. We could wish that the other actors knew their parts as well. Brutus, though acted shockingly enough by a burly young man with a very thick mustachio, was nevertheless not so grating to the taste as Caesar or Calphurnia. The former roared and raved like either a maniac or a drunkard, the latter horribly coated over with paint and varnish squeaked like a pig or a ninny. As for Mark Anthony, by Jingo ! he looked more like an undertaker than a valiant Roman and his speech over the dead body of Caesar so thoroughly disgusted us that we left the theatre before the weeping and wailing was over. We have a bit of wholesome advice for our young

friends, who we beg will take our criticism in good part. We ourselves are the most steadfast admirers of the Drama. Nothing will give us greater pleasure than to behold Shakespear springing into new life under the histrionic talent of our educated countrymen, but we cannot calmly look on while the old gentleman is being murdered and mangled. Let the Jorasankowallahs take in hand a couple of good Bengallee plays and we will promise them success. Or if Shakespear is all the go, let them select intelligent performers, and at all events dispense with the teaching of Mr. Clinger—that man will spoil everything.

The Confiscation of Jhansi.

[Reprinted from the Hindoo Patriot, May 18, 1854.]

Lord Dalhousie is determined to shame the devil and beat even Nicholas hollow in the matter of forcible appropriation of neighbouring states, without the shadow of a pretext to color his grasping policy. We have already seen by what a clumsy coup of political legerdemain, the autocrat of all the Indies wrested Nagpore from the hands of its rightful prince, and here is another instance of the enlightened British statesman flying in the face of justice, law and treaty, in order to settle his talons on Jhansi. The Autocrat of Russia presumed to occupy a rood of Turkish ground in the cause—as he maintains—of the religion of which Europe acknowledges the sway, and the Nemesis of invaded rights roused England and France from the sleep of peace and is sending them forth to battle. But an Indian Governor General is chartered to destroy dynasties with a scratch of his quill and the cry of the injured is smothered in the din of the roaring waters that separate him from the land of liberty. The Nagpore case was a most disgraceful one, but that one of Jhansi is shocking. There is no merit in mangling a corpse, but to grant life to the lifeless is an attribute of Divinity. An Indian statesman virtually exercises more power than the greatest despot in Europe. He is thrust among a people whom ages of oppression have accustomed to a state of feeling which resignation to fate and obedience to superior authority constitute the leading features. Popular demonstration which deluged revolutionised France with the best blood of the land, and threw the governments of the continent into consternation is an agency which seldom starts up in this country to strike aside the hand of the despot. The Governor General gets up one fine morning and declares Nagpore shall be British; and Nagpore accordingly becomes British without a shot being fired. Next day he casts his eyes upon Jhansi, and Jhansi forthwith is wrested from its queen and prince. Such arbitrary proceedings are as disgraceful to the British name as those for which Warren Hastings stood impeached before the House of Peers, for which Czar Nicholas has roused the ire of allied Europe. The principality or Raj of Jhansi was originally founded by the Mahrattas in the year 1745 out of the debris of the Dorché Territory. It was held as a subordinate soubah



of the Peishwa until the transfer of the dominions of that potentate to the rising empire of the English rendered it an independent sovereignty acknowledged and respected by the treaty of 6th February 1804. In 1825 the Soubadar of Jhansi agreed to pay an annual tribute of Rs. 74,000 into the treasury of the Company and maintain a body of troops which afterwards formed a portion of the Bundelcund Legion. The amicable relations on which the Treaty of 1804 was based were never disturbed, and at the request of Sheo Rao the British Government agreed to recognise as his successor his grandson Ramchand Rao, a lad of 8 years who was to be under the guardianship of Gopal Rao Bhow, one of his grandfather's most faithful officers. On the accession of Ramchand Rao to the Raj of Jhansi in the year 1817, the Marquis of Hastings, then Governor-General of India, caused a fresh treaty to be drawn up and ratified on both sides. This treaty comprised ten articles the gist of which may be given in a few words.

1stly. The chief of Jhansi was to hold and possess the territories left by his grandfather in perpetuity and through his heirs and successors.

2ndly. The State of Jhansi was to be under British protection, and in case of invasion from abroad or rebellion within, the British Government was to interfere with either armed force or diplomacy in order to protect the Chief.

3rdly. The Chief bound himself to abide by the mediation of the British Government.

4thly. The Chief was to maintain a suitable force for the defence of the territory which was to be under the orders of an English general on the occasion of hostilities.

5thly. The Chief was to defend the passes and roads against a foreign enemy attempting to penetrate into the Company's dominions through the Jhansi country.

6thly. The forces of the British Government were to be allowed to pass through or remain stationary in, the possessions of the Chief on an emergency requiring the necessary occupation, and the officers and subjects of the Chief were to provide the needful supplies at the current rates of the day.



7thly. The Chief was not to enter into private correspondence with any other power without the consent and privity of the British Government.

8thly. The Chief was not to harbour any criminal or malefactor seeking protection against the laws of the British Government but he was on the contrary to give every aid in the capture of such fugitives.

Two other minor articles followed.

One would suppose that the above provisions were fully sufficient to render the state of Jhansi to all intents and purposes powerless for evil. Indeed the subsequent act of Lord William Bentinck conferring the title of Moharaja on Ramchand Rao bore evidence enough of the highly satisfactory manner in which the Mahratta chief had discharged the duties of a ruler. On the death of Ramchand Rao in 1835 the Raj of Jhansi devolved on his uncle Rughonath Rao. Gungadhur Rao, the last Raja of Jhansi, breathed his last in November 1853. This prince was set upon the throne by the English Government in opposition to Sookha Bace who had seized the Fortress of Jhansi and refused to give it up until a military demonstration was made. Gungadhur Rao happened however to be a man of weak intellect and little capacity. But as he was next of kin to the deceased chief Rughonath Rao, the British Government rather than countenance a stranger maintained him in the throne, appointing Colonel Ross as manager of the Raj. Gungadhur Rao a few days previous to his death, having no issue, adopted a young relative of his named Anund Rao, an infant of five years, as his son, and prayed that the British Government would recognize his choice. The Resident, Major Malcolm, was present at the ceremony and in due course, when Gungadhur Rao died, his widow assumed the reins of Government as regent to the young prince. The Governor General, however, refused to acknowledge the arrangement and the political agent was ordered to seize the Raj of Jhansi, its treasury and the private effects of the deceased Moharajah in the name of the East India Company. The better conscience of Lord Dalhousie returned for a while in March 1854, and the private property of the deceased chief was ordered to be restored to his widow to be held in trust for his adopted child. But the Jhansi Territory was reserved by the paramount power. The temptation of lording it over another 2,922 square miles, comprising 956 villages with a

revenue of about seven lacs of rupees per annum was too strong for the Indian Nicholas to resist, and the story of the dying man and his strong neighbour which is now being parodied and bandied about in England and France in mockery of the Russian autocrat was acted up to the letter. The higher morality cancelling the lower is a thesis of English origin, but its advocates will find that the ancient maxim of "honesty is the best policy" is of more universal belief and observance. By the Hindoo law the adopted child is equally privileged with the child of one's own body, and Anund Rao of Jhansi has as good a right to succeed to the powers and rank of Gungadhur Rao, as Gungadhur Rao himself had to succeed to those of the Rajah that preceded him. The Treaty of 1817 is definite and explicit in its provisions, and Lord Dalhousie would not have dared to tamper with it if there had at all been anything like a public opinion in India, or the semblance of a balance of power. Both this case as well as that of Nagpore, will certainly make two very interesting questions to move in Parliament.

We learn from the columns of a contemporary that the Ranees of Jhansi has engaged the services of Mr. Lang to prosecute the claims of her adopted son to the state to which he has become entitled upon the death of the Rajah, according to the Hindu Law. The annexation by Government was an act done in its executive political capacity and therefore is not subject to judicial investigation. The case is not open to the interference of a court of justice. The only hope which remains in such a case appears to us to be to represent it in its true colours to the people and Parliament of Great Britain.

Lieutenant Colonel Cantley.

[Reprinted from the *Hindoo Patriot*, May 18, 1854.]

The Governor General has published a very handsome acknowledgment of the important services rendered by Colonel Cantley to the state and the people of upper India by the excavation of a canal which promises to regenerate a sterile country, carry the plough into fields which since the creation of the world had probably been strangers to production, bid famine stop behind the Himalayas and not show his haggard face in a country which shall henceforth sow and reap without asking leave of the weather and transform a wilderness into an orchard. The power of man is indeed boundless. Science aided by human industry has rectified the blunders of nature. Colonel Cantley, like the prophet of Israel, struck with the trowel the flinty soil and there gushed forth a mighty stream. The idealist of ancient times dared not dream for fear of being called a fool and a maniac, what the realist of the present day has dared to accomplish. The most reckless storyteller in the thousand and one tales could hardly conceive that an electric wire could convey a whisper from China to the Capital of the Caliphs in the twinkling of an eye or that the iron horse would travel over a hundred miles in the course of three hours. The Ganges canal extends over nearly 500 miles and this work has been achieved in the course of eight years, a very short time certainly considering the country in which the work was to be accomplished. The Governor General expresses his regret that it is not in his power to confer titles and decorations on those to whose signal services he may otherwise be anxious to accord a lasting tribute. His Lordship can, however, recommend them to the favorable consideration of Her Majesty's government and the latter cannot justly withhold from merit its well deserved need. The successful general and the able Diplomatist are endowed with the honours of Knighthood and the peerage; why may not the Engineer who has given new life to an empire be similarly honored? The Ganges Canal will open a fresh era in the progress page of the British Dominion in India, for it will not only irrigate and fructify

what formerly was parched up and barren, but its navigable capacity will impart an impetus to trade and transport the refinements and civilization of Europe and America into the most distant corners of the North West. The resources of this country are vast and varied, but for want of a happy distribution of the overproduction of one locality amongst the surrounding population, we are not unfrequently saluted with the anomaly of gaunt famine resting side by side with overflowing plenty. We had occasion to mark the striking contrast between the prices current of one district with those of a contiguous one, in a former issue, whilst reviewing the price statements published under the authority of the Revenue Board.

We have doubts, however, as to whether the Ganges Canal will suffice for all the purposes for which it is designed. To be at once a canal of irrigation and navigation it will be necessary that the supply of water be uniformly maintained. During the rains no fears can exist on this point, but in the hot season when the simoom blows the desired depth of water will hardly be attained. The Canals on the eastern suburbs of Calcutta, though well fed, are nevertheless at certain hours of the day wholly void of water. When such a state of things occurs in a simply navigation canal, we cannot indulge ourselves with the hope that a better fate will await one on which large drains will be made for the purposes of irrigation. The experiment, however, is yet to be tried and let us hope for the best.

Native Judicial Officers.

[Reprinted from the Hindoo Patriot, May 25, 1854.]

Some of our contemporaries with a dash of the John Bull in them have been emptying out their souls in prodigious quantities of *copy*, on the subject of native qualification for a Judgeship in the Small Cause Court and a Magistracy in the Police. Russomoy's death has created a vacancy in the former and Roy Hurro Chunder Ghose's proposed transfer is expected to create an opening in the latter. Europeans are naturally jealous of power, and caste prejudices are too strong for even an enlightened heart and a clear head to stem against. It has been benevolently suggested that the vacancy in the Small Cause Court should be split into two appointments to be filled up by natives having jurisdiction only in cases involving sums not exceeding Rs. 20, and that too in matters in which only natives may be concerned. The spirit which dictated this selfish and impertinent proposal is too gross to preserve an honorable incognito. The patriots that raved and ranted in the Town Hall four years ago when Mr. Bethune's specific for the arrest of Anglo-Saxon violence and unlaw in the mofussil made its appearance in the state Gazette, and set all Calcutta by the ears, could not have cheered their leader for the expression of a more illustrious piece of liberalism than that which some of our contemporaries have been attempting to lick into shape and fashion for the use and adoption of Lieutenant Governor Halliday. It is a continuation of the remarkable conceit which ended with the sublime peroration that it is beyond the power of Government to make "unequals equal." So long as this antagonism between the conqueror and the conquered exists, and the Government fosters the spirit by allowing itself to be turned away from the path of justice by the senseless clamour of a few expatriated John Bulls, so long shall India be a wilderness notwithstanding the natural advantages which she so pre-eminently possesses. To talk of natural or conventional distinctions as a bar to the prospects of the deserving, is to do as acrilige to the spirit of the age in which Christian potentates have leagued for the support of Moslem Sultan against the aggressions of a Christian power. The times are decidedly utilitarian, and merit is the sole standard by which mankind are accustomed to judge of the fitness or unfitness of a man for a given duty. No doubt it is galling to the feelings of

a race that are wont to look upon themselves as the beau ideal of dignity, intelligence and worth, to stand at the bar of a Court presided over by a Hindoo Judge, but the suitor for Justice has no business to bring his feelings into Court. He claims the protection of the law, and so long as that end is served, he has no more right to take objection to the caste, creed or color of the officer that adjudicated his case, than he has to indulge in a quality whine because the *culcherry* furniture was not made of polished mahogany or the Judge put on spectacles ! Such a man will no doubt get enough of credit as a dandy or a cox-comb but his character for sense and judgment will suffer a heavy discount in the estimation of educated men. We are surprised that an English journalist should, in the face of an enlightened press, proclaim aloud such a monster sentiment. The judicial fitness of the native of India has been established by evidence too strong, circumstantial and positive, to be sullied by the breath of slander. Whatever may have been Russomoy Dutt's other virtues, not even his most persevering enemy will deny him the merit of having made a first rate Judge. And yet Russomoy was neither a great nor extraordinary man. On the contrary we can single out from the mofussil bench almost at random, judicial officers who in respect of legal acumen, ability to weigh and classify evidence and etceteras of a Judge, could have thrown Russomoy into the shade in a couple of hours' trial of merit. These certainly are capable of doing something more useful and dignified than settling the claims of Ramchunder Moody against Prem Narain Doss for dhol, rice and firewood sold, Rs. 7-3-9.

The proposal to restrict the native judge to cases of this nature, if adopted, will be a certain step towards bringing the Small Cause Court Judgeship into disrepute with respectable men, leaving it to be competed for only by pettifoggers of the lowest ability and still lower habits, men—who like a certain celebrity that applied to Government not many years ago for a vacant magistrate-ship in the Calcutta Police, offering to serve the state for half the salary drawn by the last incumbent and which application was very indignantly thrust into the Secretariat Rubbish box with the contempt that it deserved—scruple not to compromise every honorable principle for the sake of a place !

The Stud.

[Reprinted from the Hindoo Patriot, May 25, 1854.]

The stalwart Board that had for years defied the thunder and the breeze, is at last withering away branch by branch. The fiat has gone forth and the Stud Department has escaped the sleepy hollow to which it was hitherto condemned under the auspices of the Military Board. A general order by the Governor General in Council which we elsewhere republish, proclaims that henceforward the Jockey Master General for the East Indies shall be an independent body having "individual, direct and prompt authority over everything in the Stud Department" and who "will bear direct and individual responsibility to Government for the right management of the things under his orders."

This very potent officer will draw a staff salary of Rs. 1,500 a month. So far so good. But will Colonel Birch or whoever recommended the perpetuation of the stud business, allow us to ask him, *cui bono* all this useless expense? The rearing of Cavalry and Artillery horses was no doubt an affair of some moment in the early ages of British Dominion in India. The country then swarmed with the mounted irregulars of independent native princes and the supply of remounts for the Company's Army was therefore subjected to a serious drain. Since the period we are speaking of a change has come over the spirit of India's dreams. The dusk horsemen of Poonah, the roving Pindarees with their prancing steeds and flashing spears, the Rohilla horse the terror of their foes, the Belooch warriors of Scinde, all these have disappeared from the face of the country. The mighty potentate of Lahore who with his countless cavalry realised in India "The Field of the Cloth of Gold" of European celebrity, has also passed away from the panorama of the world. His empire is now British and his once invincible Khalsas have been scattered to the four winds of heaven

"No more to conquer or to bleed."

The wholesale annihilation of the great armies that threatened to strike down the conquering Saint George to the dust, and turn the English back into the ships that bore them to these shores, has left the ground clear for our rulers and any number of men and horses

that they may require may be raised at a moment's notice. Under such circumstances the expense of keeping up an enormous establishment to the detriment of more pressing calls upon the Treasury is not only needless but extravagant. The Stud Commission, if we remember aright, had declared that the expense of rearing a remount horse stood to the Company as much as 800 rupees. This decidedly is paying too dear for the whistle when animals of equal if not superior bone and sinew may be purchased from the native horse-dealer for a half of that sum. Indeed the occupation of Peshawur by the British ought to have opened a supply of horses from Cabool and the adjoining country. But the stud system by discouraging the trade has stopped up the supply altogether. It has been also productive of another serious injury. The commerce of Great Britain would have found wider scope in Asia if the trade in horses had found countenance from the British Government. For, the horse dealers would undoubtedly have invested their profits in articles of British manufacture with the view of obtaining a double profit on their capital, *viz.*, once in the Dominions of the English and a second time in their own country. Runjeet used to exact a heavy transit duty on horses passing through his territories and yet the fair of Hurdwar supplied of yore the demands of the independent princes of India. Under the government of the English even the abolition of the transit duties has not helped to support the trade in horses.

Indian Amlah.

[Reprinted from the Hindoc Patriot, June 1, 1854.]

Once upon a time an omedwar at the court of a Mahomedan potentate of India expressed his willingness to serve the sircar on any terms and in any office, and he vaunted that he would knock at fortune out of his place. The prince thereupon appointed him to various inferior offices and the omedwar rapidly rose in each and became wealthy. The King at last unable to think of a place in which the clever man would be least likely to maintain his boast, created a new office and appointed him Accountant General of the waves of the sea on the magnificent income of 16 cowries a month! The poor fellow assumed charge of his new duties and was for some time at a loss how to make them pay! Until his strong natural sense discovered to him the valuable ways and means. At that time the Portuguese and the Dutch had opened the water route between Europe and India and innumerable vessels laden with merchandise came bounding over the billows of the Indian Ocean to feed the growing luxury of the East. Our hero cast his longing eyes upon the treasure and said to himself, now or never! So he bawls out to the lusty mariners and bids them turn the ship's course for the King hath commanded him to count the waves of the sea and they must not be broken. The mandate of an Indian Sultan was, in those days, terrible as the "wrath of Kings" and the grim Cerberus was to be softened only by douceurs. So the Accountant General of the waves of the sea continued to levy contributions on each and every merchantman that crossed his beat and from 16 cowries a month he now became a master of crores. The story is peculiarly illustrative of the manner in which Indian officials are accustomed to make money out of nothing and turn the semblance of authority into a gold mine. The heads of offices unless peculiarly knowing men are little aware of the extensive and systematic extortion and *zoolum* which their amlah practise on all those that come into contact with them in the course of business, and even when the oppression is rendered patent to higher authority, the difficulty of convicting the delinquents in the manner prescribed by the law renders their punishment impossible. This difficulty arises from various causes. Popular feeling in the country has not yet attained to that high state of moral culture which generally goes by the name of public spirit. The praise-

worthy desire to expose an official with the view of stopping his career of evil, is seldom manifested by a people who shudder at the sight of a chuprassie and in whose affrighted vision the meanest Court Mohurri appears in the light of a huzzoor. The inaccessibility and *fortiter in modo* in which the generality of judges and magistrates consider it dignified for themselves to indulge, invest them with the sort of horror with which we approach a menagerie of wild beasts, and their amlah necessarily exercise all the powers and enjoy all the privileges of the showmen. If the covenanted officers of Government considered themselves less godlike and more human and descended from the top of their Olympus to hob nob for awhile with the grovelling crowd, we are sure that without losing any portion of their fancied dignity they would establish a hold on the confidence and affections of the people the good effects of which would be incalculable. The amlah will then lose the prestige of their power and cease to be looked upon as the only channels through which the ear of the huzzoor may be attained. This is not altogether a fanciful picture that we are filling in. Our position is established full well by the pleasing though rare instances of mofussil dignitaries that have shaken off the exclusiveness which a mistaken notion of duty and official bearing serve to foster and mingled freely with the respectable residents of the villages under their charge. The people of India, accustomed since the days of Mogul despotism to approach their rulers through the corrupt and nauseous channels of oppressive and heartless under-officers, will appreciate the boon of direct communication with the huzzoor in a degree hardly inferior to that with which the Russian serf acknowledges the generous bounty of the Czar at the annual feast in the palace in Peterhoff. There is another reason why the Amlah of the Mofussil Courts elude the consequences of their unworthy acts. The inhabitants of India have more so than any other nation in the world a large quantity of the milk of human kindness. That is, where an European will stick at nothing in order to ruin the individual who attempted to swindle him out of sixpence, the Hindoo will much rather give up the trifle than institute proceedings that may affect the bread of the extortioner. In this, perhaps, the religion of the land exercises a more potent influence than any innate notions of charity. The wrath of the Brahmin is deemed more terrible than the wrath of the King and as the Amlah of the several courts are plentifully recruited from that very hopeful order, the dread of incurring the sacred creature's anger operates considerably in deterring the suitor from representing their conduct to superior authority with an eye to their chastisement. And as the amount of injury sustained is generally such as is not likely to provoke

to any great extent the *lex talionis* tendency of the human soul, the little peccadillers are readily passed over. It is only in extraordinary cases of injury that a public note of censure is rung and the unfortunate official is handed up for punishment. People have, moreover, got so accustomed to these extra little inflictions that the individual who goes to law is prepared for them in the same manner as he is prepared to meet the charge of vakeel's costs and stamp fees. Hence the hardships resulting from the existing state of Amlah morality, though sufficiently felt by a large section of the community, is nevertheless not of that stamp which is calculated to force immediate relief. It is a chronic disease altogether and partial remedies will be unavailing. A sweeping change must come over the constitution of the Indian courts in order to present any hopes of the evil we are lamenting being altogether removed.

Suttee in Cutch

[Reprinted from the Hindoo Patriot. July 6, 1854.]

The suttee is an awful rite ; but better suttee than perpetual widowhood with the full complement of the hardships of monachism imposed by a rigorous superstition. The *Bombay Times* reports that the Rao of Cutch has just punished with a year's imprisonment a young man of the Charman tribe, the charge against whom consisted in his having permitted an aged mother numbering three score and ten years to perform self sacrifice on the burning pile of her deceased husband. Doubtless the extreme rigor of the law is not unnecessarily invoked for the prevention of a description of crime which like the horrid practice of Thuggee is recommended to its perpetrators by a supposed sanction of religion. The state of society in India as described in the poetical and religious works of ancient times and observable in its minutest integrity at the present day, was and is still marked by a development of the social and more specially connubial virtues to which scarcely a parallel is offered by the records of other countries. The Indian wife is a paragon of patience, obedience and fidelity. Her first duty is chastity or sutteeism, her second, chastity, her third, chastity. In fact, the females of India governed by a high, and we may say saintly principle of honor—, which does duty and very often stands in good stead for a great many other virtues which owing to their socially restricted position it is impossible that they can attain to, are in the majority of cases immaculate, angelic. In only the highest state of civilization must we look for many of those valuable and endearing accomplishments which the Hindoo woman possesses. The proudest inmate of the zenana does not, like the European portion of her sex, consider it derogatory to her dignity to serve her husband in even the meanest capacity. Under such excessive devotion the most hardened heart must melt away and soften. Hence arise those kindly and affectionate feelings which are so distinguishingly characteristic of a native family. The secluded position of the Hindoo wife does not, moreover, permit of her mind being distracted by multifarious objects of thought ; her husband is the be all and end all of her wordly bliss, and the death of the dear idol, as it closes the door to all future happiness, is necessarily mourned as a calamity of which death alone can remove the poignancy. For the origin of the suttee

we must look to the cause above particularised, and human legislation, though it may avert the horrid act, is yet powerless to control the spirit under which it attains popularity and a sacred character. So long as the root is allowed to exist, every attempt to check vitality by cutting away the shoot, must prove ineffectual. The horrid spectacle of a living being roasting herself over a brisk fire has been no doubt avoided, but the Suttee finds means to effect her dark purpose in a thousand other ways. Not many years ago, a Brahmin woman of Calcutta, who appeared to possess all the elements of a suttee but who owing to the altered law of the land could not indulge in a hot plunge on the funeral pile of her husband, accompanied the corpse to the Ganges without any of those external manifestations of grief so peculiar to the Hindoo female, but whilst the dead body was burning she gave it a long and steadfast look, then dashed into the river and disappeared before her friends could be aware of her purpose. These misguided creatures following the bent of an instinct moulded and matured by a horrible superstition, are evidently unaware of the awful character of suicide. This false light must be driven away by the light of knowledge, or it will last through ages. To this end every effort should be made to popularise female education. The native princes of India should be called upon to co-operate with the British Government in the glorious work. The potent influence of rewards should be exerted, and if a little vigour beyond the law can prove of any benefit, we don't know if we would object to its exercise.

Uncovenanted Officers.

[Reprinted from the Hindoo Patriot, July 27, 1854.]

It has been said, affirmed and sworn to that the bad collector is hoisted to the bench in order that the interests of the East India Company in the matter of rupees, annas and pice may not suffer, however the interests of the people as regards a correct and impartial distribution of justice may be affected by the arrangement. The circulators of this opinion are fully borne out in their attack upon the ethics of John Company by facts and examples. But consistency is seldom a virtue which our rulers are either ambitious to cultivate, or afraid of being taxed with the want of. The conscience of the Court of Directors has a twofold quality, the blunt side being invariably turned towards those who are not of the guild which constitutes the governing classes, and the delicate side towards those who are of it. Hence although the covenanted revenue officer is a pet, the uncovenanted Deputy Collector is adjudged to be sufficiently rewarded for a lifelong service amidst privations and dangers which only those that have been into the jungles of the Soonderbuns and the marshes of Chittagong can form some idea of, by the acme of prosperity represented by an income of Rs. 700 a month. It has been proved over and over by the help of facts and figures which admit not of being tampered with, that it is the under official whose energies are taxed in order that his pampered superior may get the credit of being an efficient and zealous officer, as the vitals of the London sempstresses are sacrificed to afford my Lady so and so the satisfactions of attracting half a dozen fashionable triflers to her suite on a ball night; yet the fortunes of the uncovenanted are at the present day in as desperate a condition perhaps as they were when the cry of injustice was first raised in their favor. We are progressing it is true to the salary paid to the gents with the silver spoons in their mouths when they for the first time exchange their moonshie for a sheristadar and set about learning their trade after the fashion significantly illustrated by Courtney Smith by the equally—though speaking with reference to conventional thoughts and feelings more palpably-objectionable practice of teaching a man anatomy by dissecting living beings. But the magnitude of our claims are but feebly met by the tardy liberality which has raised a Hindoo

to the Clerk Assistantship of the Legislative Council on a salary of Rs. 1,200 a month, another to the 3rd Judgeship of the Court of Small Causes on 12,000 a year, and a third to the Junior Police Magistracy on 9,500 per annum. It is but a mean acknowledgment of the very important aid rendered by the uncovenanted in the administration of the country to reward them after years of faithful service with emoluments which on a comparison of the relative salaries of the two services are contemptible. We are not ourselves any great favorers of gigantic establishments. Reduction is our watchword and motto, but reduction to be equitable must be universal. In India, people are accustomed to rate the respectability and worth of a man by the amount of salary received by him. In fine, as the external appearance of an official, the number of horses which he keeps, the fashion and cut of his coat, the costliness of his furniture and such like adventitious helps to respectability, determine his power and consequence, the influence of the low paid officer is considerably affected by his appearing in juxtaposition with one who receives infinitely higher emoluments. It has been contended that the natives of India being above those luxuries which to the European are indispensable necessities, an equalization or even approximation of the pay of the former to that of the latter will virtually be iniquitous. The argument is as impertinent as it is untenable. The natives of India have as much occasion for money as their European fellow subjects. Their private charities support crowds of widows and orphans, and because these are not paraded and advertised like the public charities of Europeans, our countrymen are reproached with stinginess. The state has moreover nothing to do with the expenses of its servants. It must remunerate with an even hand an equal amount of service, never mind what the creed, caste, color or necessities of its servants may be. The pay of the 2nd grade uncovenanted Deputy Collectors has been ordered to be raised to Rs. 600 per mensem from the 1st instant, and the fuss that is being made about this extraordinary liberality has suggested the foregoing remarks.

The Hindoo Social System.

[Reprinted from the Hindoo Patriot, July 27, 1854.]

The "Duties of the Educated Natives" was the title of an essay read at the last meeting of that excellent literary association, the Bethune Society. The merits of the paper were not such as to challenge attention. But a remark which escaped one of the members in the course of the discussions which followed the reading of the discourse deserves notice as indicating the prevalence of opinions of a very remarkable character amongst that section of the educated youth of this country who have received their training under European instructors.

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On the other hand, we are glad to observe that a certain class of educated men who resort to the Bethune Society have at last learnt to understand that Hindooism has a social as well as a religious aspect, and that it is something more than a bundle of formulae for regulating the rituals of an extremely ceremonious religion. We hence derive hope that the range of their vision will gradually extend wider, and that they will soon learn that a social system is not to be judged of merely by its effects upon the minor morals and the drawing-room manners of a small section of a community. We shall then find amongst our young countrymen a capacity to appreciate the real merits of the Hindoo social system, as well as detect its real defects. Until then, we must be prepared to see the relative importance of things estimated by the ridiculously false standard which has been adopted by the small literary coterie of Calcutta, Madras and Bombay.

We would only submit for the earnest consideration of this interesting class of our educated countrymen whether they have studied our social system with any other aid besides the writings of half educated fanatic missionaries, newspaper reporters and partisan pamphleteers who charge on the national character those evils which owe their existence to misgovernment. We would ask them whether their observations extend beyond the limits of the Presidency towns where native society exists, owing to various causes, in an abnormal state, and where the magnificent workings of the Hindoo system are least

visible. We would ask them, whether they have marked the great facts that the natives of India maintain the densest population on the face of the world without the help of poor laws; that in no country are the weaker sex so certain of securing that to them all-important provision and essential element of happiness—marriage; that in no country is the amount of perpetrated crime so little as in India; that Hindooism proscribed drunkenness and its attendant consequences. The tremendous magnitude of the interests which Hindooism thus provides for is apparent to every one in the slightest measure familiar with the leading social questions of the day. All these are benefits which Hindooism has realized for us. Their value would be much better appreciated by European sociologists who lament their absence in European society than by our countrymen who enjoy them. There are, however, other benefits which Hindooism has conferred upon our race and which transcends the capacity of the European intellect to understand. It is impossible for one not bred up amidst our associations to conceive the amount and exquisiteness of the social enjoyment of a nation in whose language the relation between a man and his father's sister's husband is expressed by a single word. In the eye of a Hindoo, European communities appear devoid of all those elements which constitute true society amongst mankind. What they call by this sounding name is nothing but a forced conglomeration of beings whose closest relations to each other are derived from their common connection with one government. * * *

As well might a number of men brought together by the exigencies of travelling by means of a mail packet pretend to form a society. Take again our festivals. Let the decriers of the Hindoo social system point out anything in the social systems of any European nation which is so efficacious in relieving the drudgery of the working classes and in bringing them in joyful contact with the upper classes. All the efforts of English Statesmen, all their ten hours labour Bills, afford a sorry substitute for the relief granted by our national festivals. All the time—honored customs of genuine English life—the coming of age of young landed heirs, the celebration of birth days and, we may add, election festivities—fail to induce that feeling of mutual regard and sympathy between the various orders of society which constitutes its strength and its beauty. If our young countrymen would but ponder these things, if they would only shake off their school-boy idea of everything being bad that is not to be found in European life and society, they would find that that system cannot be a bad one which has maintained a nation in almost unimpaired integrity not only without the aid, but against the adverse effects, of civil govern-

ment for ten centuries and which leaves that nation, of all other nations on the face of the earth, the least dependent upon civil government for their well-being.

It has been attempted in certain quarters to make political capital of the opinions of this young, inexperienced and uninfluential class of thinkers. Some of our readers are perhaps aware that a volume of essays was published here some time ago by a young gentleman of this class named Shoshee Chunder Dutt. These essays were written in pretty correct English and contained sentiments with which the English public in India, for whose edification they were specially written, were thoroughly familiar. This volume has been taken hold of by a writer in Blackwood who hopes to stem by its means the strengthening current of English public opinion against the abuses of Indian government. It is not the ludicrous disparity between the means in hand and the end in view which, in the attempt made by the Blackwood man, most strikes our attention. The writer has had sufficient sense to veil his real purpose in a guise of mere literary criticism deriving its authority from the travelled knowledge of the critic. But the animus of the writer betrays itself in every line of the review. He talks, as such men usually talk, of the superstition of the Hindoos, their barbarism, the corruption of the Brahmins, the utter demoralization of Hindoo society, the degradation of the female sex, and above all—the privations of the Hindoo widow. It is strange all this ranting nonsense survives crushing arguments as well as withering satire. One might have thought that the living testimony of one of the greatest Indian statesmen would have silenced them. One might have expected that when Sydney Smith cut up John Styles with his immortal *Kyme*, the race of upspouters and consecrated cobblers would learn sobriety and discretion. But it is otherwise. The man in Blackwood finds a godsend in the Dutt Baboo's tirades against his own nation and under cover of native testimony proves to the English public that the Hindoos are the best governed nation in the world and the least deserving of good government !

Social Reformation.

THE CONDITION OF WOMEN IN INDIA.

[Reprinted from the Hindoo Patriot, August 10, 1854.]

If ever the importance of a subject justified the measure of attention bestowed upon it, the interest which the rising class of social reformers evince in the condition of the female sex in this country cannot be deemed disproportionately great. That half the population is comprised in that sex, that the position and character of this half have a larger influence over the happiness of the other half of our species than all the other conditions of society taken together, and that their happiness, in turn, entirely depends upon the conduct of our sex, are considerations too obvious and general to have to be insisted upon. But there are peculiarities in the present state of society in this country which make attempts at an amelioration of the condition of our countrywomen an urgent duty. This we admit. We cannot, however, help believing that in the consideration of this condition, its evils are considerably exaggerated in statement, and undue importance is attached to circumstances of minor import by the class of young thinkers who are the most earnest in all matters of social reformation amongst us. We have taken a recent occasion to draw their attention to the fact that, in one respect—and that the most important—the condition of Hindoo females is superior to the condition of the sex in the rest of the world. The attainment of the married estate is an object of such surpassing interest to a woman, that it may, in a manner, be called the purpose of her existence. Beside the importance of this provision, all other considerations respecting the condition of the female sex sink into utter insignificance. A woman must be a wife or she is nothing or worse than nothing. This object is more certainly, more systematically, secured to the Hindoo woman than to the women of any other country. There is not a single social duty which a Hindoo holds so sacred, as the duty of settling his daughter in marriage at a proper age; not one, the neglect of which is punished with such severity and is consequently so rare as is the neglect of this duty. The obligation rests not with the father only. It weighs with equal force upon all the nearer relatives. A brother who fails to provide his sister with a husband incurs social responsibilities not inferior to those incurred by a father similarly offending. Nor are the more distant relatives exempt from the charge. One of the objects to which a

Hindoo's charity is most frequently directed is the enabling helpless fathers, brothers and other relatives to marry their female wards properly. Compare the condition of the sex here with that in England in this respect. The difficulty of settling in marriage has grown so great, in the latter country, that whole classes of women are compelled to pass their lives in compulsory celibacy. Mr. Wakefield, in his able work on Systematic Colonization, calls England the largest nunnery in the world. The Law of Settlement offers one set of obstacles to the marriages of the labouring classes. The English law of inheritance opposes another set to the marriages of the upper orders of the population. In the towns and cities, the general uncertainty of the means of subsistence clouds the prospects of the youth of both sexes. The privations and miseries of the class of needlewomen have attracted the attention of all benevolent observers, and the only effectual relief their condition has been found to admit of is their wholesale exile into uninhabited countries. We do not feel ourselves called upon to discuss here the other questions of great social importance which arise from the population view of marriages. The fact remains indisputable that a large proportion of the females of England (and most other European countries are similarly circumstanced in this respect) are from their condition debarred from the joys of marriage and maternity. One drawback there certainly is upon the fulness of this advantage on the part of the female population in India. A Hindoo widow has to pass a life of compulsory celibacy after the death of her first husband. This rule, in all its rigor, has no sanction in the *Shasters*; and it is accordingly not held obligatory in some parts of Hindoostan nor by the lowest classes throughout the country. It may therefore be worth while to enquire how it has attained the degree of force and consistency with which it is now found to operate in Hindoo society.

The solution lies in the general philosophy of Hindoo life. Hindoo ethics is essentially stoic—stoic in the sense in which Hume uses the term in his division of the ancient ethics, or ascetic as Mr. Bentham calls it. With Hindoos, the government of the passions is not only a duty but a fashion. A disregard of the enjoyments of life is not only virtuous but honorable also. Such was sutteeism a quarter of a century ago. Women, in throwing themselves on the burning pile which consumed their husband's last remains, were actuated as much by religious enthusiasm or love as by a sense of honor. It was an emulation of "the hero or the Roman's part" as much as the "bright reversion in the sky for those who greatly think or bravely die" that made them disregard the entreaties of orphaned children and anxious

which our females receive. It was an address from a woman who now stands at the head of one of the most powerful families in Bengal to the *Nab* of one of her Zemindaries threatened with an attack from a Zemindar whom three millions of people look upon as the arbiter of their fate. The epistle, dictated by the lady herself, in its conclusion warned the *Nab* that if a blade of corn belonging to any of her tenants was injured by the enemy or a needle's point area of her lands be encroached upon, the *Nab* was to answer for it with his life; but that in defence of her tenants' persons and property, the entire substance of the house was to be held available. This is education whatever people may say.

We have not space to pursue the subject further. We shall resume it next week.

Social Reformation.

THE CONDITION OF WOMEN IN INDIA.

[Reprinted from the Hindoo Patriot, August 17, 1854.]

We have endeavoured to show that there is considerable injustice in representing the condition of women in this country in the manner in which it has become fashionable with a class of our countrymen to represent it. Our conviction is that their social interests are better cared for here than in any European country; that their social position is as high as it is amongst communities priding themselves upon the exclusive possession of the advantages of civilization; that their social influence is immense; and that their education is such as to fit them generally for the performance of the duties of their position. The last proposition requires to be explained. What we contend for is that the education of Hindoo females is not more defective than the education of the sex in any other part of the world or the education of the other sex throughout the world. It admits of improvement as does almost every other human institution, but it labours under no disadvantage peculiarly its own. Its utility is not impaired by deficiencies non-existent in any other community of human beings. The world, in general, has not yet realized the conception, far less the benefits, of a perfect education for all the rational beings it contains; and it is not just to charge on our social system especially, faults that are to be found universally. The women of India may not be all that women ought to be; but where on the face of the earth have the sex attained that perfection? There are fewer faults, perhaps, in the character of Hindoo women than in that of women of other nations. The domestic virtues and the virtues which belong peculiarly to the sex are to be oftener found amongst them than amongst European females. We have no sharpeners, no gamesters, no enterprising fortune-seekers, no manœuvring Abigail in Hindoo female society—except in the town of Calcutta. Luxurious living has no attractions for the Hindoo women. As an helpmate to man she is usually more useful than the European wife. The question of improving the education of our countrywomen rests on the same basis with the rectification of the general credence of the human race. Advancing knowledge and progressive emancipation from error ought to be their lot as it ought to be and will be the lot of the rest of the species. Towards the furtherance

of this improvement, as far as our countrywomen are concerned and the efforts of our social reformers are always welcome.

The question then occurs, how is this improvement to be best forwarded amongst our countrywomen? School education is one, tutorial instruction at home another, a less restricted communication with the world out of doors a third, of the means which readily suggest themselves as suited to the object in view. Education at a public school is, in the case of the female sex, obnoxious to many prejudices—some of them considerably well-founded. The experiment has been made here, and though its indirect consequences have been great and incalculably valuable, it has failed to realize its direct and immediate object. A modified system of public education may, however, be more successful. There are no prejudices of any strength to be encountered in making it a rule to send female children of tender age to the same *patshul* with boys. A still likelier scheme would be to found *patshuls* in the houses of influential men under accomplished female tutors which the female children of the neighbourhood might attend with perfect freedom.

We believe it is in contemplation to adopt such a system, combining as it does the advantages of tutorial instruction at home with those of a public education. Meanwhile, a project has been set on foot to systematize the instruction now afforded to Hindoo females and to give it practical utility. At present, if a Hindoo girl learns her letters and can spell her words and cast up a few figures, her education is deemed complete, not because she has learnt enough, but because it is not settled what she is most wanted to learn and how she is to learn it. A Hindoo woman becomes charged with the responsibilities of a wife and a mother generally at an earlier age than the women of any other country. The most important part of her education remains to be given after she has passed her girl's estate. Whatever provision there be for bringing up female children, there are none for teaching those of a more advanced age. To supply this deficiency, as far as it can be by such small means, as well as to concentrate and give consistency to the various plans and desultory endeavours now being made to educate our females, a periodical, especially adapted to their wants and power of comprehension will, we believe, be issued from an early date. We will not dwell upon the utility of such a publication, but rest contented with observing that it is entirely in the power of the liberal part of the community to make it a highly useful means of female instruction.

Annexation of Oude.

[Reprinted from the Hindoo Patriot, January 17, 1856.]

Slowly, preparations are being made for a grand swoop upon Oude. The policy of the ministry in England and that of the authorities in India are at this moment in singular contrast with each other. The Czar of Russia, holding in the Divan of Constantinople a position by no means less presuming than that of the British Government in the Durbar of Lucknow, demanded at the hands of his Royal ally a more constitutional government for the Christian population of Turkey than the fanaticism of the Moslem would allow, and failing in his endeavours to establish a respect for his demands, marched an army upon the Turkish principalities which would have fought its way into the capital and chased the crescent from the soil of Europe, if the generous enthusiasm of the British and French people had not resisted the intended spoliation and opposed a bulwark of men and cannon to the ambition of Nicholas I. In the war of right against might which England is now waging in the Black Sea, an amount of human life and treasure has been expended which can scarcely be represented by the paltry revenue of the principality of Oude, and yet the just and highly moral principle in support of which the European powers are waging a deadly war against their fellow religionists is being openly violated by the British power in India. If Oude is misgoverned, if the King of Oude is a voluptuary and a puppet, if the minister of the king is a harpy, if the zemindars of Oude are graceless malcontents and bloody cut-throats, we ask, where are the proofs of this lamentable state of things ? If a tithe of what is written and said of Oude and its government by official men who have an interest in distorting the truth were true of that country and its governors, then society could not have existed there for a day ; population would have ceased to multiply ; production would have come to a full pause ; rebellion would have run riot in the land ; famine would have driven its people to a more fruitful country, and a revolution more terrible than the French revolution, would, despite the presence of British troops, have marked the progress of events in the country. But instead of these, we have the patent truth before us that Oude is the grand depôt from which a hundred thousand of the defenders of India are recruited. Its production is ample enough to maintain a luxuriant population. It is

the centre of a most flourishing trade. Its inhabitants are by far the most polished of all upper India. In fine, a stranger, travelling from one of the non-regulation or even Regulation provinces of the British Empire into the so-called misgoverned province of Oude, will scarcely find matter for his note book very much dissimilar to what he has already recorded therein, or, if dissimilar, the chances would be that the sunshine shall incline towards the abused country. The bloody affrays between rival Zemindars and the Government, which ever and anon furnish texts for censorious critics of the Oude administration on which to found a denunciation, can with but little justice or even consistency be exhibited as an argument for spoliation by a power in whose best regulated provinces affrays are matters of every day event. The hired *luthals* of the Bengal Indigo planters and Zemindars commit scarcely less flagrant atrocities than the devoted followers of the landholders of Oude. Not a month has elapsed since a native millionaire was deliberately shot down at Chinsurah on the public high-way not long after dusk. This is the boasted security of the subject's life which it is generously proposed to extend to the men, women and children of the province of Oude! Dacoity is said to be the normal crime of Bengal. We doubt if in Oude the professional robber obtains as much room or impunity for his operations as he does in this country. We would therefore advise our rulers to build a good substantial stone house for themselves before they attempt playing the game of pelting stones at their neighbour's. The treaty with the King of Oude is explicit enough in its terms. It gives the British government the right to administer only such portions of his Highness's dominions as may be proved to be grossly misgoverned. This proof is not yet forthcoming, at least the definition of the term misgovernment is yet unattempted. If it is to be regulated by the practice of the British Indian Government, Oude, is we aver, as well governed as either Bengal, Agra or the Punjab. Its annexation will accordingly be an act of the most flagrant injustice, though there are precedents enough to keep the violation in countenance.

The Uncovenanted Service.

[Reprinted from the Hindoo Patriot, February 7, 1856.]

The Charter Act of 1853 has imperceptibly cut away the ground from under the huge deception that a certain covenant entered into by the sons, relations and proteges of a few old gentlemen known as the Directors of the Hon'ble the East India Company, with the said Company, is a talisman capable of endowing the thickest skull with the ratiocinative ability of a Bacon, the legal profundity of a Coke, the judicial acumen of a Mansfield, the thief-catching genius of a Fouche, the political foresight and administrative strength of a Pitt or the financial shrewdness of a Richlieu or a Necker. So long as the disposers of the revenues and with them of the destinies of India had an object to gain by circulating the monster fiction that Haileybury and blood relationship to a Director constituted the qualification for high office in this country, the monster fiction was studiously dinned into the ears of everybody whose countenance of it was considered worth while to purchase, dwelt upon in the books of hireling writers and pamphlet-compilers, paraded in evidence before the houses of Parliament, puffed up in the columns of bought-up newspapers, and exhibited to the whole world as a truth at once self evident and conclusive. But when the hoax would not take, and it was discovered that people were more knowing than they were set down for,—that the public had actually eyes of their own and ears not borrowed from their neighbours, and heads to think and hearts to feel,—that scarecrows were not mistaken for ghosts and wolf cries were held at their intrinsic par value,—when it was found that certain very mischievous and heartless people had organised themselves into bodies for exposing the humbug of a century ; carrying about a lantern, not like Diogenes to discover an honest man, but to chase away the darkness under cover of which selfish men were concocting the ruin of a nation,—that the demolition of patronage had become a fearful, and in the cases of some a tearful, reality,—then the clutched straw was set at liberty and the drowning man quietly resigned himself to his fate. What we hitherto in vain looked for from the good faith and justice of the East India Company we are now about to obtain from their revenge. The Court of Directors are now no-bodies in the election of officers for their covenanted civil service. But they may raise their uncovenanted civil

servants to an equality or nearly an equality with the covenanted class ; and every time that a friend or relative of the Directors is " plucked " by the board of examiners in England, we may be sure of a choice morsel falling to the uncovenanted service in very spite of the heartless men that can see no good in a Director's nephew. Now that the grand incentive to the maintenance of a highly paid agency for the performance of a modicum of business has been withdrawn,—we are confident that the equilibrium in favor of merit and economy will be restored, and the jaundice having been removed from the eye, the claims of the uncovenanted service will appear in their proper light. There is a report—and we see no reason for receiving it with suspicion—that a grand scheme is now before Government of employing uncovenanted talent in the field hitherto exclusively occupied by the covenanted service. But we would wish for an extension of the good principle yet further, and recommend that the offices now held by officers of the army in the Civil Department be retrieved from that anomalous incumbency and filled by deserving members of the uncovenanted service. The efficiency of the Indian army has undergone serious injury from the impolitic practice of withdrawing from its ranks men whose intelligence and soldier-like qualifications are calculated to raise the tone of military bearing and discipline, and placing them in situations in which they shine doubtless, but which could better be, and perhaps more beneficially, filled by persons trained up for the peculiar work. Military men are now Commissioners, Judges, Magistrates, Superintendents of Civil business. There is scarcely a branch of the Civil Establishment in which the red coat may not be discovered, quietly plodding at the quill while he should have been wielding the sword. In England and the continent of Europe, the civil department of the army, as it is called, is almost wholly officered by civilians. The Secretary of War has in many instances been an individual quite innocent of the art of shooting an enemy. The commissaries of supplies and stores and the paymaster of the forces are very often appointed from the non-military class, and we dare say the efficiency of those departments is not the least worse off for that circumstance. Why should not a similar practice be introduced into this country in which the presence of European officers with the troops under their command is more emergently needed than elsewhere by reason of officers and men being drawn from races altogether distinct from each other ? While efficiency will be promoted by replacing military civilians by trained uncovenanted servants, economy will be consulted by the cessation of heavy claims founded on military rank, position and privileges.

Oude.

[Reprinted from the *Hinoo Patriot*, February 14, 1856.]

The world is grown old in crime, and it may have been expected that the ingenuity of human offenders will now be at fault to commit an offence against the laws of God or of man that shall want a precedent or a name. The Government of India in its conduct towards the neighbouring state of Oude has, however, shown that there are crimes yet unperpetrated, crimes that are yet unprecedented, crimes that have yet had no name in the calendar of human wickedness. The proclamation of the Governor General of India which announces that the territories of Oude have for ever passed under the Government of the East India Company leaves none of us ignorant of the precise nature of the injury which has been done to the King and the people of Oude; but the most experienced amongst us will fail to attach a name to the wrong or to identify it in character with any previous wrong yet done by man to man. We can describe it by periphrasis, condemn it in simile or comparison, denounce it in figures of speech, but the difficulty yet remains—to designate by a single name or to find a parallel to that which has been done to the King of Oude. We may turn over the Dictionary of Indian political terms, and call it *annexation*, *confiscation*, *sequestration*, and the whole host of names standing for violations of law and justice that the past history of British India has made us so familiar with; but we feel that none of these terms fitly represents the deed. We may denounce it as violence, oppression, pillage, spoliation, breach of faith and all that is held to be guilt in international conduct; but these are vague generalities that do not define the offence. We may condemn it as unneighbourly, ungenerous, immoral, cowardly and base, but we may exhaust the lexicon of vituperative indignation without being able to assign a specific adjective to signify the peculiar criminality of the act. Verily it is “a deed without a name” that the proclamation heralds forth, and is worthy only of the hands that the imagination of the immortal bard has ascribed such deeds to. The admirers of the Indian Government of the present day have claimed for it pre-eminence over all its predecessors; their extravagance has one justification,—the Indian Government of the day has discovered and done a crime which all previous Indian governors, from Warren Hastings to Ellenborough, had left unperpetrated.

The history of the relations between the British Government in India and the Court of Oude presents a series of atrocities transcending by far the usual standard of international violence and wrong-doing. These relations had their existence at the period when the British first became a political power in India. At the time Clive assumed the functions of Nawab-maker in Bengal, the imperial throne of Delhi was occupied by one who bore the proud name of Alun^{geer}, but presented in his condition the greatest contrast to the fortunes of *the* Great Mogul. Alun^{geer} II was but a prisoner in the hands of his audacious minister, and Shah Alum, the heir apparent to the throne, was a fugitive in Rohilkund. He sought of the great feudatories of Oude and Allahabad that assistance which he thought would aid toward the emancipation of his father. These feudatories on the other hand wanted the prestige of his name to aid them in the enterprise they had planned to effect, and the object of which was the appropriation to themselves of the Soubahs of Bengal, Behar and Orissa, then in utter disorganization from the victories of Clive and the destruction of Sarajud-Dowlah's power. The confederates, with the Prince at their head, invaded Behar, but the Oude ruler treacherously took advantage of the absence of his ally the Soubadar of Allahabad from his capital at the time to seize the city and its fortress. The confederacy was consequently dissolved. The expedition broke up, and Shah Alum was left to beg his subsistence from Clive. Soon, however, a renewed confederacy on a wider basis was formed. The wretched occupant of the throne of Delhi had been put to death by his minister, and Shah Alum had become Emperor of Hindoostan. The ruler of Oude became his vizier and chief of the new confederacy, which had for its object the re-establishment of the Emperor's power in his hereditary dominions. At this time, the avarice of the East India Company's servants had involved them in a war with the Nawab of Bengal whom the strength of their forces enabled them to defeat and expatriate. Meer Cossim, the vanquished Nawab, sought the protection of the ruler of Oude, who planned the invasion of Bengal as an object at once calculated to serve the purposes of the Emperor and of the Nawab. The battle of Buxar broke the confederacy, taught the Oude ruler the strength of the power that had newly risen in the South of Bengal and with whose arms he then first came into collision, and placed the Emperor in the hands of the British. The victorious army pursued the titular vizier into his dominions; Lucknow fell into the hands of the British, and Suja-ud-Dowlah sued for peace. The first treaty between the ruler of Oude and the British under Lord Clive was dated August 1765, and was contemporaneous with the grant of the Dewanny of Bengal, Behar and Orissa to the East India Company by the Emperor

Shah Alum. The treaty was called the treaty of Illiabad ; it established terms of defensive and offensive alliance between the contracting powers, and secured the districts of Allahabad and Corah to the Emperor as his demesne. The alliance of two such men as Suja-ud-Dowlah and Warren Hastings could not be long without its fruits. It will ever remain a moot point with students of history which of these two potentates was the least under the influence of principle or honor or virtue. These estimable confederates soon found occasion to exercise their combined talent for spoliation and the commission of outrageous violence to the rights of princes and nations. The Emperor was ambitious of recovering the throne of Delhi. To that end, he alternately courted the British, the Vizier, the Mahrattas and the Rohillas. In the complications of these transactions, the British and the Oude rulers found means to despoil the Rohillas of the greater portion of their territories, which having been assigned at first to the Emperor in lieu of Corah and Allahabad was afterwards appropriated by the Oude potentate with his ally's consent. The British Governor, more eager to secure money than territory, acquiesced in this appropriation and added to it the cession of whatever claim his masters had to the districts of Allahabad and Corah, now abandoned by the Emperor, for the reasonable consideration of fifty lacs of rupees paid in cash to Hastings's impoverished treasuries. The moment appeared to Suja-ud-Dowlah propitious to a farther extension of his dominions ; and truly did he judge so, for Hastings was easily induced to engage with him for the annexation to Oude of the remainder of the Rohilla country and the total extirpation of that race. Both these obejets were in a great measure secured to the vizier by the arms of the English, and the first alliance of the Oude and the British Indian Governments thus resulted in the commission of atrocities beside which all other crimes of human rulers sink into mere peccadilloes.

The alliance, however, soon became burdensome to at least one of the parties. The Nawab of Oude, in his eagerness for territorial aggrandizement, had promised vast sums of money to the British Governor, and the latter was not one to forego a pecuniary claim. Oppressed by Hastings's demands, Asaf-ud-Dowlah, who had succeeded Suja-ud-Dowlah in the Vizierate, sought to be relieved from a portion of them. A notable expedient offered to the fertile genius of Warren Hastings, who had just then initiated with success at Benares the system of finance so peculiarly Indian in its characteristics,—the seizure of the hoarded treasures of noblemen and the jewellery and trinkets of ladies of quality and the torture of the persons of their male and searching the persons of their

female servants. The dowager princesses of Oude were reputed to be rich, and they were despoiled of their effects by the Nawab's officers under the direct instructions and with the aid of the agents of the British Governor, and amidst circumstances of inhumanity which throw the proceedings of the Parisian populace of 1792 far into the shade.

On the assumption of the Government of British India by Lord Cornwallis, that greatest of British proconsuls reduced the demands upon the Lucknow Government to fifty lacs of rupees a year. The relation then established between the two governments is thus described by the British Governor-General: "We undertake the defence of the Nawab's country; in return he agrees to defray the real expenses incurred by an engagement of so much value to himself; and the internal administration of his affairs is left to his exclusive management." Lord Cornwallis visited the dominions of Oude in the first year of his administration and found the country in the utmost disorder. He ascribed this disorder, and the court of Directors had the candour to acknowledge it, to the drain upon the resources of Oude caused by the exorbitant demands of Hastings and his interference with the internal administration of the country. Lord Cornwallis gave the Nawab much sound and conciliatory advice, but finding at the end of five years that no improvement had taken place in the condition of the country, he addressed a letter to the Nawab which contains the following passage—one of eternal significance and never more such than in the metropolis of British power in Asia at this hour: "Your Excellency knows, that the prayers are attended to by the Almighty; and often call down His vengeance upon the oppressors. History confirms the observation by exhibiting innumerable examples of monarchies overturned and families effaced from the earth, by a violation of justice in the sovereign or neglect in him to enforce its laws."

The death of Asaf-ud-Dowlah led to the next transaction between the two governments. Wuzer Ali, who succeeded to the Vizierate with the consent of the British representative, was soon after found to be illegitimate, and displaced for a younger son. Imprisonment was the immediate sequel of dethronement, and Wuzer Ali was incarcerated in a Benares dungeon. Stung with the insult and the sense of degradation implied in his displacement from his father's throne, and goaded by the harsh usage of his keepers, he broke his prison, killed the British resident at Benares and hoisted the standard of resistance. He was unsuccessful, was taken prisoner and punished with loss of his life.

Lord Mornington, afterwards Marquis of Wellesley, assumed the government of British India in 1798. His Lordship, a leading anti-Jacobin, came with the determination to annihilate French power in India. The prosecution of this design involved him in extensive military preparations which exceeded the capacity of the resources of British India to support. The Governor-General cast his eyes on every side to find the ways and means necessary to support his vast undertakings. He found that a large British Army could be billeted on Oude. The Nawab of Oude demurred to the arrangement firstly, on the ground that his revenues would not sustain the burden; secondly, that the requisition was against treaty. The Governor General intimated to the Nawab that he should disband his own army to make room and provision for the British force, and that the treaty as interpreted at Calcutta made it incumbent on the Oude Government to support as many British troops as the Governor General thought necessary. This intimation was backed by language and proposals which drove the Nawab to the resolution of abdicating. The Governor General leaped with joy at the idea, but the Nawab dashed the fond hope by explaining that if he does abdicate it shall be in favor of his own son. The Governor General's rage knew no bounds. In a fury he proposed that the Nawab should give up all his territories to the Company. A compromise was effected by the cession of Rohilkund and the Doab, being more than half the Nawab's dominions, in lieu of the annual subsidy.

In 1814, the Nawab Saadut Ali Khan died and was succeeded by his son Ghazee-oodeen Hyder. On the accession of the new Nawab, mutual recognitions of existing treaties were executed. Lord Moira, then Governor-General, visited the Nawab in October 1814 and obtained an offer of a gift of one crore of rupees. Lord Moira felt some hesitation in accepting the money as a gift to his masters, but the British Indian treasuries being empty, he gladly took it as a loan. Another crore was borrowed soon after. Half of these loans was commuted at the termination of the Nepal war for the cession of a part of the territories conquered from the latter power and situated nearest the Oude territories. The government of Lord Moira which proved fatal to the power and independence of every other native prince in India was favourable to the ruler of Oude. Besides the accession of territory above referred to, the Nawab was enabled in 1819 to renounce his nominal fealty to the throne of Delhi and the title of Vizier of the Empire which accompanied it, and to assume the title of King of Oude. This was chiefly owing to the liberal pecuniary assistance granted by

Ghazee-oodeen Hyder to Lord Moira's government, and the bribes given by him to conciliate the resident, Mr. Mordaunt Ricketts.

In 1827, Ghazee-oodeen Hyder died and was succeeded by his son Nusser-oodeen Hyder, during whose reign the only transaction of importance entered into by the Oude with the British Government was the advance of a loan of one crore of rupees, the interest of which was to be applied to the payment of stipends to various members of the royal family of Lucknow. In 1837, Nusseer-oodeen Hyder died and was succeeded by his uncle Mahomed Ali Shah. The misgovernment of Oude had attracted the notice of the world, and much discredit attached to the British Government for being abettors in that misrule. To enforce, therefore, that part of the treaty of 1801 which provided that the ruler of Oude shall reform this civil administration, it was agreed with the new sovereign of Oude that the British Government shall have the "right of appointing its own officers to the management of whatsoever portions of the Oude territory, either to a small or to a great extent, in which such misrule may have occurred, for so long a period as it may deem necessary, the surplus receipts in such case, after defraying all charges, to be paid into the King's treasury and a true and faithful account rendered to his majesty of the receipts and expenditure of the territories so assumed."

The above is a brief summary of the principal engagements subsisting between the two governments the stronger of which has now destroyed the weaker. Our readers, we trust, will now be enabled to judge of the merits of the proclamation issued with such solemnity by the Indian Government. It is not necessary for us to point out that the proclamation is one tissue of mis-statements of the relations subsisting by treaty between the Oude and the British Governments. But to say that the statements made in the proclamation are false—are lies of the usual official magnitude and barefacedness, gross and palpable, such as a professional witness bred in the corruption of one of the East India Company's Courts and who sells his soul for an anna a time would feel ashamed to utter, would express but a small portion of the disgust and contempt the document is calculated to call forth, to cite an abrogated treaty, to conceal a treaty in force, to reason so as to suggest conclusions that the reasoner is compelled to deny himself categorically, are demerits in diplomatic correspondence which a fifth rate European diplomatist would have avoided. If the deed was to be done, the Government of India might have borrowed from the journals of the day ready-made arguments of far greater potency. As it is, what might have been viewed in history as a great act of a

great bad government is made to appear the technical logic of an Old Bailey pleader who chuckles at the idea that the impotence of the law ensures success to his oratory and impunity to his client. On the other hand, Mahomed Ali Shah has acted as became the descendant of a long line of sovereigns. His refusal to sign away his dominions and to dissemble through fear his disgust at the meanness of his oppressors must ever be recorded in his favor as a noble act worthy to be classed with the noblest acts of Charles the First of England and Louis the Sixteenth of France. In history, his name will assuredly rank with those of the best and greatest of royal martyrs.

Military Officers in Civil Employ.

[Reprinted from the Hindoo Patriot, February 21 1856]

Lord Ellenborough's scheme of making the Army the grand depot from which to draw the civil governors of India, though rejected in Parliament is nevertheless being practically adopted in the country. Every new accession of territory has been followed by a wholesale withdrawal of military officers from the legitimate objects of their commission for a purpose as far removed from fighting as gunpowder is from street dust. We do not impugn the good policy of detaching military officers to civil offices on any consideration of their unfitness for the posts into which they are thus recklessly pitchforked. In the generality of instances, we believe, they answer every object for which government is necessary. Some of them transcend in judgment and disposition the Haileybury bargains of the Company. But we object to the principle of lowering the tone of an important department of the state for the purpose of supplying the wants of another. The sepoy army in India would not be what it now is if British officers did not direct its discipline and form in fact a fundamental part of its constitution. The ragamuffin hordes of the native princes who are the jest and the ridicule of the English Government come from the same spring as that from which the native regiments of the Company are derived, and yet in the field of battle jack sepoy is discovered to be a hundred times more effective soldier than his brother fighting in the ranks of the enemy. This pre-eminence is the result of a fusion of European skill and energy with the courage of the people of Upper India. The day that shall behold the withdrawal of the English officer from the ranks which now derive a spirit from his eye and a strength from his arm will see necessarily the withdrawal of this borrowed hectic—leaving everything as cold and unimpassioned as before. It is accordingly but shallow wisdom to denude the army of its European effective strength and transfer it to the civil department. Already the fruits of this strange policy have appeared in the diminished courage and efficiency of the native regiments, some of which only recently exhibited a most unsoldierlike dread for a rabble of Sonthal Savages. While yet, therefore, the rubicon of utter disorganization remains unforded, we advise our rulers to ponder well the consequences of their present proceedings and stop and remedy the evil

already perpetrated instead of running headlong into the abyss that yawns in their way. The proclamation which robbed under the guise of a sermon the ruler of Oude of his broad acres, his honors and title, and the jewels of self and begums (the last a most important feature in the construction of international law in this country) had for its sequelæ a list of twenty-two officers made over body and soul to the civil establishment. The places of these will necessarily remain vacant in the regiments from which they have been withdrawn to the injury of military discipline—as also those of forty others who have been nominated to the force about to be raised in Oude. If the officers of the Army must needs be put upon civil duty, the wisest and most straightforward course would be to adopt at once the system recommended by Lord Ellenborough, and instead of silently undermining defensive strength of the empire to make the army the expressed source from which to recruit the civil establishment. We do not see why any separate appointments should be made to the Civil Service when the practice of rendering the military profession a stepping stone to civil preferment has been nearly perfected into a system. We have small faith in the notion that Oxonians and Cambridgemens will raise the tone of the Civil Service to a much higher pitch than that to which it can now lay claim. We do not want scholars to catch thieves and bookworms to collect the revenue. Men of genius are notorious know-nothings in the ordinary transactions of life, and we could therefore prefer having for our civil governors men of strong common sense with a respectable education instead of literary pedants who can construe Greek and Latin but who would scratch their heads and bite their thumbs over a mysterious murder or an audacious burglary. Military officers have their advantage of being accustomed to act with decision on the shortest notice, and this is a qualification essential in executive administration. We do not accordingly hesitate to give in our vote for Lord Ellenborough's scheme, provided the judicial administration of the country be confided to trained lawyers. The strength of the European officers of the army may be augmented to meet the exigency that will be created by an adoption of the scheme we recommend, and uncovenanted agency may be more largely availed of than at present. The arrangement will obviate the necessity of maintaining an exclusive and highly paid civil service—rescue the army from lax discipline and its attendant disasters—preserve the judicial bench from the contamination of ignorant and worthless men—find employment for a growing and intelligent native population and materially benefit both the governors and the governed.

Tax for Gas Light.

[Reprinted from the Hindoo Patriot, March 13, 1856.]

Calcutta is flatly getting too rich for poor people to abide in it. The evils of taxation are fast escaping from the Pandora box of the Legislative Council. To-day the city requires good roads; tax the householders! To-morrow the roads require to be watered—tax again! The next day the streets are found awfully dark for the purposes of good government—haul up the citizen for an additional pressure of the screw! The day after the stink of the drains is discovered to be too nauseating for refined noses—give another strain to the throat of the liege! The liege in the meantime gets black in the face,—his eyes start out of their sockets,—his tongue lolls out ruefully;—“Hold,” says the man at the wheel, “we are making Chowringhee a park! We are giving Chowringhee a light the like of which was never before exhibited in India! We are keeping the dust from the eyes and nostrils of fair ladies and brave men that sport on the course! We are driving pestilence and malaria from Government Place!” The language held at the last meeting of the Legislative Council in the debate on the report of the Select Committee on the proposition for lighting the St. James portion of Calcutta with gas—had precisely the same charitable meaning and peculiarity as of that above imagined by us. The Hon’ble member for Bengal, Mr. Currie, was too honourable to be an accessory to the breaking of the pledge which the Bengal Government through the medium of the Municipal Commissioners had made to the Gas Company that Calcutta should be lighted throughout with gas—though the doubtful honor of resting over the shoulders of the people the burden of the tax by which the pledge was to be maintained for the benefit of the Gas Company and the aristocratic portion of the community, did not for a moment start up to disturb the conscience of the Hon’ble gentleman or mock his earnestness in the cause of honor. The evil of putting on the Legislative Board, which is supposed to be independent of the Government and the chief value of which consists in its capacity for such independence, men who from early youth have been accustomed to adore everything that bears the signature of a Secretary of State, is at once made patent by the manner in which Mr. Currie took it upon himself to exhibit the pledge of the Bengal Government as a jewel in his

argument before the lustre of which he expected all other questions to gleam with a feeble light. The Gas Company is not a philanthropic body whose mission to India owes its origin to a Christian desire of rescuing the people of the country from eternal night and blessing them with a light equal in radiance to that of the God of day—free of charge! It is a mercantile body, and gold is the temptation that has drawn it to these shores. Government is certainly bound to render it every assistance which it may afford consistently with the good of the people in order that the improvement of which it is the minister and agent may be introduced with the least difficulty. If it could be shown that the good of the people is essentially woven with the improvement in question, we would uphold any moderate measure that may be considered necessary in order to stir up the apathy of the subject and open his eyes to the extent and character of the boon which he was foolishly rejecting. But we are obtuse enough not to perceive how the comfort and convenience of men who inhabit hovels and breathe the contaminated air of cess-pools can be augmented by their European neighbours revelling in a light which is seventeen times more bright than candle light. We are admirers of the philosophy which led the cock in the fable to prefer the grain of corn to the trinket, and to our original ways of thinking, the useful is more precious than the clever and the fine. The present cost of lighting the streets and thoroughfares of Calcutta is set down at Rupees 16,000 *per annum*. The cost of lighting the city partially by gas and partially with oil is estimated at Rs. 18,400. It is proposed to use the former description of light for the principal streets and the latter for the minor ones. The principal streets are already lighted well enough for every imaginable purpose, though we confess the literary police constable or more humble chowkedar cannot pore over his books whilst on night duty, or write poetry on the beauteous moon. The minor streets require more light and gas which would be of much better service in them than in their broader and more frequented neighbours. But the arrest of crime is much less important than the arrest of pestilence, and if the purse of the Calcutta community is to bleed again, the libation should be devoted to the purpose of purifying the air and cleaning out the drains in stead of making it the means to a luxury. It is estimated that an increase of 212 per cent to the present rate of assessment will add a sum of Rs. 1,44,000 to the yearly municipal income. It is certainly too large a sum to pay for a luxury such as that of lighting, and the men from whose hard earnings it is to be wrung would be but little compensated, for the distress and heart-burning which the measure would necessarily entail upon them, by a contemplation of the poetry of

light ! Allusion is made in the debate under notice to the revival of the wheel and horse-taxes. We certainly have no objection to these taxes, provided the sacrifice be rendered into a means for securing the sanitary condition of the city on a basis commensurate with the wants of the people. These taxes exist in Bombay, and it was a great mistake to have withdrawn them after Calcutta had begun to be accustomed to the new imposition. The horse and carriage tax is a tax on luxury, and its operation is not therefore grievously felt by those who come under it, whereas a general tax to the benefit of particular classes is a never-ending source of discontent. Against this admitted evil of taxation we would warn the legislative council. The British Indian Association sometime ago gave in the form of a petition an able and clear statement of the feelings with which the scheme of lighting Calcutta with gas under enhanced rates of assessment is viewed by the native community.—Our rulers have not therefore the excuse of legislating in ignorance of this state of feeling. We will of course be very glad to exchange oil for gas light, but the transfer might be obtained in the usual way of trade, not under a compulsory Act of the Government. The Abkary, the Stamps, the Calcutta ground rents, the surplus of all collections and many other items of public receipts form the legitimate dues of the municipal fund, and no new tax should be imposed until these shall have been found inadequate to meet the expense of the improvements which are more imperatively needed for the benefit of the community than street lighting.

Memorial of the Bombay Association on the subject of Public Works.

[Reprinted from the Hindoo Patriot, April 3, 1856.]

If the Indian Government can withstand the charge of memorials now directed against it from all quarters of the Peninsula of Hindoostan, and ride in the teeth of the whirl wind of petitions which assails it from every side, it will certainly have established its right to call itself, like the Macedonian conqueror, the off-spring of Jupiter Ammon. The hero who would make nothing of it to encounter the cannon of the enemy or bear down upon a bristling mass of bayonets, would wince under a spirited attack in the papers;—such is the power of language and such the magic of the alphabet arranged in a certain manner. Specially, in our times, wordy agitation and paper discussions have attained a power and an efficacy superior to gunpowder or the sword. Revolutions which in other ages would have caused seas of blood and golgothas of human heads for their accomplishment, have been effected without the firing of a single shot or the destruction of a single human life. The corn-law agitation which a century earlier would have probably plunged the English people in civil wars as virulent and as prolonged as were the wars of the roses, was planned, carried out and brought to a successful issue by an agency which was, and to this day is, the emphatic advocate of peace. The constitution of the English Government is happy in containing an element which the constitutions of few other governments in the world possess. Independent thought and speech are secured by laws more inviolable than the person of the sovereign,—and hence the weak, be it a man or a party, may challenge the justice and consideration of the entire nation without the fear of the gag being placed in the mouth or the axe being laid upon the neck—two impediments to free discussion the presence of which in former times necessitated the array of armies to give zest to the arguments of the disputants and establish the omnipotence of either. That good principle of the British constitution has travelled to India, where we have every hope it will produce results similar to those which it has already achieved in England. Among the most remarkable events in the history of this country which the recent proceedings for the renewal of the charter of the East India Company

have helped to bring forth are the establishment of three powerful associations in Bengal, Bombay and Madras, expressive of the combined energy and devotion of the natives of the three great presidencies in the general cause of Indian improvement. The memorials, petitions and suggestions that have from time to time emanated from these bodies have commanded the attention and the esteem of the British people, and on their persistence in the demand for reform will depend whether reform shall be vouchsafed to the meagre, corrupt and effete institutions of this country or not. The Bombay Association, with the indefatigable energy which characterises that body, have addressed a memorial to the Supreme Government praying that Public Works may be multiplied in that Presidency, the roads, bridges, ghats etc., being there in a condition most disgraceful to an enlightened Government. From a printed copy of the memorial which has been kindly furnished to us, we perceive that there exists, in the Bombay Presidency, hardly a road which is not impracticable to man and beast during certain seasons of the year. Notwithstanding the immense commerce that flows through the Presidency, yielding a large revenue to the Government, the accommodation which the state furnishes for the ingress and exit of that commerce is such as may have been altogether withheld without rendering matters any worse than what they already stand at. The humiliating fact that America is actually supplying the raw material which finds work for the looms of Glasgow and Manchester, whilst India should have done that business more profitably to England and beneficially to herself, owes its existence to the primitive and impossible state of communication between the great cotton fields and the ports from which goods are transported to Europe. The Indian *karpas* or cotton became celebrated as an article of commerce long before the Saxon race had learned to cover their nakedness,—yet its improvement and more extended growth are crippled by the stingy policy which denies it an easy and inexpensive transit to the shipping coast. We learn that substantial bridges are a convenience as yet unknown to our brethren of Bombay! Can this be possible? We are bound to believe the Bombay Association, however we may feel staggered at an assertion the truth whereof tells with a heavy reckoning against the government of the day. We observe that the hands of the local authorities are fettered by a restriction which prevents their undertaking Public Works except in piece-meal fashion. Thus, whilst the Bombay Government may, without the previous sanction of the Government of India, expend a lac of rupees on fifty different works, it is not deemed safe to allow it to disburse that sum towards the execution of one great road or canal. This absurd policy without imposing a single check upon a needless or ill-

timed expenditure of public money, has the effect of discouraging grand schemes of material improvements and confining engineering ingenuity and ambition of skill to the narrowest channels, where the best conceived plans necessarily get into a tight screw and fail to achieve any substantial food.

We wish the memorial god speed and every success.

Temperance in Bengal.

[Reprinted from the Hindoo Patriot, May 8, 1856.]

Intemperance is decidedly a European vice, and no small portion of the rest of the world is indebted to the white men of Europe for the innumerable gin-temples that have arisen on all sides of men's dwellings—receiving more devotees than all the holy shrines of India put together in vain wait for. Wherever the European race has settled or conquered, there the trade in spirituous liquors has grown into remarkable activity, and the savages of America equally with the shaster-ridden children of the East have learnt from their conquerors to imbibe a drink which has the effect of prostrating every virtue and rendering its victim a loathsome member of society. The ancient princes of India, as well as its learned men, early foresaw the consequences of allowing the masses of the people latitude in the partakement of a liquor in which Europe may at this moment be said to be actually floundering—the most solemn mandates of religion were accordingly brought to bear in discouraging a portion which experience showed to be peculiarly injurious. Loss of caste and other summary and efficacious punishments were rigorously inflicted upon the violator of the holy injunction, and public opinion, which is a much more potent regulator of the proceedings of civilised communities than laws or magistrates, pursued with the sword of the Avenging Angel those whom temptation withdrew from the pale of sobriety. To this day even—barring a small circle described by a radius of 20 miles from Calcutta—the drunkard is a pariah amongst his fellows, and the Jolly God is a fugitive in the hovels of the lowliest and most abandoned. Young Bengal, unfortunately, whilst defying with the armoury of western learning the time-honored superstitions of the country, has fallen into the lamentable condition of setting a bad example to his less intelligent countrymen in the matter of ardent drinking, by introducing amongst them a new social adjunct, namely, the convivial glass. Insensibly, the worst vice of England is gaining upon us, and although,—through the still enduring influence of the shasters and the long habit of sobriety which has been transmitted to us by a succession of ages,—the demon intoxication has as yet been able only to assail the outworks of our social constitution, nevertheless, there is every

ground for the fear that in the course of time he will tie us to his chariot wheels and lead us whirling through scenes and incidents which now disgrace the domestic picture of the English nation—Men, women and children in London awake only to repeat their visits to the gin shops which consume all their earnings, make them the victims of disease and eventually drive them to the work-house or turn them into thieves and murderers. A great portion of the English people who annually die through sheer want are brought to that sad and fatal condition by the improvidence which leads them to invest their earnings in the purchase of alcoholic drinks instead of laying up their savings for the day of want. The same reckless indifference of the future is gradually becoming a characteristic of the Indian people, and many are the fast young gentlemen of fortune who have brought ruin upon themselves by patronising brandy and champagne, whose forefathers had left them princely properties by adopting a directly contrary mode of life. This fatal tendency in the condition of native society can be checked only by a vigorous and well-sustained temperance movement very like that which in England and America promises to rid the people of a horrible incubus; and we should be glad to see our countrymen banding together in furtherance of an object which, over and above maintaining the primitive innocence of our character will rescue the nation from a yawning precipice.

The Village Pettifogger.

[Reprinted from the Hindoo Patriot, May 22, 1856.]

Of the various types of scoundrelism generated in the weakness and corruption of our judicial system, one certainly has received far less attention than, from the important part it plays in our civil economy, it deserves to have. The habits and propensities of the unscrupulous Amlah, the terrible Darogah, the keen-eyed mooktear, the smooth-faced professional perjurer, and even the blustering police peon, have been observed, noted and described with minuteness; but the creature that purveys food for these greedy sons of the law and agents of government has in a great measure escaped notice. The village pettifogger is the being we refer to. To the rest of the corps depredative he bears the same relation that the fox is said to bear to the lordlier beasts of the forest. He springs the game, guides the invader to the haunts of the victim, and, when the latter falls, shares in the spoil.

Every village in the country with a sufficiently large population, and not possessing in its zemindar a protector of energetic will and powerful influence, has its man of pettifogging business. He is sometimes a Brahmin, but oftener a Kayasth. He usually belongs to a family of some standing in the village,—an upstart has rarely any chance of occupying so important a position in the municipality,—but of decayed means. He is generally a lettered man, but it is not essentially necessary that he should be one. In natural talent you will find him in a conversation of ten minutes to be decidedly superior to the large number of men you have met with in the world. In quickness of apprehension, he would distance the astutest city intellect. His outward bearing is rather dignified. He never appears in a hurry. A settled air of deep deliberation constantly marks his visage and never leaves it in his gayest moments—if ever his busy and thoughtful existence is interrupted by ebullitions of gaiety. A conscious feeling of superiority adds ease to his deportment, and you might observe him, when deeply engaged in his vocation, actuated by a conviction of being the monarch of much that he surveyed.

Such are the main features of the man, inner and outer. Himself a host, it is true, but much of his power lies in his alliances. Of his

allies, one of the principal Amlah of the Zillah Magistrate's cutchery and the Daroga of the Thannah are the most potent. With them he cultivates relations of eternal peace and amity, and his conduct is strictly dishonorable. He never filches a pie out of the bribes due to them, nor remits the slightest exertion on their behalf when they are in trouble. One of his constant endeavours is to secure by a judicious disposal of the hands of his children a permanent and socially recognizable relationship with the Amlah. In this amiable purpose he seldom fails. A foudary mooktear, half a dozen professional perjurers, and sometimes a few drunken bullies, complete the list of our friend's auxiliaries.

The influence which this individual exercises over the happiness of the village community is immense. An assault or a theft, a burglary or a case of abduction, furnishes him alike with profitable business and the opportunity of increasing his power. Suppose a case of this kind occurs,—a theft for instance—the sufferer first, the village chowkeedar next, the neighbours of the sufferer after him, the suspected man after them, every man of suspicious character after him, the man who harbours a grudge against a neighbour after him, and finally the man against whom the grudge is borne, pay court to this excrescence of the law. To the sufferer he represents the illegality and tremendous consequences of putting up without complaint with loss by a theft, consequences which it lies possibly in his power to obviate, but at immense pains and cost only. The imaginary dangers of the law and the real danger of a visit from its executive ministers—the darogah or one of his subordinates, are described in vivid colours, until the bewildered master of the robbed household resigns himself entirely in the hands of our hero. The village chowkeedar, if he has had no hand in the theft, is anxious for the safety of his badge, but if he has, he is anxious for the safety of his person too. The neighbours are reminded of the probable consequences of a visit from the Police, and the miseries of witness life. The suspected man is of course a helpless suppliant at the door of the pettifogger. All those whose characters would not well bear examination gladly purchase his good will on the occasion. The vindictive man places all that he possesses at the disposal of this arbiter of the village fortunes, in order to have his enemy implicated in the charge which the occasion would supply. The enemy himself is hardly less liberal in his offers. And thus, an affair which ought not to trouble the minds of the loser and his friends for two hours, creates an intense commotion throughout a village for weeks together by the instrumentality of a selfish schemer intent upon making capital of the fears and miseries of his neighbours.

We wish for the interests of social tranquillity that the defendant in *Kurreem Ali vs. Sandes*, had pleaded justification. We could then have seen whether the plaintiff was not of the character we have endeavoured to describe above.

We are not accustomed to view with indulgence those weaknesses of our countrymen to which they owe a great part of their sufferings. We have endeavoured to impress upon their minds that cowardice is a great sin,—patience under injuries is wrong-doing to the community. But to the victim in the hands of the village pettifogger, we are disposed to extend greater sympathy. The man really has great power and does a service, albeit a dirty one. No man with a spark of sensibility would willingly come in contact with the police. To be saved that contamination is a benefit which the majority of respectable men would willingly purchase at any price they can afford. We consider the village pettifogger to be a man who does a great deal of harm to society. It is he who makes the villager look beyond his neighbours for approbation or condemnation of his conduct. He aids in weakening the force of village opinion. The “five respectable men” who in Bengallee society exercise a greater influence upon our conduct than the “twelve good men and true” do in the land of our rulers find their vocation gone. Morality and tranquillity alike suffer from the transfer of influence from the punchayet to the pettifogger.

For the abatement of this living nuisance, there is but one means that we can discover, and that we have already indicated. The strong-handed zemindar who has a *lattyal* for every trick the pettifogger knows and sends one for every trick that he plays can alone suppress the artful dodger.

Indian Army Reform.

[Reprinted from the Hindoo Patriot, June 12, 1856.]

The Indian Government has an Herculean task before it in the shape of an effective army reform. Divers crudities and crotchets have been placed before us by public writers and official speculatists, who imagined with abundance of self-complacency that theirs were the nostrums destined to remove the dangerous plethory with which the army is afflicted, infuse young blood into its gouty arteries and render it at once light and handy as a cricket. But we are yet to be told whence the enormous outlay which can alone render the plans of these dreamers fit for practical operation and invest with rationality schemes which otherwise would suit a mad-house is to be drawn ;—seeing that the Government of India is not over-fortunate in possessing a clear balance sheet, and the Indian debt has pretty nearly got into the mazes of a geometrical progression. The friends of the army (an imposing title for the advocates general of no end of promotions and a down-pour of commissioned officers) behold in an increased strength of the European commissioned grade the talisman which shall restore to the army of India that health and buoyancy which erst enabled them to win supremacy on the battle-field and dictate the law to swarming millions of men. We admit that European skill and discipline have alone raised the Indian Army to that high pre-eminence from which it looks down upon the barbarous riff-raff which compose the war department of the majority of independent Indian princes. But though we are admirers of the European system of army economy, we nevertheless have only a modicum of faith in the principle that a large sprinkling of commissioned officers is the *sine qua non* of the efficiency of a native battalion. The master minds to whose genius and enterprise England is indebted for the brightest jewel in the crown of her sovereign did not think so. When Clive fought at Plassey, the organization of the native regiments under him did not include a large proportion of European officers. In the campaigns which the decisive engagements at Buxar and Korah terminated, we believe the native soldiery looked up for command and direction to officers raised from their own ranks instead of to men with whom they could have no sympathy of caste, creed or colour. It is a mistake to suppose that the paucity of European commissioned officers will lead

the Indian army to disorganization and ruin. If the head or commanding officer of a regiment be thoroughly cognizant of his duties, if his adjutant be a smart officer and his serjeant major a steady and intelligent individual, we can augur success for that regiment on the day of trial, though there should not be another European officer with it to swallow the champagne on the mess table or invent practical jokes for the amusement of his mess-master.

It is a significant fact that subsequent to 1825 no native regiment has been added to the line for the military protection of Bengal and the N. W. Provinces. The territorial possessions of the East India Company have by no means remained within their original boundaries since that period. Successive Governors General saw clearly into the folly of multiplying corps of a description which, whilst subjecting the revenues to a violent tension, are nevertheless recommended by no overwhelming superiority of efficiency in either peace or war to irregular regiments based on the model of those with which the English first conquered India, and which are to this day the only species of corps which such of the native powers in the Peninsula as are permitted by either the fears or the forbearance of the British Government to maintain independent armies, keep up for purposes of offence and defence. In the native, as in all simple minds, the division of authority amongst many individuals is a never-failing sign of the weakness of all, and nowhere does this distrust of the powers and capacities of a superior bring more mischief and moral abandonment than in the ranks of the army, which from its very constitution, the nature of the terms which discipline exacts from the soldiery, the vicissitudes of peril and exposure to which it is subjected, requires extraordinary and dictator-like power in the commanding officer. The commandant of an irregular or local corps is a much more important, and therefore efficient, officer than the commandant of a line regiment, and we will maintain our position against the interested wolf-cry of those who think it fashionable to make a long face over a question of paucity of officers and respectable to advocate measures involving a large outlay of money.

There is an essential difference between the constitution of European armies and that of the native Indian armies. This difference, founded on a radical social disconformity, is very much apt to be overlooked by European military critics. In a European regiment, every soldier, both in barracks and in the field, has to be looked after by a superior in rank, authority and social position. In a regiment of sepoys quartered in its lines, the company commandant is a downright superfluity. The captain or subaltern has no intelligible vocation at

all. He has no strong inclination or interest to make his company a model of military exactitude and smartness ; and so long as the prescribed regulation work is gone through, he cares not a fig whether the men under him (we cannot say under his command, for he has yet another over him and yet another and yet a third, all of whom by the way take peculiar care to preserve a respectable distance from the man of colour) form themselves into soldiers or coolies. Far different is the case in a local regiment, the head of which is at once commandant, company officer, paymaster and universal referee.

The necessity of a large number of European officers being present with sepoy regiments is apparent only in time of war. We admit there is always great danger in taking sepoy regiments into action without a full complement of Europeans to accompany it. The courage of the sepoy, like that of all Asiatic races, is less self-sustaining than that of the European soldier. Example can lead him to the performance of heroic feats, and the want of it often draws him into the commission of the grossest misbehaviour. Admitting this necessity, we have a remedy to suggest, at once cheap, efficient and easily practicable. We see no reason why a large number of intelligent European non-commissioned officers should not be put to duty with every sepoy regiment to show the men an example of military bearing in cantonment, and of martial daring in the field. The company officer, in no army in the world, needs be a tactician or a man of what is called a liberal education ;—in the sepoy army, he need not be endowed with a high social position to render him efficient. Yet these are precisely the qualifications which render the services of commissioned officers so expensive. We can well understand that the innovation we propose would affect great official interests, but viewed in reference solely to army reform, we can anticipate not a single valid objection to the plan.

We are aware that in some quarters we run the risk of being charged with dire heresy, but the voice of truth must not be suppressed when the desperate condition of the Indian finances seriously presses itself upon public attention and demands the aid of a radical remedy for the cure of a radical disease. If, however, our scheme for cutting down the complement of officers in Line Corps to that obtaining in the Local Regiments be deemed impolitic under present circumstances, (though we confess we have the fullest conviction of its feasibility), we will concede yet a little more to the popular lachrymosy, and allow a couple of subalterns to each regiment on the precedent furnished by the *Khelat-i-Ghilzie* corps, the presence of a large number of steady European non-commissioned officers will serve all the purposes of discip-

line. Thus whilst a large number of Europeans will be made available for teaching the native troops the goose step and leading them forth to battle, the purposes of economy will be served with remarkable success. The measure will likewise open promotion to the European non-commissioned officers of the Company's army and thereby withdraw one of the principal causes which render enlistment in the Company's service so peculiarly distasteful in Europe. The financial result of the *Friend of India's* plan of adding one field officer, two captains and two Lieutenants to the present complement would be a yearly augmentation of twenty lacs of rupees to the already heavy disbursements in the department of war, whereas the scheme submitted by us is calculated to take off a much larger item from the charges side of the state ledger. We leave it to the good sense of the public to decide which of the two conclusions is the most satisfactory.

Great wits jump. The above was in type when we read a communication from a well-informed writer published in yesterday's *Englishman*, in which a proposal exactly similar to ours is ably discussed and supported.

Army Reform.

[Reprinted from the Hindoo Patriot, June 19, 1856.]

We fancy our readers have already become convinced of the necessity of reducing the strength of commissioned officers in the East India Company's Line Regiments, and have duly appreciated our motives in recommending such a radical change in the organization of those regiments. In our last issue, however, we brought into array only the financial considerations which recommended the adoption of the measure we advocated, and took up our position behind the receipts and disbursements of the British Indian Empire—touching on other matters as they necessarily helped to invest our proposition with acceptability and lend it a practicable turn. We shall now endeavour to explain at some length the grounds which inclined us to the belief that efficiency as regards discipline will also be secured by a judicious thinning off of the commissioned grades. The cry for more officers is based on the plea that the present effective strength of captains and subalterns in each native regiment of the line is incompetent to deal with the multifarious duties required of commissioned officers, that promotion is seriously impeded and young men who accepted commissions in the army in the hope of obtaining the highest grades before old age shall have totally incapacitated them for service, lose all relish for their profession and accordingly exhibit little interest or solicitude for the condition of the men under their orders. The first of these grounds of complaint we propose to remove by adding one or more staff serjeants to each company of native infantry, who shall take the places of Company officers and in all respects answer the purposes of commissioned officers. The social constitution of the classes from which the native army is recruited will offer no obstacle whatever to the working out of the innovation suggested by us, but on the contrary, will tell with a favourable effect upon them as it will be the means of giving them European superiors whose aristocracy will not hinder their mixing freely with the soldiery, in barracks as well as in the field, now leading them on the parading ground, now cheering them on to the wrestling match. They will, in fact, form parts and portions of the regiments to which they may be attached, identifying themselves in all matters of discipline or sport with the men under their

command, instead of forming, what the Company officers of the existing system now are, a mysterious and imperious instrument of Government, half officer, half Nabob, with shocking Hindoostanee and worse civility—a strange and unintelligible scarecrow and nothing more. The whine and cant after promotion, when analysed by the tests of correct reasoning resolve themselves into a delusion—a mirage. Present incumbents will doubtless make an excellent harvest of it, if the complement of European officers be raised to the figures recommended in some quarters. Some ante-diluvian Lieutenants and a few Sutto-yoog ensigns will find themselves at last swung up to the next superior grades, thus obtaining a realization of the dreams of ages of anxious nights and thoughtful days; but there the advantage will stop, and the unfortunate gentlemen who will step into the shoes of the lucky new Captains and new Lieutenants will come in for a curse more abiding and obstinate than the one which it is attempted to remove by an increase to the complement of officers. If it took their predecessors the fourth part of a century to obtain a step, the fortunate event will fall to their lot but once every thirty years. A simple process of arithmetic will solve the proposition, and we must again read up our equations to determine the ultimate result in officers whom the East India Company shall have to pay and pension if to relieve young officers from their pillories it has recourse to a periodical addition to the complement. We are by no means admirers of Methuselan generals and octogenarian field officers, for though in singular cases old age retains the strength and buoyancy of youthful years, yet the phenomenon is not so general or frequent that we may safely attack the long established truth that old age is second childhood. But a vast increase of officers, over and above the expense and inconvenience which the measure will involve, will, by effectually hindering young men from rising in the commissioned grades, force helpless old men who cannot sufficiently take care of themselves to the awkward predicament of being made to look after thousands of armed soldiers. The twaddler on crutches who requires artificial stays for keeping him on his steed does not surely present the qualifications most needed in the commander of armies. There is a solecismal objection in the very idea of such a phantom which carries more weight than the most laboured efforts of argumentation. The matter is being viewed in its proper light in England ever since the disasters of the Crimean campaign opened the eyes of thinking men to the baneful and ridiculous character of the system which reposes the reins of command in palsied hands. In India, the absence of the practice of promotion by purchase renders the evil inevitable, and promotion by seniority rivets it on the army.

The purchase system we abominate, the system of seniority it is not safe to set aside at present. Our only hope, therefore, to see the highest grades of the army filled by young and healthy officers, consists in a wholesale reduction of the strength of European Commissioned officers. As promotion becomes more frequent, the chances of young men rising to command will be rendered securer, and this single advantage alone, if none other exists, forms a sufficient argument in favor of our scheme of reduction.

We have another suggestion to make—the pay and allowances of the Subadars of native corps are unnecessarily high. Indeed, the difference between the emoluments of a jemadar and those of a subadar is much more than the full pay and batta of the former. This extraordinary disagreement need not exist, and as the receipts of the staff serjeants included in our scheme have been proposed to be fixed at Rs. 50 per month, the inconsistency of a senior officer drawing less pay than his junior, demands, in addition to the circumstances above stated, that the pay of Subadars be reduced to Rs. 40 per month.

The Calcutta Canals.

[Reprinted from the Hindoo Patriot, August 7, 1854.]

In the midst of plenty we are in want. The poorer classes are sustaining serious damage from a cause patent to the public. Famine prices are at present reigning in regard to articles of food and other necessities which we were hitherto accustomed to receive through the medium of the Circular Canals. The Mahajuns have commenced a strike and unless Government authoritatively interfere to put down the cause of the movement that has deprived the Calcutta Market of the resources which were otherwise always at its command, we know not to what degree popular misery will culminate. Mr. Gailiffe, whose arbitrary proceedings we have on more than one occasion had reason to notice with severity, is again figuring in the narrative of canal grievances in not the best of attitudes. The fines and petty inconveniences to which the owners of boats passing through the Circular Canal are systematically subjected in a mistaken estimate of the quantum of patience which the objects of those fines and annoyances are capable of mustering, have at last driven them to the verge of desperation. We believe Mr. Gailiffe, the Collector of tolls, is remunerated for his services to John Company in the antiquated, though not obsolete, fashion of a percentage on the amount of collections which he may succeed in making—such collections including the amount of fines levied for breaches of the canal regulations. Now, this mode of remunerating servants may have served a very beneficial purpose when John Company was a single factor, engaged in the plodding money-making transactions of silk manufacture or saltpetre growing in the establishments at Cossimbazar and Singee, but in the latter half of the nineteenth century, when the flag of England waves over the length and breadth of Hindoostan in the character of that of the Lord Suzerain, such astute shifts for realising a revenue are out of date. They serve to bring Government into discredit and legalize a vast amount of oppression. In the case of the Calcutta Canals, the shift has resulted in the serious inconvenience and heavy injury now noticed. The Mahajuns have resolved to discontinue coming into the Canal altogether, and this sudden stoppage of supplies has been a source of much mischief

to the prices current of the metropolis. Those who count their incomes by hundreds and thousands cannot possibly conceive the amount of distress which a straitened market entails upon the poorer classes. These classes exceed by far the happy few who earn rupees as children gather berries ; and a healthy political economy should aim at rendering easy the condition of the many whose lot is cast in penury. The Circular Canal was originally excavated with the view of affording facilities to inland trade, and the tolls levied upon vessels making use of the communication were declared to be a necessary contribution in liquidation of the funds spent in the execution of the grand public work. For nearly a quarter of a century, the canal profits have amounted to the large sum of two lacs of rupees a year in the average. At this rate, the sum expended in the excavation of the canals has been realised many times over with interest and compound interest. What right therefore Government now has of not only perpetrating the impost, but endeavouring by a most foul and disgraceful system of commission agency to enhance the profits, and with worse accommodation for navigation enforcing higher terms, is a thing quite inexplicable to our unofficial understandings. Doubtless there is a reason ready cut and dry which those who live by the injustice and amass fortunes by jobs are at all times ready to furnish forth for the edification of malicious truth-seekers. But we question whether Whately or Watts has had any hand in the preparation of the logical monster. Be that as it may, we certainly have no present object to deprive the Government of the two lacs which for years and for years they have been accustomed to pocket annually from the hire of the Canals. We only demand that insult may not be added to injury, and that sharp officers, as the term goes, be not armed with a *carte blanche* using every means and mode that to their greedy vision may appear likely to serve the cause of a superlative revenue. The Collector of Canal tolls, Mr. Gailiffe, has, in addition to the usual complement of motives which incite the revenue officer to sacrifice the people to the Juggurnat of an insatiable treasury mill, a more powerful and immediate reason for grinding the subject for the sake and benefit of the ruler. He has a percentage interest in the collections effected through his un-remitting zeal and energy. The system of percentage remuneration, which was established on the occasion of the resumption proceedings, gave birth to an amount of injustice and oppression the effects of which are to this day visible in the misery and want to which ancient and respectable families have been reduced. The same odious and illegal principle has been introduced into the canal management, and the result, as far as they have manifested themselves in the short

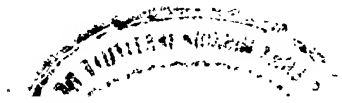
period that the strangely paid superintendence has been in operation, are by no means calculated to remove preconceived notions of the natural tendency of such a principle of remuneration to public officers, by a happy contradiction. A poor fellow cannot now strike an oar into the Canal, lay his vessel in a particular position, talk, sneeze or perform any other function of nature, without the ever-alive and redoubtable Mr. Gailiffe or his *posse* coming down upon him like a twenty-four pounder and making *loot* of his person pending the production of a ransom. This very disagreeable state of things, a species of Canal Martial law, by which Mr. Gailiffe expected to realize splendid monthly emoluments, was, however, charged with the Nemesis of its sub version. In place of the rich treasure the perpetrators of the job hoped to clear by their stroke of financiering, a mere shadow is in their grasp ; for the Mahajuns have very properly refused to have anything to do with the canal, a counter manœuvre, which has for the last few days brought down the toll collections to something very near zero ! The Government loses, Mr. Gailiffe loses, because the old game of the golden eggs was attempted to be played by the latter individual. But we could have very little sympathy for the fate of either of the two parties in question, if fate of our poor countrymen were not involved in the affair. We therefore would strongly recommend, as a remedy for the great evil which threatens us, the immediate appointment of an intelligent and experienced deputy collector to the office now held by Mr. Gailiffe the latter being sent "back to the place from which he came," and though many of the unfortunate people, through whose interests he has driven a carriage and four, would be glad to hear the completion of that judicial set phrase, yet as by the place we mean the Police where Mr. Gailiffe's services were valuable in their day, and as we bear him no ill feeling, we wish him good and better prospects as a peace officer, the Revenue Department* evidently not being the place for which he was intended by nature.

Hindoo Female Education.

[Reprinted from the Hindoo Patriot, August 28, 1856.]

For fear the reader should glance at the heading of this article, shrug his shoulders, take a prolonged yawn and hasten on to the next page, we think it prudent to premise, that our day of essay writing has passed away, that we have completely sobered down in our notions of things, that sound sense is a jewel which we have learnt to admire above the tinsel of flighty cant. Our object in receiving to this omnipresent, antiquated and well-gnawed subject, is to offer a few practical and wholesome suggestions to those who are at present in the field endeavouring to lay down a plan of operations by which to secure success to the cause of Female Education in India. It was our good fortune to hear delivered at the last meeting of the Bethune Society, a very excellent and practical lecture on this subject by Baboo Koylaschunder Bose, who evidently had marked correctly the nature of the obstacles which oppose the introduction of knowledge into the Hindoo Zenana. Although seemingly educated men make a feint to hide from the public gaze the real condition of the females of Bengal and would fain appear content with the measure of intelligence which they already possess, yet unquestionably the softer sex in this country is anything but an edifying specimen of mortality, and it behoves us earnestly and seriously to set about bettering its condition in a social and intellectual point of view. Various schemes are already before the public for effectually meeting the difficulties which stand in the way of this improvement. But, as unfortunately happens with all great schemes, a gigantic shadow is set up in preference to a less imposing reality—and in pursuit of a chimera vast tangible advantages are sacrificed. This thoroughly Titanic spirit of speculation has been introduced into the subject under notice and we are sorry to find that more talk is devoted to visionary plans of Hindoo Female Education, than energy manifested in giving already existing and working plans their fullest scope. It is the consolation of those who cannot act practically that they do not at least act before they have properly thought; and many of our educated countrymen find their account in swelling the ranks of sceptics and perpetual

thinkers by being thereby saved from the hazardous predicament of being compelled to make a great moral exertion. The English community is sufficiently duped by the specious reasoning of these dillidalliers to be able to fathom the real motives which cause the country in arriving at a satisfactory conclusion. Where people will not be convinced, hardly all the logic in England, France and Germany will achieve conviction. On the foregoing grounds we set down the edition of schemes now in circulation for educating Hindoo females—the Zenana scheme—the governess scheme—the pay school scheme—as a make-shift to throw back the crisis which shall demand the moral exertion and active support of wordy reformers. If we are to tarry until the river dries up, we shall not be able to effect our passage for centuries. “The slothful man says there is a lion in the way” and whilst he is concocting schemes, plans, surveys, orders of battle, etc., for destroying the grim animal, his more practical neighbour has perhaps gone forth, and discovered in the object of terror only a wild cat or a jackal. Every educated Hindoo deploras the ignorance of the female members of his household; he admits the necessity of educating them. But the moment his active co-operation is demanded in carrying out a plan of education, he takes shelter behind a barricade of doubts and excuses; the plan is not agreeable to his wisdom; he thinks something better could be devised; he has not means sufficient to pay for the services of a governess; he has pride in plenty to prevent his accepting an eleemosynary offer for educating his daughters. He wants his wife to be educated before his daughter; he cannot admit a convert girl into his Zenana; his father will object to such a thing; he cannot send his daughter to a public school; his friends will deprive him of his caste if he did so. These and many like these are the objections which the insincere advocate of Female Education puts forward to cover his vacillation and secure his character for enlightenment against the injurious reflections elicited by his acts. The European friends of native Female education, we regret to mention, are effectually deceived by this whining hypocrisy and suffer themselves to be led from one scheme to another in search of perfection, when an active persistence in that which offered itself at first would probably have saved them from the misfortune of having gone further and fared worse. It is our honest conviction that the Zenana scheme which is the staple hobby of the day, will never succeed. Grown up women in Hindoo families have too much work upon their hands to be able to commence studentship at the eleventh hour. The generality of them are hardened ignoramuses on whom all the governesses in Christendom will hardly succeed in making an impression. They deem ignorance to be



religion and reading and writing rank heresy. Even those who possess more practicable heads are not altogether free from such extraordinary notions. Or, if they are, the society in which they live and move puts their heterodoxy into a pillory. They are like Israel amidst the Phillistines—and modesty, if none other more stern necessity, compels them to affect a fondness for cards and small scandal in substitution of books and knowledge. A native house is the common rendezvous of relations extending to the eighth degree. Brothers and cousins, uncles, nephews, grandsons and grand nephews, with the female members equally diversified, herd together in the same premises like Abraham and his descendants. Every available nook in the portion allotted to the females is each at once a bed room, a dining room and a drawing room. There the women eat, sit and sleep, and the introduction of Christian governesses into the Zenana is an abomination not to be thought of by the superstition-ridden daughters of Bengal. Except in the families of the rich, no sufficient accommodation can be found for a governess; and how many rich people are there alive to the importance of female education? But if even every man of wealth could be induced to listen to reason, what would their sufferance avail in educating the majority of respectable Hindoo women who constitute the middle classes of Hindoo Society? The friends of Zenana education will accordingly do well to abandon the grown up women to their fate, and leave them in the undisturbed possession of the temple and the kitchen, for what rational object can be gained by dashing one's head against a stone wall—and the hearts of the matronhood of Bengal are harder in this matter than stone walls. It should be our aim to attack the weakest point, to train the sapling while it is yet soft and tender. Since the grown up women of Bengal are unapproachable, we must commence operations with those whom the conventional jealousy of the Hindoos has not yet affected; and instead of losing much valuable time in idle disquisitions and airy schemings, use the resources already at our disposal and give a practical turn to our speculations. The Bethune School was instituted to forward the views of the most hearty friends of Hindoo female education and we are at a loss to account for the lamentable indifference which educated natives manifest towards that institution. We have had personal experience of the amazing progress made by some of the girls brought up at that school, and we have not the least doubt but that under proper encouragement from the caste classes of the metropolis it may become the instrument of a high order of education to our females. If, therefore, native gentlemen who are now apparently lost in a labyrinth of doubts and perplexities as to what is likely most effectually to educate the



females of the country, and those of our European friends who are floundering in the same labyrinth, will for once follow our advice, and reducing their speculative energies into active energies transfer them to the support of the Bethune School, they will find that the object of their search lies much nearer than the bottom of a well!

The New Polity or Principles of Indian Government.

[Reprinted from the Hindoo Patriot, September 11, 1856.]

While ministers of the Crown and members of the Imperial Parliament are acknowledging the difficulty of finding the true method of Indian Government, the now celebrated "Mr. Slasher of Rhainy-Gunge" has discovered a solution of the great problem. A leading journalist has accepted that solution as a true one, and recommended its immediate adoption by all those concerned in the government of this immense region. The plan suggested by Mr. Biddle in a letter addressed to the Editor of the *Friend of India*, is, as might be expected in a production of real genius, marked by equal simplicity and comprehensiveness. Mr. Biddle builds his scheme on two facts which, we need hardly say, find ready acceptance with our contemporary over the water. These facts are that the only form of government suited to India is a mild despotism; and that the rankest of all scoundrelism is Bengallee scoundrelism. Basing his reasons upon these two undeniable facts, Mr. Biddle proposes that each district should be placed under charge of a Magistrate with absolute power to imprison any man for two years, that "every amlah, police officer and chowkeedar should be dismissed with one stroke of the pen," that two or three clerks with a body of soldiers should perform the duties of the dismissed officials, and, above all, that the "record" should be abolished. This is precisely the plan which the *Friend of India* has been advocating for so many years, and our contemporary is excessively delighted, as well he might be, at his rather meagre party being joined by the redoubtable "Mr. Slasher of Rhainygunge."

But Mr. Biddle, while recommending this short and simple, or as his commentator more scientifically calls it, this oriental, method of Government for the natives of the country, he would not stand its application to the "independent Briton." Mr. Biddle is convinced that the Magistrates are young and inexperienced, that many of them want faith in the immaculacy of the "independent Briton" and his constitutional inability to do wrong, and that none of his class can afford to let go his hold upon that sheet anchor of theirs in time of need—the Calcutta Supreme Court. Upon this part of the "Slasher" scheme, the *Friend of India*, of course, has not a word to spare.

Here then is a solution of the great problem which has so perplexed the wisdom of ministers and senators. The native of India should have his liberties, life and property placed at the entire and uncontrolled disposal of the district magistrate, and the district magistrate should have his official position and prospects and his personal ease and convenience placed at the disposal of the "independent Briton." So that, if a recusant cooly be sent to the bottom of a coal pit never to be brought up alive again, and the cooly's wife complain to the magistrate, the woman should be instantly sentenced with oriental vigour of justice to prison and hard work for two years; or, if a village owned by a rival speculator be taken possession of, and the magistrate and his police be defied, he should deem it his duty instantly to write an apology to the commissioner lest the Supreme Court call him to answer for trespass upon an "independent Briton's" rights.

Let those concerned in the question of Indian Government think whether the "Slasher" scheme is not already in full force:—the true oriental method for the native, and an unamalgamated Supreme Court for the "independent Briton."

An Introduction to the Art of Teaching, by Bhoodeb Mookerjee.

[Reprinted from the Hindoo Patriot, September 18, 1856.]

Whatever may be the shortcomings of the Government of the East India Company in respect to an extended diffusion of knowledge amongst the masses of the Indian population ; whatever may be the errors, intentional or otherwise, of the agency to which the educational concerns of British India have been consigned, one thing is certain, that a motive shock has been given to the hitherto slumbering energies of our countrymen, which promises to do more for the enlightenment of the people of India than the whole host of Directors, Inspectors and Sub-Inspectors is likely to achieve. There are times at which certain descriptions of good come down thick as hail without our seeking for them. A mania sometimes catches an entire people for either fighting or festivaling, reasoning or rhyming, acting very foolishly or very sensibly. We are just at present in the very vortex of a vernacular frenzy. More books, have we believe, been manufactured in the course of the last decade than existed during the entire previous century, and the tone and tendency of the new publications are infinitely superior to anything that formerly existed in vernacular literature. They are adapted to the use of all classes of readers, young and old, male and female. They impart solid instruction through a medium hitherto abused and prostituted for the purposes of either superstition or cock-and-bull fictions. They have revolutionised national taste and popularised moral truths. To this splendid marshalling of good books, has been added the one at the head of this article. Its author, himself a teacher of teachers (having been lately appointed Superintendent of the Normal School for vernacular teachers at Hooghly), has commenced the exercise of his prelatical functions with an endeavour to systematise the principles of teaching, and bringing them all to a compendious focus in view to their application to the vernacular department of the Indian Educational Scheme. One part of our theory of popular instruction is that such instruction should be conveyed through the medium of the language forming the established dialect of the country. The majority of students either do not require or have not time enough to study a foreign tongue in order that they

may be enabled to obtain through its channel an insight into the arts and sciences of the West. They can afford to remain at school for a limited number of years. They must soon embark on the great voyage of active life in order to procure the means of livelihood. Hence the necessity for endowing vernacular schools. The village establishments, which do duty for such schools, are capable of imparting only a rude and primitive order of instruction, confined to simple reading and writing, with a smattering of arithmetic for a finishing stroke. The knowledge thus acquired through teachers whose moral perceptions are not of a very cultivated description, instead of serving the legitimate purpose of education, fits its recipient only for the blackguardism of Zillah mooktearship, leaving him as wholly without a moral standard as those who receive no instruction at all. The preceptor must be a respectable and well-informed person to be able to infuse a virtuous and intelligent spirit into the young people under his care, and although a few of our village Gooroomohashyes may form exceptions to the rule, it is yet a sorry fact that the majority of them adopt their profession from an utter incapacity for any other sort of work. They are ignorant of the first principles of teaching; they are pedagogues to the backbone; they never trouble themselves with the grammar of their mother tongue; they are mean and contemptible to a degree that has invested the profession of a teacher in the eyes of old natives with a slur from which less honorable professions are exempt. Eugene Sue's Claude Gerard had to clean a cow-house after school hours. But what that worthy man did from necessity many of our Claude Gerards would do from very servility. A thorough recasting of the village patshallahs is absolutely needed for the purposes of a healthy education, and a more efficient and estimable staff of teachers must be secured to render that education the promoter of national morality. The book before us, which is intended as a *vade mecum* to the class of instructors under notice, gives full and practical lessons in the art of teaching, and our acknowledgments are due to the author for the labor expended by him in the preparation of a work which though superficial observers may not concede its importance, should nevertheless form the attentive study of those who are engaged in the noble duty of forming the youthful mind and training and pruning the infant intellect of a future generation.

The Civil Engineering College.

[Reprinted from the Hindoo Patriot, November 27, 1856.]

The versatile and omnipliant genius of the natives of India ~~is~~ about to be directed to a practical point. Hitherto, with the exception of the knowledge taught at the Medical College, the aim and tendency of education in this country were to cram the student with a surfeit of showy and superficial learning which, beyond laying a good foundation for subsequent improvement, practically afforded little help to the working out of the student's career in life. A splendid effect could certainly be made upon those uninitiated in the mysteries of collegiate examinations, with the apparent depth, research and erudition displayed in the answers to the annual examination questions given in by the competitors for collegiate prizes and distinctions. But those behind the scenes could not help being painfully alive to the monstrous humbug which imposed upon and astonished everybody else—but which they knew to be no better than a well concocted deceit—a magnificent phantasmagoria. It is a well-known and deplorable fact that ninety-nine out of a hundred of the young gentlemen whose scholastic attainments had astonished the public and attracted the esteem of men of letters settle down within a few years after their succession from study into very mediocre and plain-witted men, plodding the quill or enveloped in the dust of rice, jute and linseed. Shakespeare and Milton are speedily enough forgotten, whilst mathematics slips like an eel through their memory. As we have already said, beyond forming a good bottom of intelligence, their studies have not very materially helped them on in active life, and for that matter there are men shining in active life and considered pattern men of business who never heard of such a person as the bard of Avon, and who would unhesitatingly declare Euclid's figures to be the fantastic etchings of a madman or a child. The establishment of the Civil Engineering College has, however, relieved the anomaly of the natives of India being pushed up to the highest branches of mathematical science without any apparent object. The institution was opened on the 24th instant with a class of only ten students. The college will undoubtedly give a new and practical turn to education in this country, fitting its alumni for the immediate business of life without any additional training. The want of competent Civil Engineers has left the material prosperity of India at almost the same point at which it had been brought a century ago. The means and appliances of agriculture and manufacture

have not been multiplied to any visible extent, because the aid of science was not brought to bear upon the antiquated and traditional modes in which agriculture and manufacture are carried on in this country. Draining is an improvement seldom adopted by the Indian farmer for want of a proper agency by whom the necessary process may be worked out. Irrigation is restricted to the contrivances which were in vogue in early ages. Road-making and bridging are a species of knowledge in which our countrymen are lamentably imperfect, and hence where production has increased the distribution of produce has become a matter of the greatest difficulty. Otherwise, the naturally fruitful soil of Hindoostan would not have run into jungle or sunk into marshes whilst the people encountered famines or eked out at best a miserable existence. In the department of manufacture we are worse off than in that of agriculture. We possess all the requisites of a manufacturing people. We have the raw materials in abundance which employ the looms of Manchester and Paisley, and can grow more if we choose. But the steam engine is an inexplicable riddle to the native weaver, and he necessarily is compelled to abandon the impossible race of the human hand against a machine driven by a powerful and subtle element.

We anticipate, however, a more cheering position for ourselves when the Civil Engineering College shall have commenced to turn out a class of men capable of competing on the field of practical science with the Engineers of Europe, taking Surveys, levelling roads, spanning rivers, clearing jungles, draining marshes, erecting bunds and rearing works of irrigation. A vast field of enterprise will then be opened to the country at large and to educated men especially, and all the blessings of ease and comfort which have rendered the West the envy of Asiatics will become the portion of the East!

We are told that Government has refused to guarantee employment to the young men brought up at the Engineering College and that some discouragement is therefore likely to take place to the wish to enter that institution on the part of the public. But it should be borne in mind that the Government notification in the Public Works Department dated 17th June, 1856, holds out the promise of a rich harvest of appointments to those who may establish their fitness for service in the Engineer Establishment, and even if Government should not need his services, an accomplished Engineer can never be in want of honorable and lucrative employment in this country where the veriest empiric is now a doctor in the science!

The Medical wants of the Bengal Poor.

[Reprinted from the Hindoo Patriot, January 1, 1857.]

It is the glorious vaunt of modern civilization that it has materially added to the comforts of human life. Fruits and no thistles, are the mania of the age ; and the sturdy Baconian of the present day, whilst being whirled on the rail or riding on the storm in his airy car, may think with a scornful smile of the Grecian sage and the Hindoo *Rishee* who, with almost bare backs and empty stomachs, could ruminate upon contemplations of the Divine Essence or the sublime mysteries of *Mya*. The triumph of Baconianism in our own country, however, has by no means been proportionate to the downfall of the philosophy of the *toles*. There are very few amongst us, we believe, who still think it worth their while to discuss such moot points as that, whether hails are hard because composed of liquid water, or whether when we gaze upon a waterpot we see the independently existing essence of the pot or the accidentia alone. But although the logic of Gowthum and that of his no less ingenious compeers no longer continue to shackle the youthful intellect of our land with their gorgeous cobwebs, the discoveries of Western science have seldom been yet brought to bear upon the familiar arts of life in India. Nowhere is this fact more manifest than in the rude simplicity which still characterizes the processes in which the commonest handicrafts are carried on by us. The same two circular pieces of stone, that ground corn for the ovens of our great great grandfathers still continue to do the friendly office for us. The same implements which were used by the peasant of old and the antideluvian smith still display their sorry clumsiness in the field, and the workshop, and the same imperishable monument of scientific genius and mechanical skill which spun the thread of the village matron centuries back still charms with its unearthly music the ears of the worshipful gossip. Thus everything is at a dead stop in our country. Nor is it with reference to machinery and manufactures alone that this remark holds good. Hindoo medicine which is now in much the same state, if not worse, that it was in when Shib wrote and Shusrut prescribed, has hitherto ignored all improvements which the united efforts of the most gifted minds of Europe have been continually bringing to light. Whilst the meanest laborer from Penzance to the Tweed has within his reach professional medical aid, many a proud zemindar in

the mofussil can have no better leech than his barber, or a better physician than a wrinkled hag or an outlandish quack. A certain king of Austria is said to have been killed by the over much-unscrupulousness of his surgeon who amputated the royal thigh with a mallet, and we fancy more than hundreds of Bengal landholders have fallen victims to the fury of the nailcutter or to the slow but sure working of poison-pills. The fact is that our country is now sadly hampered by all the worst evils of quackery. A quack in every profession is a dangerous being, and a quack in medicine is most so of all other quacks. Success in a very few cases creates for him a throng of worshippers, and when once the idol of a place, no failure can mar his reputation because they are laid at the door of chance or traced to the mysterious agency of fate which so ruthlessly shortened the life of the wretch who dies under his treatment. When, therefore, he ministers, and his daring, thanks to the patient's good stars, to the effect of starvation or the influence of faith, effects a charming cure, his fame is trumpeted forth throughout the length and breadth of the little neighbourhood. Idle gossips relate to credulous marvel-hunters all and more than all that they see or hear. How the sick man had lain rolling in bed in dreadful agonies, how he had raged with thirst, and how as soon as he swallowed the blessed potion a change instantly came upon him and he became a hale man. Such or nearly such are the graphic pictures that take in with the multitude, and the *soi disant* Dhonnonthoree becomes the enviable talk of hundred villages. His aid comes to be thus blindly resorted to by many a poor man whose life is put into jeopardy. He largely uses vegetable and animal poison in the preparation of his pills, nineteen-twentieths of his patients die of those pills, sooner or later, while the one-twentieth who escape from his murderous aim, drag on a wretched existence with shattered frames. The few "positive instances," as Bacon long ago complained, are triumphantly cited to swell his reputation, while none like Diogenes of old take into account the many and negative ones. The sphere of his operation thus becomes gradually enlarged until he becomes a humble follower in the path of those worthies that are yecept by the world Heroes and Conquerors. Nor is this other than what is expected. The process by which the village quack is hatched into being is one of the most wonderful phenomena in nature. Every peasant whose crop fails and who expects the horrors of the Cutchery torture or the Factory choonam—every *Moodhee* who goes beyond his depth and finds himself ruined through ill-luck as he fancies,—every hoary grandame who can manage to talk big about the virtues of half a dozen herbs—all quietly don the medicine bag and set up for doctors. Some even

cleverly drive a number of trades at once, and many a prudent Brahmin, in the far interior like "Porteus Hill" at whose expense Goldsmith makes so merry, renders himself "thrice great" by playing the *boido*, the priest and the *mohajun* in the motley community of which he is a most important member. It is but natural, therefore, that such empirics should kill by scores, but it is horribly unnatural that the nation and government should suffer them to kill. The fellow who cuts his neighbour's throat terribly expiates his crime on the gallows before the eyes of assembled hundreds, but the man who trifles with human life and destroys it with poison-pills and does a deed which "smells as rank to Heaven" is fee-ed and refee-ed for his fiendish villainy. It is true that our rural population ought not to put faith in these pseudo sons of Æsculapius, but we should like to know how they can do without subjecting themselves to the treatment of the latter. We should like to know in a country in many parts whereof there is not a single hospital within forty miles round to afford help to the sick poor and where the peasant working knee-deep in water in the flooded *amon-field* under a September Sun is attacked with mortal diseases,—we should like to know how in a country so circumstanced people can discard empiric remedies and resolve to be prescribed for by none save graduated dignitaries. It is of course impossible for a sick labourer to afford to pay for the luxury of being transported through miles to that paradise of the diseased—the Sudder-station Hospital, and sheer love of life induces him to avail himself of the services of the nearest quack. It is high time, however, that the Government and the enlightened portion of the native community should do something to mend this state of things in the mofussil. We believe that if grants in aid be extended to every charitable dispensary which may be set on foot by the gentry of any place who are willing to and able to defray half the expenses of the establishment much of the evils we have alluded to above may be removed. Such dispensaries may profitably be placed under the charge of qualified students from the Bengallee class of the Medical College, the cheap rate of whose remuneration will place their professional aid within the reach of the poorer classes. The aided dispensary and the aided school of a populous village will exert a vast influence upon its society, and prove a more effectual death-blow to hoary prejudices and antiquated customs than anything else.

The Five per cent. Loan.

[Reprinted from the Hindoo Patriot, February 12, 1857]

Honesty is decidedly the best policy, and if the disciple of Machiavelli was ever in need of confounding evidence of the fatal insecurity of the ground he is treading and the utter hollowness of the wisdom enunciated by his Italian master, the pitiable condition of the Government of India brought on by the blunders of a model Governor-General is enough to vindicate the maxim we have quoted and which is everlastingly at work to demolish the towers of the guilty great and frustrate the astutest plans for swindling honest men. Three years ago and Lord Dalhousie with a not overfull Treasury offered to pay off the debts of the nation, unless the creditors of the nation chose to accept a lower rate of interest for their money. The school of Machiavelli highly applauded the genius and the tact of the individual who planned and carried out the stupendous deception, but less sordid philosophers wept over the disgraceful transaction, and if the former had voted a mural tablet to their splendid *beau idéal*, the latter would doubtless have burnt him in effigy and heaped abomination on his name. Like many hole and corner politicians, however, Lord Dalhousie was fortunate enough to run out his term of responsibility without encountering the thunder-storm which he had helped to brew. The eddy overtook, however, his successor. A four and a half per cent. loan fell still-born from the Official Gazette. A five per cent. one is being tried. But from the accounts before us, even this is not likely to exhibit vitality. The public is now in a position to invest property in the funds at a greater advantage than that promised by the new loan. Why then the new loan should prosper? The foresight of the financial advisers of the Indian Government is still under the sinister haze bequeathed by the Governor General who recently disturbed the Lake Camarina to pour malaria on the finances and the country. It is really a humiliating and deplorable circumstance that the paramount power in India should go about begging for three crores of Rupees and get more kicks than half pence. Its character has been too seriously damaged by that scandalous affair of the transfer of the five per cents. to enable it to revive the confidence thus forfeited without conceding in some shape or other to popular clamour and making reparation for the ruin it inflicted upon holders and speculators by its previous conduct. Lord Canning must free himself from all connection with the

policy that heaped opprobrium on the memory of his predecessor in order to restore that healthy trust in the morality of the ruling body, the absence of which preludes disaster. It is not necessary for him to stand committed to the course adopted by his predecessor. The aspect of affairs demands a less tortuous and more candid line of conduct. We are sorry, however, that his Lordship is becoming influenced by the hole and corner party organised during the preceding administration. A large number of stockholders and stock-jobbers, whose ruin has been accomplished by the monetary manœuvres of Government during the last three years, with the view of saving a wreck of their blasted fortunes, went up to the Governor General with a memorial embodying the very fair and equitable request that the new five per cent loan be covered partly by money contributions and partly by the transfer of four per cent stock at par value. In the present unsettled state of the money market, this was perhaps the only alternative by which government would have been enabled to stop the mouth of clamour and attract the hoards of capitalists to its impoverished treasury. The measure would have given a flush to the four per cent papers and rendered them less desirable as a means of investing property than the open loan. It would have restored popularity to the state and rendered its necessities an object of sympathy to its subjects. It would have been accepted as a fitting atonement for the scandalous conduct which will doubtless on someday form a ground for the impeachment of the Company's Government before the Parliament of England. The memorial under allusion would have formed a very convenient peg whereon to hang an act of liberality which would have been acknowledged with gratitude by the public at the same time that it would have relieved Lord Canning's Government from the horns of a dilemma. But the financial authorities have been so long accustomed to carry things with a high hand and depend more upon bravado than sound sense for success, that they have affected to spurn the accommodating support and maintain a tone of superior wisdom. We shall see how long their spirits will remain in tension, if the necessities of Government continue to be as at present. Rumours are afloat that it is in contemplation to stop the pay of public servants, that the sum thus obtained may assist the state out of its embarrassments. It needs no ghost to tell us that the rumours are flatly ridiculous but the fact of their having obtained ready currency amongst people is illustrative of the terrible havoc which the credit of the Supreme Government has sustained from persistence in a course of policy alike imprudent and discreditable.

Mofussil intercommunication and its influence.

[Reprinted from the Hindoo Patriot, February 19, 1837.]

That Bengal utterly lacks means of safe and speedy intercommunication is a truth which even the veriest smatterer of the geography of the Mofussil will not deny. Our countrymen have abundantly proved, and the British public have been brought to a *quasi* belief, that our ways are not exactly like the rosy paths of paradise, and that the oracle, which in a fit of overluxuriant fancy pronounced the Grand Trunk Road "smooth as a bowling green," was not infallible. The notions, however, entertained by most people with reference to the state of our roads are but vague at best, and no statistical results have yet been brought forward to render them precise. The Secretary to the Indigo Planter's Association called upon his constituents some time back to report upon the mode in which internal communication was carried on in their respective neighbourhoods, but no reports calculated to throw light upon the subject have up to this time been published. The police and the judicial officers may, at the bidding of the authorities, furnish full information on the matter, but it would be almost a miracle if such a bidding were to come from a Government which from experience dreads to commission its servants (in the words of the old story) to count even the waves of the sea. Meanwhile, the need of enquiries as to everything connected with the internal condition of the country is felt more and more and day by day, and those who are labouring in the cause of Indian reform will do well to continue to press upon the attention of the Parliament and the local magnates the deplorable and dangerous wretchedness of all means of intercourse in our rural districts. In many of these districts, there is no other road besides the single one which connects one provincial capital with its sister metropolis of a neighbouring Zillah, and the unfortunate millions who live far away from the Company's *rastha*, are obliged to toil along foot-paths barricaded in some places by uprooted bamboos and encroached upon in others by overgrown hedgerow brambles. In Southern Nuddea, the connecting road between Baleshet and Krishna-

gore passes about twelve miles from the Eastern banks of the Hooghly, while for miles to the east of this road a public highway is not to be met with. The consequence is that here, as elsewhere in Bengal, people have to plod their way through mud and water at the rate of a *crosh* in hours, whenever they have to drum their grievances into the sleeping ears of a Darogah or to perform a pilgrimage to the Magistrate's shrine. Crowds of European sermon-mongers have spent their eloquence upon that womanish tameness in the Bengalee's disposition which, it is said, leads him meanly to submit to wrongs and makes him loath to bring the wrong deed to the clutches of justice, but we would ask the preachers who love so much to lavish hereditary etceteras upon this their favorite theme—we would ask them what sensible man would not rather put up with ten thousand losses than feel his way like Milton's Satan through a dreary chaos—now wading through a flooded waste—now swimming across a narrow ferryless creek—ever and anon cautiously trending the boundary lines of paddy fields—and all this for the supreme bliss of dancing attendance before a *Huzoor* in the full blown experience of nineteen, and currying favour with Amlah who eternally speechify to the tune of "put money in my purse." It is absurd to expect that men should seek redress from the law while they have no faith in the speed and the impartiality of its decisions, but it is equally absurd to expect them to do so while they are placed in a virtual Kamtschatka with reference to the civil station by means of horribly bad ways. Nor is the bar to the prosecution of legal rights the only evil which results from the want of good roads. The internal trade of the country is fatally clogged by it. A distance of ten or twelve miles along an easterly or a westerly line from the Hooghly creates a startling difference in the price of our home grown articles. Some of these, we know, sell at the villages which enjoy the advantages of water communication with the Ganges at half the value of what they do at half a day's journey from these. In the former places, peas, potatoes and other culinaries are raised in abundance and brought down by *dingee*fuls to the urban bazars. In the latter, rice, tobacco, sugarcane and hemp, form the staple crops, while lands eminently fitted for the cultivation of vegetables, or those in which they can be grown together with other crops, are not taken full advantage of or are entirely neglected. Nor is this difference in the agricultural products of the two regions without a deep influence upon the life and habits of the peasant. In the villages along the bank of the Hooghly, it is delightful, long before a winter's day dawns, to see the rude bustle of swarms of sweating rustics in an overladen market boat as she puts forth from her native *Ghat* or to hear the merry shouts of never ending *noreboles* as she returns home from her one day's

voyage. That voyage brings the farmer to the great bazars of Calcutta, Baidbatee and Chandernagore, and teaches him to forget all his toils in the queen-faced beauty of silver coins. He learns to admire something more graceful in architecture than the soiled and crannied walls of his zemindar's *Dalan*, and believes, though half doubtingly that, the threadbare shawl of his *Naib Mohashoy* is not indeed the beau ideal of fashionable dress. He thus returns to his family with a considerably enlarged stock of ideas in his head, and never fails to unlock his wondrous lore to a gaping audience of neighbours and kinsmen. It is, we believe, a generally acknowledged fact that the spread of intelligence amongst the rural population on both banks of the Hooghly is greater than in the farther interior. The ridicule and scorn with which the Gunga-dwelling Ryot looks upon his Dacca and Jessore brethren are much like the ridicule and the scorn with which the Northumbrian boor is treated by the peasant of Middlesex. The self-called *elite* who by their supreme good-luck are washed into civilization by the waters of the holy stream sneeringly point at the huge donkeyishness and the singular gullibility and the mighty unmannerliness of the chilli eaters who are swelled into jug-bellied beauties by perpetual enlargement of the spleen and who talk a loathesome jargon of *Oys* and *Ajeebos*. Nor is this egotistical leer utterly unfounded. It arises partly no doubt from that useful though concentrated patriotism which sees Elysium nowhere but in the ancestral hovel and finds a wilderness of sweets more in the forefatherly dunghill than in a neighbour's rose garden; but it arises partly also from the rather outlandish rudeness, the grosser superstition and the deeper ignorance that still brood over Eastern Bengal. That superstition and ignorance are mainly attributable to non-intercommunication between the one tract and the more enlightened parts, the non conducting medium of bad roads and no roads insulates Western civilization for a few miles around Calcutta. If it be true that societies must be brought into contact before they can morally act upon each other—if it be true that efficient intercommunication brings societies into contact by diminishing distance, it is no wonder that the various parts of Bengal should be practically separated as if by mountains, and that there should be little sympathy between the masses dwelling in them. The nightly debates of St. Stephen's are, twenty-four hours or so after they are past, eagerly swallowed by the overgodly minister in a kirk of Jona or the half-lettered laird in the remotest glens of Scotland; and a Ruzely poisoning or a French inundation in course of a day or two electrifies millions two thousand miles off. But in our country, whole villages may be depopulated, a whole peasantry may suffer from plating havoc or magerial hobbies, without exciting in the nation a greater interest than

would be caused by the supposed irruption of a lunar volcano; and the Hindoos of the Ditch care a cowree whether Jessore is burnt down by the fall of a comet or swallowed up in the Indian ocean, so long as a regular supply of its carps is kept up for their soup. This wretched sink of national apathy must be set in motion before we can expect to thrive as a people.

Social Union among Educated Natives.

[Reprinted from the Hindoo Patriot, February 28, 1857.]

It is to be regretted that the native gentlemen of Bengal who have a *status* in society and are considerably in advance of the mass of their countrymen in intelligence, and ethic perceptions should sedulously keep aloof from each other and thus render their intelligence, respectability and moral excellence a sort of abstract reality without a particle of practical usefulness. Absolute excellence does but little good to society ; inert virtue commands no influence. The rays of the sun, if deprived of the virtue which is the immediate cause of germination and growth, would cease to be valuable, and the brilliant luminary which is now worshipped as a deity would command only the foolish admiration of thoughtless sight-seers. It is doubtless agreeable to contemplate a beautiful object in nature. A splendid mirage possesses at a distance far greater attractions than a field of corn. Yet sober and reasoning men attach more importance to one acre of the latter than to fifty thousand of the former. It is still more agreeable to contemplate moral and intellectual worth embodied in a human frame. But the hermit is a loss to society. In the proportion in which that which is active is superior to that which is inert is the working mind more valuable than the mind which imbibes everything but imparts nothing. Hence all the education disseminated by our schools and colleges, though answering one of the purposes for which they were instituted, effect but a small measure of the good they are capable of doing, so long as our countrymen do not take to sharpening their intellects on the grindstone of society and smoothing down by a perpetual whirl with kindred intelligence whatever asperities or cones there may exist in the tenor of individual minds. We are accused, and perhaps not without a sufficient reason, of lacking that public spirit and unity of aim and perception without which no nation can rise in the arts of civilised life or attain political eminence. The detractors from the national character of the Hindoos point exultingly to the jealous meanness with which many amongst us set themselves in opposition to beneficial measures of reform for no other reason than that of satisfying a rancourous spirit of opposition. Without acknowledging ourselves to be such monsters in the phenomena of the mind as the state of things described would necessary make us to be, we cannot shut our eyes to

the fact that educated Hindoos are not so social and accommodating in their intercourse with their brethren as could be always wished. If the intelligent native does not actually exert himself to mar the progress of a good action, he does not certainly set himself zealously to work in furtherance thereof. If he is not positively mischievous, he is still negatively so. It is only within a few years that we have learnt to appreciate the value and admire the potency of united action. The British Indian Association during the scant period of its existence has more thoroughly revolutionized native feelings and opinions on the political position and requirements of the country and invested them with a defined and settled character, than heaps of blue books could have done during ages of bibliological agitation. The knowledge that is imparted by the lips and the spirit that is breathed by an oral intercourse are more deeply imbibed and readily caught up than those received through less familiar media. That is the philosophy of club life. A club is a necessity to every English gentleman—the most unsocial of human beings—as much a necessity as his dinner or his newspaper. Everybody that has a standing in society has the *entree* of a respectable club, where he meets upon neutral ground with his equals, where his social virtues are exercised, where the fashions are set to the etiquette of common life—where he learns to merge selfish feelings into a harmonious public feeling, at which the oddities of his manners and his character are rectified under the chastening influence of a dominant club opinion. How much do we need such an institution here! A social hall in town at which intelligent native gentlemen may daily assemble, that is where one is certain to find the company of equals he at once likes and fears, would be one of the most important instruments for modelling the character of our nation and giving us that earnest and sincere union the want of which is the standing cause of our present helplessness.

A proposition is now on foot for supplying such a want by the establishment of a public reading room and *conversazione* in the heart of the town where intelligent native gentlemen may assemble for the purposes of literary recreation and the most friendly intercourse on all subjects bearing upon the general prosperity of the country. The project is charged with an immense interest and we therefore wish it the best and speediest success.

Divisions in Hindoo Society.

[Reprinted from the Hindoo Patriot, March 5, 1857.]

It is amusing to mark the desperate shifts to which the generation of grandfathers is ever and anon resorting in order to dyke in from the aggressions of a daily accumulating sea of new truths, institutions which were the marvel of their youth and which they would fain canonize in their dotage. It is piteous to behold hoary-headed patriarchs, on whose brows has descended the halo of antiquity, making an expiring effort to rally round errors on which a new light has begun to break in—which will ere long succumb to a deluge of enlightened ideas, the first surges whereof, are already moaning ominously. Worn out octogenarian minds vainly endeavour to set themselves in opposition to a progress which obeying a fundamental law of nature is moving onwards with the implacability of destiny. The spell which hitherto invested horrid social institutions with a tint borrowed from paradise exists no longer to blind the vulgar or obfuscate wisdom. There has been reared in our country a higher standard by which to designate the boundary between virtue and vice than complets of sanscrit verse, which are undoubtedly very good poetry but which no ghost needs tell us are not nevertheless revelation! Yet so strong is the inertia of ancient usages that even a skilful composition of forces is unable to disturb their position; or if it does, the rash Milo who achieves the impossibility finds perhaps a tomb in the cleft where he anticipated a triumph! There is nothing either monstrous or unnatural in the fact that those who have lived out a social cycle should traverse the utility of measures which were not essential to the happy and peaceful progress of the circle in which their best associations are quartered. But it is certainly extraordinary that young men on whom the influence of recollection has not yet obtained any substantial hold should consign their judgment and independent thought to the rude modelling of forefathers by no means remarkable for ability or true learning—that they should accept as the *ne plus ultra* of human wisdom, institutions which bear on their very face the impress of barbarous ruffianism or selfish jealousy. Such a grovelling resignation of the birth right of the human species argues a most lamentable condition of mental effminacy, and a strong effort is necessary to enable us to spring superior to the obnoxious influence of invested opinions. The innovation recently introduced

into this country by which innocent infants are intended to be snatched from a destiny of perpetual vestalhood has rent the Hindoos of Bengal into two essential divisions. The admirers of the new order of things have been denounced as heretics and branded as outcasts by their orthodox brethren. A few instances of widow marriage have occurred, and the parties concerned have been excluded from the pale of native society. A ban rests upon them which it is our bounden duty to remove. If the educated amongst us display a resolute front, and adhere to their professions, not all the shasters in India can prevent them from carrying out a just and wholesome reform. The inveteracy of caste has ceased to exist, for many things opposed to the shasters are now perpetrated by Hindoo gentlemen with but a gauze screen of secrecy. These, nevertheless, are suffered to comprise part and parcel of Hindoo society and the most fastidious caste-monger does not hesitate to associate with them in religious ceremonies and social intercourse. It is only the open and defiant renouncement of the Hindoo faith which subjects the offender to social outlawry—making him a pariah amongst his countrymen—a thing of loathing and contempt. But the feeling which leads to the enforcement of this treatment are less those of anger for transgressions of faith than of the disdain universally felt towards a renegade. The divisions in Hindoo society caused by the novel marriages have originated in the former description of feeling. They are the manifestation of the revenge of the Orthodox party for the slight put upon their opinions, tinged with Asiatic repugnance towards practices which have a tendency to lower a romantic idea of female chastity. When that feeling of revenge wears off or as soon as large accessions are made to the liberal party consisting of the youthful members of those who are the most boisterous in their opposition to the new regime—the voice of clamour will cease to be heard, and society will return to its usual course. Let not therefore the friend of the widow be dismayed into a pusillanimous neutrality or discouraged by an impending interdict from acting conscientiously his part in the important drama. Instances have come to our notice in which native gentlemen residing in some of the villages about Calcutta, who had openly espoused the cause of Hindoo widow marriage, have succeeded in putting down the voice of schism and still maintain the social position which the bigotry of a few ill-educated conservatives had faintly challenged. It is time that enlightened men begin to have a strong party of their own.

Mr. Slasher's Description of Jail life in India.

[Reprinted from the Hindoo Patriot, March 26, 1857.]

Let not the reader be startled at the heading of this article. Mr. Slasher is an independent Briton, come to this country to develop its resources, and his person is too sacred to be immured in a jail. Mr. Slasher's experiences of a jail life are not subjective, but like all other independent Britons in Mufussil India he has had his "men" of course, the only honest and intelligent men to be found among the natives of the soil—fined and imprisoned by those monsters of iniquity, the courts of penal judicature which have been set up by the Indian Government to prevent the development of the country's resources. On one occasion, a servant of his, "an intelligent man," was charged with being a principal in an affray—a no unfrequent incident in the life of Mr. Slasher's servants—of course, "falsely." The bail he offered was considered insufficient by the Nazir, of course, solely because the Nazir wanted more bribes than Mr. Slasher's servant would or could pay, and by the Magistrate who, of course, was guided entirely by the Nazir. Mr. Slasher's man was put in *Hajut*, which was, as needed by the case where Mr. Slasher's servants were to be kept safe, within the jail. The Darogah of the jail was induced to promise Mr. Slasher's protegee a separate room to lodge in for the night, but instead of redeeming his promise placed him with two convicted prisoners, who demanded of their gentle comrade for the night the sum of Rs. 200 for the Darogah, and threatened him in case of refusal with an insult which need not be described here in the terms used by Mr. Slasher in his letter to the *Englishman*. "The man only escaped pollution by the Mooktear becoming security for him."

Mr. Biddle is an able hand in concocting a case, and in this instance he has shown his ability by making the details disgusting to a degree which protect them from the criticism of decent journalists. That the story was told Mr. Biddle by his man much as he tells it to the public is very probable, but Mr. Biddle no more believes it than we do. The best concoctions, however, of this nature sometimes fail. Mr. Biddle has omitted to state how the Mooktear, who came like the guardian angel to that official Gomorah, at the dead of the night, to save his delicate Naib, the principal in an affray, from abuse, found his way into the jail,—how he learnt the dire predicament in which his protegee

was at the moment,—why the Mooktear did not stand bail at the first stage of the proceedings,—and how the Darogah took upon himself to let his prisoner off on the Mooktear's security.

Mr. Biddle invites the Governor General to come to him "incog," and Mr. Biddle undertakes to get his lordship convicted of any crime he chooses to be punished for, and subjected to any insult he has a liking for. No one ever doubted Mr. Biddle's power to do either. He would not have been the Slasher he has been described, if he could not get anybody, not his match in certain resources of a peculiar kind, convicted of anything. Mr. Biddle would do all this for Lord Canning, *pro bono publico*, though "at the expense of his conscience." His Lordship will probably not put Mr. Biddle to that expense, knowing how ill he can afford it.

We are not among the defenders of the criminal courts in the mufussil. But we have never been able to perceive the patriotism or utility of a course of conduct which consists in the systematic crying down of institutions of the highest importance to serve the most factious of purposes—institutions which are invariably resorted to when an object is to be gained, and which are abused only when it is proposed to extend their utility. Our mufussil courts owe their defects rather to the absence of those aids that invigorate criminal judicature in other countries than to shortcomings of their own. The conviction and punishment of innocent people is not more common in Mufussil India than in Mufussil England as recent disclosures have proved.

Capital and Enterprise.

[Reprinted from the Hindoo Patriot, April 16, 1857.]

The audacity which characterises all the pretensions of the British settlers in India has been in no respect conspicuous than in the claim they have set up to be considered as leaders in all material improvements in the country. The "development of the resources of the country" is, according to them and their newspapers, their special mission. They are according to others "the hope of the country." They boast of having lent "capital" to Indian industry. Their "intelligence" is the theme of praise with legislators, Supreme Court and Town Hall orators, official minute-writers, and above all, of themselves. But, if we are to ask for the tangible results of their capital, energy, enterprise, and intelligence,—if we were to enquire for the new staples of trade, and the new modes of cultivation introduced by them, the waste they have brought under tillage, their inventions to mitigate or aid the excesses or the deficiencies of climate, their discoveries of new materials or products, we are told to look to—what?—a few thousand chests of indigo, the produce of forced labour and borrowed capital and trespassed-upon land. The home truth addressed by Baboo Joykissen Mookerjee in his recent pamphlet to his "blue friends" has yet been unchallenged except by a squeak of surprise. They have not done a hundredth part of what they claim credit for, and not half so much as other classes of community have done towards "the development of the resources of the country." They have, nevertheless, succeeded by their audacity to create an impression on the minds of men in power of the validity of their absurd claim.

We have said that their audacity has been successful. We must correct ourselves. They have carried this audacity a little too far, and marred its effect. When they went the length, as on some occasions they did, of threatening to leave the country unless the country's government placed them above all restraint and law, they drew forth a burst of ridicule in which their own countrymen could not help joining. *If they were to carry their threat into execution the country would hardly miss them, or in missing them regret their loss. The natives of the soil are in no respect inferior to them in those qualities

which enable a population to advance under ordinary good government in the path of material prosperity. One instance in point will suffice.

One of the most successful and not the least obstreperous of the class of Anglo-Indian adventurers is Mr. H. Biddle, a gentleman whose own aspirations after newspaper notoriety are of an order which absolves us from the obligation of apologising to him for mentioning his name so often in our columns. He is the agent and factotum of the Bengal Coal Company, a mining association that divides large profits among a large body of proprietors. The Company has been about half a century in existence, having succeeded government in the possession of the splendid concern which government at an immense loss had raised for the purpose of unlocking the coal resources of Bengal. The resources, moral and material, at the command of the Company's Agent are immense. This company has always considered itself the sole rightful owner of the extensive coalfields which stretch westward from Burdwan, and resented any infringement of or trespass upon its monopoly. For many years. Government and the local authorities seemed to acquiesce in its claims, and afforded no countenance or protection to any other speculator who dared to set up in rivalry to the Company. The means by which competitors have been kept off may be learnt from the correspondence published sometime ago by the agent of a company formed with a rival purpose, and includes all the arts so familiar in the history of indigo-planting and other British speculations in India. Great has become the Bengal Coal Company, great its prestige and great the fame of its manager. The present Governor-General has, we understand, paid the tribute of his admiration, to the great company and its concerns. In competition with this company, in the face of difficulties which have scared away or ruined rival British speculations, a native gentleman, thirteen years ago, opened a mine in the vicinity of the Bengal Coal Company's fields. In thirteen years, the Searsole colliery has become the second great colliery in Bengal, and bids fair to outgrow the old Company's works. An accurate idea of the produce of this new colliery may be formed from the amount of railway fare paid by Baboo Gobindpersaud Pundit during the last three months for the conveyance of the portion of coal which are not brought down from his colliery by boats.

In January it was Rs. 8,258

„ February „ „ 12,103

„ March „ „ 12,774

a progressive traffic the limits of which are yet far from being reached.

This is but one instance of what Bengallee Enterprise can do—one fact which must be understood before people sit to account for the rapid progress of Bengal in material prosperity. It is perhaps yet too early to speak of the new town on the Mutlah. Yet, we suspect, when the history of the port comes to be written, it will be found to have owed in no small measure the rapidity of its rise to native enterprise.

Female Labor.

[Reprinted from the Hindoo Patriot, April 16, 1857.]

It is said that God made Eve out of the flesh of Adam. The story, however romantic, nevertheless draws a heavy draft upon reason and common sense and jars disagreeably against our instinctive reverence for the immensity of the means of the Creator. But even if Almighty power had so chosen his means, and our common father was actually subjected to a painful amputation of his ribs for the boon of a wife (how many of his descendants pass through much more tormenting ordeals to secure that very questionable blessing !) the circumstances of mother Eve's birth do not certainly furnish any fair reason why man shall toil while woman helps only to spend his earnings. Nature has undoubtedly endowed the lord of the creation with physical advantages which the softer sex does not possess in common. But the treasures of the mind have not been distributed amongst the sexes with a partial hand. Nay, the powers of the female mind are developed much earlier than those of the male species, and whilst the reckless school boy deems the robbing of a bird's nest the *magnum opus* of his juvenile achievements, the young lady of a like age has perhaps settled down into an exemplary wife. Women are fully as apt to learn as men. Madame De Stael and Lady Wortley Montague are brilliant exemplifications of talent under a bonnet. In our own country, our Lilabotie and our Khona have bequeathed to their sex a distinction which, notwithstanding the social disabilities under which it labors and which have conduced to warp and circumscribe minds the strength of which are manifest in even the limited orbit in which they are permitted to travel—still helps to influence materially the good opinion of otherwise cynical judges of female capacity in its favor. It is only necessary to impart a proper and beneficial impetus to the genius of the softer sex to render them equally useful and interesting agents of moral and material prosperity with their male protectors. In India, the history of female education has yet to begin. In Europe it has yet to culminate to a rational era. The utter darkness of the minds and conceptions of the woman of Hindoostan, is relieved in the less shady mind of her European sister by mere phosphoric sparks of intelligence, which, without helping her to any very practical advantage in life, endow only the vignette in which she is represented with a little more

of animation and painter's light. We have the warranty of learned men in England for denouncing as hollow and superficial the accomplishments which enable an English lady to fish up a husband or mark her debut at a fete. In the battle of life she is as helpless as her sister in the Hindoo Zenana.

Nay, the steady progress of the softer sex in America in a field of industry hitherto deemed to be the monopoly of the lords of the creation, has given occasion to an outburst of class invective and jealous indignation in certain circles of English society which speaks as badly of the head as of the heart of the self-arrogated judges of female duty. In the states of the Union woman is emphatically the equal of the stronger sex in all things compatible with a due respect for the duties and requirements of a wife. The American woman in the better ranks of life is not so often the bepowered straight-laced and all but idolised divinity which an extravagant and quixotic chivalry has helped to construct out of her plain ordinarily gifted sister in Europe, she does not consider it beneath the dignity of her position or beyond the stretch of her capability to descend from the gorgeously cushioned couch and lay aside the latest romance for the purpose of examining accounts or superintending the packing of bales of merchandise. She is not the almoner through whom her husband's earnings flow to the mouths of hungry perfumers and insatiate milliners, and she profits by the knowledge, that woman's time and intellect have another and a yet more estimable use than gossiping scandal or canvassing the merits of crinolines and bonnets. The American lady, as she may turn out if she has her right, is woman only in sex and amiability. Her mind is masculine, her occupations are masculine, her rights and privileges are on a broad equality with those of men. She is less a cormorant upon the purse of her husband than the London belle. She works for her bread. She carries the gentleness of her nature into the counting house. She imparts a gloss to the rough manner of trade, and a polish to the style of the press. As a doctor, she relieves her sex from otherwise unavoidable subjection to indelicacies against which disease leaves no help. She is in fine in every department of business where the head works more than the hand, and civilization owes to her a lasting debt in America. We can only admire the destiny of the Western Hemisphere, for ages must roll away before we can attempt to realise it in our own country.

Report of the Association of Friends for the promotion of Social Improvement.

[Reprinted from the Hindoo Patriot, April 23, 1857.]

Social reform is a sacred subject to meddle with. It involves the upheaving of new standards of thought and conduct in opposition to those to which the scar of ages has imparted a solemn reverence, which have passed through many battle-fields in the act of restraining the passions of men within the bounds of public security, who bear heraldic emblems of peace, faith and omnipotence. Social reform is a whistle in the mouths of school-boys, a common watchword between intelligences otherwise disjointed—it is the Gordian knot of a nation's destiny which each adventurous dabbler in practical ethics is tempted to try his ingenuity in unravelling. But how few are endowed with the ability to conceive or the spirit to carry out innovations in the habits of a nation, which are at once useful as reforms and calculated to enlist the general sympathy of mankind. Those to whom the world is indebted for the gigantic strokes of thought and genius, whose action has convulsed society and uplifted from the minds of entire populations weights which ages of ignorance or false philosophy had accumulated upon them, like Pelion heaped upon Ossa, are not every day creations in nature. They start into existence at particular epochs of the world's history—either they are ordinary men whom a peculiar and extraordinary combination of circumstances has armed with a will of adamant and a soul of fire or they are men of extraordinary strength and calibre of mind who have bent the most antagonistic and incongruous elements to their purposes, and breathing the fierce spirit by which they themselves are governed into those whose aid and co-operation they seek, succeeded in moving society with the lever of Archimedes and readjusting its construction according to a rational principle. Such a reformer of men was Jesus Christ of Juda, such was Mahomet of Mecca—such was Martin Luther of Germany—such was Nanuck of the Punjab. They reared their creeds in times the least favorable to their mission. They were persecuted, but they triumphed in the end. Their success arose from their indomitable resolution and a clear appreciation of the object of their avatarship. They did not compound

with folly, they entered into terms only when the fundamental principles of their faith were beyond every danger of being seized as hostages. Hardly one of the present reformers of Bengal has the sympathy of even a substantial fraction of the people of this country.—They know not or affect not to know that the game of *le roi le vont* is but little understood beyond the Ural mountains and that in civilised countries social reform is the work more of the head than of the hands. A cannonade from the opposite bank of the stream, without making any damage to well-entrenched prejudices, serves only to alarm the pride of the men whom it is sought to subdue and chafe their spirit into more determined opposition. It is nevertheless a cheering contemplation that educated natives, however small their numbers, have published a crusade against the evils which encumber native society; and though the means adopted by them for reorganizing the national habits be so sometimes obnoxious to many serious objections—yet the hope—that as time and baffled labor point out more judicious forms of attack, there will not be wanting heads to direct with prudence and hands to act with vigor—sustains us through the present reverses.

The Social Reform Society which meets at the house of Roy Kissory Chand Mitter appears, from the report of its proceedings for the past year, to have discussed and labored to carry out important measures of reform. It sent up to the Legislative Council the first petition against polygamy and it has followed up the efforts of others with another representation on the same subject. It proposed a new marriage act as applicable to the marriage of all classes of the population. Its Secretary and some of its members have afforded practical aid to the cause of female education by sending their daughters to the Bethune Female School for tuition. It has formed a committee for devising means for spoiling the fun of the atrocious men who bore themselves during the *churruck poojah*. It offered a prize for a graphic account of the Indian ryot's condition, which unfortunately nobody could properly give—thus frustrating the generous intentions of the Society. Its Secretary and some of its members went as guests at the marriage of a couple of Hindoo widows, and thereby added strength to those committed to the promotion of that reform. In fine, the society attempted many things, and if it failed, the blame rests not with those who evinced an earnest spirit and great moral courage in defying popular prejudices—but with deluded and ungrateful men who could not appreciate the motives and the worth of their benefactors. The report before us has lost much of its interest from the want of a list shewing the names of the gentlemen who constitute the Association for Hindoo Social Reform. That list, we understand, includes almost every name distinguished in

Bengallee Society for intelligence instead with the other ingredients of social position.

The report in conclusion thus sums up the results of the Society's past labors and its prospects :

"Your committee, in bringing this connected though necessarily brief view of the labors of the Association to a close, cannot but express their unfeigned regret, that so little should have been achieved during the past year. But it cannot be called a year of disappointment. It was marked by one of the proudest triumphs that was ever achieved over ignorance and superstition. The fetters of the once unhappy widow have fallen off, and the time is not distant when a Hindoo woman would cease to be regarded as a piece of household property. The magnitude of the evils with which the Association has to deal and the disproportion of the end proposed to the agencies available will sufficiently account for the apparent insignificance of the results attained.

The venerable institutions of our country, its immemorial, though unnatural customs, its antiquated though absurd prejudices, cannot be exterminated in a day. The Association must labour on for years before its exertions can be crowned with full success. But it is impossible not to be impressed with the importance of the changes that have already been effected. When your committee consider what was the state of the Hindoo mind a few years ago, and contrast it with what they now see—when they remember the once dead level of ignorance and its first breaking up—how the entire national mind was dwarfed by superstition and fettered by prejudices—how it has since begun to throw off those fetters—has risen above Brahmanical domination and asserted its independence, they do not despair of the cause of Social Reform and cannot but feel that there is ample cause for thankfulness to the Almighty Dispenser of events."

A Monster Meeting.

[Reprinted from the Hindoo Patriot, May 7, 1857.]

The *Englishman* publishes the proceedings of a meeting called, without the intervention of the Sheriff, against the *Black Act* of the P. & O. Co.'s directors, in building steamers the accommodations of which deny to the free born Briton the indefeasible right of stretching his legs and arms to the greatest possible extent consistent with his glorious anatomy. This interesting gathering was on board the *Ava*, on her last voyage from Calcutta to Suez, and we learn that it was "called by public notice"—that is, we suppose, through the *Press* of a crowded steamer. J. O'B. Saunders, Esq. proposed that Colonel Sir Archibald Bogle should take the chair,—it was lucky that A. B. didn't propose J. O'B. should do so! The first resolution declared that the accommodation allotted to passengers was altogether insufficient; the second that this fact should be reported to the misdirectors of the Company, and that a Committee should wait on them and receive their reply. Lieut. Col. Ramsay and J. O'B. Saunders Esq., as men of the greatest weight on board, were put on the Committee. It was finally resolved that the reply should be published in the *Times*. "D. Wilson Esq. (of the firm of Wilson & Co., Calcutta,)" desired that it should be left at some private office for the information of the passengers, but this was too much like the accommodation—a sort of hole and corner proceeding—to meet with any support.

The meeting failed to record the dimensions of the cabins and berths complained of, which we consider a great oversight. The *Englishman*, however, states that "four passengers are berthed in a cabin 8 feet by 6," and they "request the Directors in future, not to pack them like herrings in a barrel." Now it is perfectly clear to us that Mr. Saunders never was in such a cabin with any three other persons in his life; it is a physical impossibility, and we are convinced that *he* never can have asked not to be packed like herrings in a barrel, because no barrel could be made that would hold a couple; such a simile cannot have entered his head, any more than he can have entered the most commodious berth on board. Mr. J. O'B. S. is a gentleman of immense weight wherever he goes, and must be prepared to suffer the inconveniences that always attend on greatness. We

consider his having been placed on the Committee which is to wait upon the Board a huge mistake, for the Board will say in the politest manner possible,—“Gentlemen, it would give us the greatest pleasure to be able to satisfy you all, but how can we possibly do it? In laying out a ship’s accommodations we cannot make berths for all, from lambkins up to Lamberts—we can only estimate for a fair average. If we made each berth half as large again it would probably content many of you; if we made them twice as large, as many more; but if we made them four times as capacious, it is quite clear there must still be at least one of you very dissatisfied. We believe, gentlemen, you intend publishing our reply, may we request that you will at the same time give full length daguerreotypes of the gentlemen present?” And in the blandest manner, the deputation might then be bowed out.

There is Danger in Progress.

[Reprinted from the Hindoo Patriot, May 14, 1857.]

There is danger in progress.—And the *Hurkaru* has found it. Not exactly so. Too modest to take credit for a discovery not his own, he merely gives to the world what others, less bold with their own reputations, know but withhold from it. Our contemporary thinks he expresses the silent convictions of many when he says that one cause of the disaffection now so extensively prevalent in the Sepoy army is the personal distinction earned by so many Bengallees—the influence they have gained over the government of the country,—the consideration paid to their opinion by public men. The Bengallees, according to our contemporary, are despised by the natives of Upper India from among whom the Sepoy army is principally recruited, and their advancement has filled the minds of those stern and simple sons of war with disgust. The article is written with consummate art. If the Indian public had Othello's susceptibility, the Calcutta Iago would have succeeded in poisoning their minds as effectually as the crafty Italian did the Moor's. Its tone is so subdued, its insinuations so subtle, its admonitions so mild, so candid in its caution, so disinterested in its spirit, so serious under the weight of its theme,—that one can scarcely be angry with the writer for his malice or laugh at him for the singularity of his opinions. Argument, as the Calcutta press has unanimously allowed, would be wasted upon him.

It seems to be an inevitable consequence of British rule in India, that the Bengalees and the Parsees should outstrip the rest of their Indian fellow-subjects in civilization, knowledge and political progress. Their capacity is greater, their mental superiority is superior; and despite Carlyleisms and Macaulayisms, mind will assert its superiority over brute force. Again, there are circumstances in the construction of Bengalee society which favour its advance in a peculiar manner. The zemindary system has multiplied in the country the numbers of the class which own hereditary property, and hereditary property in land. If Carlyle and Macaulay were in any society brought in contact with a man who has inherited an estate worth a lac a year, and wears his clothes clean and decently, those worshippers of Roundheads and Filibusterers would simply make themselves ridiculous if they

did not conduct themselves as—all sensible men would do. There is nothing in greater contrast between society in Bengal and in the North-Western Provinces than the position of the official classes in the two sections of the country. There, the official is the autocrat of society; here he is barely tolerated to exist. There he is far higher than head of the community; here the drawer of the largest salaries is daily and daily sinking into a secondary position. He may be a great man in his club or the mess of his regiment, but in every important question, the man of realized property makes his influence better and more publicly felt than the official on high salary. It is in the nature of things that he should do so.

The Hindoostanee sepoys may have marked all this, though capacity to mark social features which escape the observation of acute minds is hardly to be looked for among a body who really believe Lord Canning is come to convert them. The sepoys may envy the rise of Bengalees to power. But where except among retailers of fifth hand Carlyleisms and Macaulavisms, has the writer picked up the notion that the Hindoostanees "despise" the Bengalees? The civil stations and military cantonments in upper India teem with Bengallee clerks who, destitute of any claims to social consideration, are allowed to jostle the resident Hindoostanee gentry at *nautches*, *melas*, and *tamashas*, and whose presence is eagerly sought for by those people on festive occasions at their homes. The Bengallee is, in the eyes of the Hindoostanee, the Baboo *par excellence*. The feeling runs through all classes of the Hindoostanee population.

The remarks of the *Hurkaru* suggest one grave consideration which it has been our duty frequently to urge upon Indian politicians. It is essential to the progress and free development of the various notions which inhabit British India that the form and policy of its government should be federal. The same system of legislation and government which suffices to rescue a province on the Sutledge or the Indus or the Irrawaddy from anarchy and utter misery is felt as an encumbrance, a dead weight, upon the energies of the Bengallee population. There is more difference between the social characteristics and prospects of that population and the people of Scinde or of Pegue than between the condition of New England and that of Kentucky. To govern all the provinces in British India on the same principles and under the same system would be analogous to enforcing the doctrine of equality by reducing all to one dead level of avage pauperism.

The Press Law.

[Reprinted from the Hindoo Patriot, September 24, 1857]

The *Hurkaru par excellence* the hanging journal, is itself suspended. Whether it will be cut down while any life remains by the clemency of the Government we don't know, but it is to be hoped so for the sake of the innocent. With the Press Law as it is, it was quite impossible the *Hurkaru* could escape ; it seemed to dare the Government to put the law in force and yet it never gave the public a leader of the smallest moment. It apparently tried to provoke interference by small bits of impertinence, levelled at every influential member of the Government from Lord Canning downwards. The Government might well have afforded to disregard these very feeble efforts ; and probably would have done so but for consistency's sake,—having passed a law it would have indicated great weakness to have permitted its daily violation by the same print. The *Hurkaru* has received no sympathy from its European contemporaries ; each has given it a kick in his own way : we shall not follow the example : so far from triumphing in its downfall we really hope to see it mercifully set on its legs again, not doubting that for the future it will walk in cleaner ways, giving the dirt it has been accustomed to throw about a wide berth, and marking its contrition by a chastened demeanour.

There is an Arab proverb something to the effect that “ curses like chickens come home to roost ”—which we may ask our European brethren of the quill and their admirers to remember. They would have seen the native press put down without a syllable of complaint ; and told us that in times like these it was essential to the safety of the State etc. etc. They got a Press Law, but found themselves within its operation ! So in the case of the cry,—disarm ! disarm !—meaning, take away from the native, well disposed though he might be, the means of defending himself if necessary. Well they got an Arms Bill, but were not excepted from its stringent clauses and now they are loud for its repeal !—so true it is that the violent and unreflecting constantly commend the poisoned chalice to their own lips. On the matter of the Press Law we may be permitted to say a word or two more ; they will require no comment. The *Friend of India* had its warning and

then lost its license, which was considerably restored; the *Dacca News* had its warning and grew wise: the *Hurka.u* had its warning and did not, and has ceased to be. In Madras one journal, at least, has been warned, and another in Bangalore;—which is the Native paper that has given the slightest provocation? Yet it was only the native Press that need have been manœuvred!

The Metropolis and its Safety.

[Reprinted from the Hindoo Patriot, May 21, 1857.]

The inhabitants of Calcutta are reasonably in dread of a sepoy cimente. The Asiatic idea of rebellion is confined to the murder of the reigning sovereign and the taking of his capital. And, indeed if these two acts are gone through, an Asiatic kingdom instantly and for ever changes its dynasty of rulers. The sepoys in and near Calcutta have already evidenced a no very loyal disposition. The 25th N.I., just returned from Burmah, are accused of having actually entertained the idea of taking the fort. They are, however, unarmed. It is impossible that they may yet seduce the native portion of the garrison and of the guard in the public establishments, and attempt in Calcutta what their comrades have succeeded in doing at Delhi. At all events, the contingency is one which ought to be provided against; for the interests at stake are large, and should Calcutta be for a single day in the hands of an insurgent soldier, the moral effect upon the country already excited as it is—would be much greater than if one of the provinces on the Indus were lost.

We have one regiment of Europeans, Her Majesty's 53rd foot, in the Fort. This regiment could well give an account of any number of sepoys within a fortnight's march of Calcutta, if they had not been encumbered with garrison duties. A party, we find, has already been told off to guard the suburbs of Alipore and Garden Reach. Another party of greater strength must be placed on the north of the town where the roads branch off towards the cantonments of Dum Dum and Barrackpore. The remainder can hardly afford a detail in sufficient strength to cope with a thousand sepoys in the streets of Calcutta. Of the European regiment at Chinsurah, a detachment has already been sent to Benares, where a large cantonment is now garrisoned entirely by native troops. The remainder must be kept in tact to assist in keeping the regiments at Barrackpore in order. The Company of Artillery in Dum Dum may be withdrawn thence at an emergency but it should be remembered that there are native artillerymen at Dum Dum, and that the wing of H. M.'s 84th Foot can do little at Barrackpore without the assistance of a battery. The available military strength for the internal defence of the metropolis is therefore

small enough, and there is some little ground for alarm. Now let us see what Government is doing for the safety of the town. Troops have been indented for from Burmah and Madras ; but if things do come worst, they can hardly arrive before the storm shall have blown over. Messages have been sent to Ceylon to intercept the reinforcements despatched from England for China. That is a still more distant hope. It is said the Chief Commissioner of Police has given Government and the Chowringhee public assurances of safety. We wish the events in Upper India had left us in a mood to laugh.

Two other schemes have suggested themselves to the public mind for ensuring the safety of the town. The first is the raising of a local militia. Such a body can be raised from the European and East Indian residents alone. Now, both these portions of the community are engaged in pursuits which utterly disqualify them from undertaking the active and serious duties of a militia. Their habits are of a kind as discordant with those of militia life as they can possibly be, and their time is not at their command. The constant readiness to respond to call which constitutes the value of a regular army need not be looked for in a militia ; but the constant inability to turn out at a call except at a few convenient hours in the morning and evening is a positive disqualification. It is stated that the Governor General is not unwilling to see the inhabitants of Calcutta enrol themselves into a militia. Probably his lordship wishes them to exhibit an example of loyalty to the rest of Her Majesty's subjects here ; for he could scarcely have been so unobservant of the character of Calcutta society as not to have understood that a " Calcutta European Militia " is not likely to turn out a more formidable body than the London Shopmen formed, when Napoleon's threat of invading England led those estimable citizens to practise the goose-step.

The other is a more promising scheme. Calcutta, as a port, has always a large floating population of seafaring and other adventurous classes of people who are consummate masters of the art of street-fighting, with the fist as well as the pistol. These will be always available in case of need. It is only necessary to keep up an organization for bringing them properly armed to the scene of action when required.

We are speculating in the presence of a bare chance of a sepoy outbreak. For ourselves we cannot persuade ourselves to the belief that, rash and ignorant as the sepoys are, they will hurl themselves upon destruction rendered all the more certain by the utter and known impossibility of their obtaining any help or refuge.

The Panic at Calcutta.

[Reprinted from the Hindoo Patriot, May 28, 1857.]

Never since the day on which Serajoodowlah sent his Pathans into Calcutta to wrest the factory from the East India Company and put every white man to the sword or in cords, was Calcutta so beside itself with terror as at the present moment. The English have always been noted for looking danger steadily in the face. But at times an excess of caution assumes a rather ridiculous turn. The state of feeling now exhibited by the notabilities of Chowringhee and their humbler satellites in Cossitollah is very much akin to that which drew the laughter of the world on the aldermen of London and their militia when Boney was a stalking horse in the imagination of the British people. Within the last fortnight, the gun-smiths have been deluged with custom, and their fortunes have been as effectually made as if the dreaded loot of Calcutta had been poured into their laps. Indeed guns, pistols, and rifles have turned up to famine prices, and many a portly citizen who never before in all his life was guilty of the least insight into the mechanism of these murderous weapons, may now be daily observed to look as pierce as a hussar, screw up his mouth, twinge his eyes, and pull away at the trigger till he grew red in the face and the smart crack upon the cap "warranted not to miss fire, nor fly" told the flattering tale of his invincibility. Some have achieved the feat of offering for the militia, others have got themselves sworn in as special constables—a feint with many to throw off the responsibility of defending their wives and their daughters and run off on the smallest alarm to a place where numbers would at least lessen the chances of their being taken off like game. Among the classes that have emptied Manton and Rodda of their stock in trade there is one whose known heroism affords a better guarantee of the safety of the Calcutta lieges than Lord Canning's protestations, we refer to the class the members of which swore, when a native was appointed magistrate in Calcutta, that there were six hundred youths amongst them who would go all manner to hardihood in order to resist the jurisdiction of the new functionary. The pedagogue who supplied them with the morceau from Goldsmith's history of Rome, if a poet by the way, may, like another school-master of classical fame drive his people on to combat and celebrate their exploits in stirring spies. We hope this Theban

band have improved in their spirits since their last campaign, and that they have paid or intend paying for their ordnance store. A great deal depends upon this latter fact, for a muddled conscience is the companion of a cowering spirit. But ridicule apart, we seriously ask, is Calcutta really in danger? If two thousand Sepoys can loot the metropolis of British India, put every citizen to the sword and burn and pillage without let or hindrance, then the metropolis of British India has no business to encroach upon the map of the country and the Bay of Bengal would perform a grateful service by washing away the doomed city into the Indian ocean. The native soldiery in Bengal have no alternative but to remain still in their places. It is a position forced upon them by the population of these districts. As the soldiers of government they are an object of dread to those with whom they are brought into contact. It is not the power of the sepoy in the abstract however that is respected—but the power of the British Government which the Sepoys represent. Let the distinction be withdrawn and the vengeance of the state proclaimed against its native soldiery, the life of a Sepoy in Bengal will not be worth a second's purchase. The men of the Upper Provinces can never obtain the sympathy of our people. On the contrary every door will be closed and every available musket in the country will be found against them. Want of supplies, an inveterate pursuit, and determined hostility will annihilate the temerarious men who may attempt to parade through these provinces in defiance of constituted authority. The sepoy is fully aware of this state of things, and if they have the faintest love for existence they will not attempt in Bengal the game which their comrades have been playing at Delhi. We can guarantee peace and protection to this part of the country, and as to Calcutta being sacked, we give it as our firm unwavering opinion that such a contingency is not likely to precede the millenium. Let those, therefore, who have purchased guns and pistols and improvised themselves into "fighting allies," in the turning of an eye, dismiss those dreadful instruments before they have shattered either their own hands or their neighbours' heads—events not unlikely to occur with heroes who never till the present emergency witnessed a fire-arm. If they live to see the millenium, they may live to cover themselves with glory as the defenders of Cossitollah.

The Sepoy Mutiny and its action upon the people of Bengal.

[Reprinted from the Hindoo Patriot, June 4, 1857.]

Government has already had unmistakable demonstrations of the loyalty of the people of Bengal. The heads of the community as well as its less distinguished members have held serious and earnest consultations as to how best they might assist the state in dealing signal chastisement to as brutal and unprincipled a body of ruffians as ever disgraced a uniform or stained the bright polish of a soldier's sword with the blood of murder. The people of these provinces both by habit and education are the least likely to swell the ranks of a rebellious soldiery or afford the least countenance or protection to the disturbers of national tranquillity. The Bengalees never aspired to the glory of leading armies to battle or the martyrdom of the forlorn hope. Their pursuits and their triumphs are entirely civil. A strong and versatile intellect enables them to think deeply and to think foresightedly. They are aware that the British rule is the best suited to their quiet and intellectual tastes; that under it they might achieve the greatest amount of prosperity compatible with their position as a conquered race. They are in hopes that by lawful and constitutional appeals to the good sense and justice of the English people sitting by representatives in a sovereign Council or Parliament, they, when the fitting moment arrives, will rise yet further in the scale of equality with their foreign rulers and divide with them the honor and the responsibility of administering the affairs of the largest and the most well-established empire in Asia. They feel, above all other portions of the Indian community, how far the country is thrown backward by the present disturbances. It is to be regretted, however, that bad-principled and designing men should in the face of these strong and infallible evidences of the staunch and secure loyalty of the people of Bengal go about poisoning the ears of Government with tales calculated to invest them with identity of the ruthless demons that lately held their carnival at Meerut and Delhi. It has been insinuated that the Bengalees sympathise with the mutineers. That they are disaffected towards the Government. That they ought not to be trusted. And all manner of similar idle and malicious stories have been sent forth against men whose whole lives have been patterns of loyalty,—zealous and devoted

loyalty. We can well understand the source from which the venom is discharged and the *animus* that dictates its circulation. The "birth-right" men who so vehemently inveighed in the Town-Hall against the legislative enactment which threatens to demolish their license to burn and pillage in a mofussil station with impunity, have taken advantage of the present state of affairs to inveigh loudly against all that is native, and thus endeavour to assert the legislation which is to restrain their excesses. The bureaucracy who find in the growth of intelligence and property among the natives of the country the greatest danger to their absurd claims to social pre-eminence are not unwilling to bring them into discredit. To attain this end means are selected with no other scruple than as to efficacy. In the times, when George the third was King, Pitt Prime minister, Scott Attorney General, and Bonaparte enemy of England, the agents of government sought out the choicest scoundrelism of the day to employ it in a service never held very popular with Englishmen. It was to make traitors of honest subjects—traitors according to the law of the Attorney General,—and then to denounce the treason thus created by treacherous companionship to the terrified ministry. That was bought scoundrelism that did this. Here, at the present time, cowardly fears for personal safety afford that incitement to the practice of espionage which Pitt's secret service fund did to the English denouncers of imaginary treason. A Bengallee gentleman, a most estimable member of the public service, is met by some alarmists in a railway carriage. The alarmists talked their nonsense, and submitted it for the opinion of the Baboo. An opinion was passed more discriminating than pleasing. Conversation was pressed with the purpose on one side of drawing from the other language that at the present time might be construed into treasonable language. The alarmists thought they had their game, informed the authorities, swore hard—and in the end found themselves in a position not to be ridiculed only because it is to be intensely despised. Such are some of the shifts to which the alarmists are driven by their fears. The security of honest men lies in the fact that Government has proved unimpressible alike by the terrors they raise and the means they use.

Calcutta and its Safety.

[Reprinted from the Hindoo Patriot, June 11, 1857.]

Something must be done for the Christian inhabitants of Calcutta. They cannot rid themselves of the idea that one of these mornings they will find themselves dead men and dead women and dead children. They are in awful dread of their domestic servants and of the sepoys banded and disbanded. A few crackers fired at a wedding in one of the suburbs kept them awake one whole night. The moving of the *zenobia* a little high up the river destroyed their rest for a couple of days and nights. But the placing of European sentries over the Mint and the Treasury has quite convinced them that Calcutta is destined to be the victim of mutiny.

The inhabitants themselves have wanted a Militia. Well, if that will give them sleep and appetite, we are clearly of opinion that Government should yield to their request—only stipulating that they should subscribe to defray the expenses. But there is another plan which is less openly talked of, and which may better deserve consideration. If the Governor General but gives a hint, five thousand men, armed in the fashion of the mofussil, would be placed at his disposal in a week by the landholders in and about Calcutta. These men are all trained to street fighting, and defending houses is their vocation. A Bengallee *paik*, it is well known, never sleeps. They are superior, man for man, to the Calcutta Police, and would be equal to an equal number of sepoys armed with anything less than muskets. They are no more likely to fraternise with mutinous sepoys or a rebellious Khansamry than the judges of the Supreme Court. If these men were distributed among the houses in Calcutta in batches of five to ten, they would undoubtedly succeed in abating the fears of the inhabitants. The Zemindars who furnish them will of course have the honor of maintaining them at their own expense. We really think the experiment ought to be tried.

The Metropolis and its Safety.

[Reprinted from the Hindoo Patriot, June 11, 1857.]

Yielding to a necessity more imperious than that of rescuing Delhi or tranquillizing Upper India, the Governor-General has allowed Clive Street, Cossitollah and Colingah to protect themselves. The martial ardour of the Christian inhabitants of Calcutta which was nigh bursting—the columns of our daily contemporaries—has been given a vent by the order for forming the *Calcutta Volunteer Guards*. The act has given Lord Canning, if not the town or the country, peace. And if his Lordship does not carry out his threat of giving that gallant corps a very “plain uniform,” he may yet have time allowed him to look to the government of the country.

Badinage aside, we believe the Governor General has done not the least politic of his acts in sanctioning the formation of the corps of Calcutta Volunteers. No argument that he could have used would have convinced, of their perfect safety, men who, in their turn, were convinced that they would infallibly be shot “clean through the head,” by the Khanshamahs and Khidmutgars of Calcutta. But the intentions of the supreme government are likely to be nullified by the Town Major, who has allowed the crisis to pass without putting the fort in the hands of the gallant volunteers, and has, after the danger has passed, only promised to “parade” the guards—before the eyes of Dr. Cantor and the curious. But the culpable negligence of an incompetent official was not to compromise the safety of Cossitollah, Clive Street and Colingah. Mr. Kilburn and the merchants of Calcutta are “practical men.” They wait not for Town Majors or the like of them. They have improvised Cavalry and Infantry, and they scour Calcutta under the sanction of its great—Deputy Commissioner. Fortunately there are no mills in their way, and their limbs are safe,—unless colonels of volunteer cavalry ride down Colonels of volunteer infantry as has unfortunately been done in one case.

Let's try again to be serious. We wish Colonel Cavenagh will see that the young people who manage to get clear of their governors after 10 in the evening under color of the G. O. do not decisively discard beer for brandy—don't get sick—and do travellers less harm. We wish gentlemen of Mr. Kilburn's education and position will

think twice before they give vent to such language as he has thought proper to utter in conspicuous italics in the daily newspapers, language which can do no good, which adds nothing to the strength of the cause of order, but which percolating through many channels may do an immense deal of harm.

Let us not be misunderstood, as a contemporary used to say. We have some personal friends among the volunteer defenders of Calcutta whom—however we may differ from them in opinion—we could see without the slightest anxiety invested with any amount of irresponsible power. But what is there to assure us that in times when the “antagonism of races” has produced a heartful of woes, the wildness of excited folly will not more than neutralize the efforts of thoughtful vigilance?

Calcutta may be in danger, as we don't believe it was or is. But will Mr. Kilburn say that he is better informed than the government or the town authorities? If he be so, we surrender, as the government has done, our judgment to his hands, but we have a right to ask in return that the town be not overrun with drunken European anarchy. Is he prepared to give us the guarantee?

The conduct of the 6th N.I. justifies every measure of distrust that can be manifested towards the Sepoy army. The native troops in and about Calcutta have accordingly been disarmed—to the heartfelt grief, as all *must* allow, of many a loyal soldier. With that act the last vestige of serious danger has passed, as far as the metropolis is concerned. As for revenge, we proclaim the call to be just. But where is the equity of avenging the murdered and outraged of Meerut, Delhi and Allahabad in Calcutta?

We hope our remarks will be taken in good part as they are offered with the best of intentions.

The suburbs have been entrusted to the Howrah Vigilance Committee, Mr. Galiffe, and 250 Police Burkundaues. We cannot have a better proof of the insignificance of the danger threatening us.

How Volunteers guard.

[Reprinted from the Hindoo Patriot, July 9, 1857.]

There is a Bengalee proverb "Don't put a spade into the hands of a monkey." We believe that the putting of authority into the hands of amateur soldiers, is a much more flagrant act of imprudence. A good many of the members of the Volunteer Guards have for the first time in their lives been brought into handling acquaintance with fire arms. They may have seen them displayed in Manton's almirahs, but we question if they ever tried their fingers on a trigger. It is natural, therefore, that such men should look peculiarly big and affect omnipotence when by a lucky hit they find themselves rigged out as soldiers with musquet, bayonet, cartouche-box, belt and all the etceteras. The panoply of war is a very sensible display before an enemy, it is dangerous and ridiculous in a peaceful town. Soldiers by profession know intuitively their duties to the government as well as to the subject. They seldom if ever degenerate into alarmists and hyper-argues. They do not stop every man whom business or pleasure brings within their beat, they do not affect to trace sedition in every scrawl that happens to attract their eyes, they instinctively know who are liege subjects and who are not. A picket of regular soldiers is therefore more a blessing than otherwise to peaceful men, but a picket of volunteers is often the reverse. We have repeatedly expressed our conviction that Calcutta is unassailable by mutiny, insurrection and the whole brood of the like visitations. This conviction is not the result of a second sight hallucination, but is based upon calculations and arguments accessible to all save those who start at their own shadows and pack up for the Fort at the sound of crackers. Calcutta contains a fusion of races as antagonistic to each other as the tribes of American Indians. Every house in the metropolis is capable of being converted into a castle against which nothing short of an overwhelming disciplined force can act with effect. The only disciplined troops in our vicinity from whom any danger may be apprehended have been deprived of their fangs,—unless a charge with ramrods be deemed by the alarmists as terrible as an English bayonet charge. Add to all this we have a large number of European troops in the Fort. If all these guarantees of safety be mistrusted, let there be a

Volunteer corps with military organisation and under military restraint ; but let us not be overrun with armed citizens each invested by himself with the functions of a Vigilance Committee. The new-fangled indomitables were accustomed during the first burst of their military enthusiasm to charge native confectioners' shops and stop and arrest every living soul that chanced to fall in their way. Peaceful men were searched over and over for arms or seditious papers. Not many days ago a party of gallant volunteers made a deadset against a fancied mutineer and captured him together with a very important paper bearing an ominous looking scrawl found upon his person. The prisoner was marched in state into the Head Quarters of the Darogah of Intally and doubtless his brave captors were preparing for a drum-head court martial and small shrift for the unfortunate men—when lo ! The mysterious document with the ominous looking seal turned out to be a Police Perwanah and its bearer one of Mr. Wauchope's policemen. No wonder the Police Commissioner is so anxious to bring the Calcutta Volunteers under his authority. He has a very natural desire to save his men from the bayonets of these amateur soldiers. We observe that the new Commander of the Volunteer Guards has issued some very judicious orders regarding picket duty which will have the effect of restraining many of the excesses and impertinences which formerly constituted the chief business of the Volunteer Patrols. These orders we quote below. They only insist upon obedience to the law and the first principles of military discipline. We believe Colonel Strachey is an officer of considerable firmness of energy, and that he is not likely to pass orders without taking proper precautions that they are strictly obeyed. Otherwise we would have backed Mr. Wauchope and insisted upon the Guard being made over to his control in spite of the "indomitable British energy."

The Metropolis and its Safety.

[Reprinted from the Hindoo Patriot, July 25, 1857.]

The dreaded 23rd day of June has passed, and it is a satisfaction to feel, as we for our part most undoubtedly feel, that we are alive. Not a groan was heard, not a drop of blood in anger shed, on that day—the last to be, according to Hindoo and Mahomedan prophecy, of British dominion in Bengal. On the contrary, the streets of the city were filled in the afternoon with gay throngs clad in holiday attire to witness or to draw the car of the Hindoo deity who has always been the chief object of Moslem iconoclasm. If possible, the crowd and merriment were greater this year than ever since Calcutta was placed under its reformed police. To whomsoever we owe this narrow escape from destruction, whether to the all knowing Calcutta police, to Mr. Galliffe's invincibles, to Mr. Bourke's free companions, or to the Calcutta Volunteers,—we tender our warmest acknowledgments, leaving these last to be appropriated by them according to their several merits.

With the native regiments disarmed and the centenary of the battle of Plassey passed, we trust our Christian fellow-subjects will allow themselves that peace of which on insufficient reasons they have so long deprived themselves. For the native portion of our fellow townsmen we but crave that the system of terrorism under which they have been kept for the last two weeks may be mitigated to an endurable form. For two weeks, the town has been in a state of siege. Not a soul allowed to enter it from the suburbs a little after evening till day light, not one to traverse the streets without giving a full account of himself and his purposes. The Mahomedans have been frightened with stories of soldiers being let loose against them, and they are sending away their families to where they conceive safety is to be found. The regular police was paralyzed by Volunteer Guards and extensive arrests were made on the least sustainable and sometimes unascertainable grounds.

Our remarks anent the Volunteer Guards have been misunderstood. We did not, indeed, see any urgent necessity for it; but we did not object to the formation of a body of militia composed of the local residents. Calcutta might have become and possibly yet may be, the scene

of an outbreak, and then it were a duty unsusceptible of evasion for every inhabitant to fight in the cause of order. Combination and discipline would do much to enhance the efficiency of these fighters, and both would be secured by the enrolment of the citizens into a militia corps. All this is true, and up to this point we have no objection to take. Such things have precedents in the histories of civilized cities ; and the inhabitants of Calcutta have done well to endeavour to follow those precedents. A militia regiment so raised would, if posted judiciously, form a valuable aid to the regular troops in case of any outbreak. But what have we had instead of a Militia ? Volunteer Guards. A body of private men arrogating to themselves a power above the law, the right of breaking it daily and nightly by going about with arms in hand to the terror of Her Majesty's liege subjects, and breathing fierce hatred against the native inhabitants—the majority of their fellow-citizens. It had become positively unsafe for a native, whatever be his rank or his character, to stir out in the nights after the guards sallied forth from their dinners. Carriages were stopped, persons searched, insulting epithets applied, and occasionally a shove or a stroke added to prove that the Sepoys shall not conquer India. We are glad that this nuisance has, in a great measure, been abated. The Town Major has directed that the infantry of the Guard shall not patrol the streets, but remain at home ; or mount piquet guards at convenient localities. The mounted Volunteers still patrol, but as they are generally composed of persons of character and position, nothing in the shape of unnecessary violence is expected of them. So far from wishing ill to the corps, we hope it will survive the present occasion and turn into an established civic institution. With an occasional parade and drills at stated periods, it may be kept up in a state of considerable efficiency, and while its existence may prove a fact often doubted, namely, that the Christian inhabitants of Calcutta have some public spirit in them, it may do the city, if not the state, much service in times of commotion and trouble.

The Medical Department of the Army.

[Reprinted from the Hindoo Patriot, August 6, 1857.]

For sometime past the question of Boards or no Boards has formed a *vexata questio* in the Council Chamber. The Town Councillor who sees danger in every innovation and very reverently believes that institutions which have existed from time immemorial without positively disorganizing the world cannot be unwholesome, shrank from the schism of entrusting large and responsible powers to a single individual, and Boards flourished in India like its Banian trees, casting their shade over a large amount of business and retarding the growth of every liberal scheme of improvement that came under its upas like influence. The Military Board enjoyed its minutes and its arrears for more than half a century before a daring statesman, who, whatever may have been his other faults, never faltered in his decision, sent it flying into the four quarters of the world to transmigrate into and render vital new institutions formed after a rational system. The achievement has relieved many important departments of Government from a heavy incubus, and modernized and simplified a cumbersome and unwieldy machinery. About the same time the Board of Administration in the Punjaub, though of very recent construction, was found to be as unserviceable as the Military Board, and Lord Dalhousie pulled it down without a pang, vesting its powers and its responsibilities in a single individual. The good work once begun all the other Boards in the country were marked out for destruction. But adverse circumstances conspired to maintain the huge sinecures. We now perceive from Government general orders dated 31st ultimo, that the Board-breakers have not been idle. Another of these hoary institutions has fallen to place a fresh laurel in their wreaths. The turn has been that of the Medical Board. Though it has not been found *flagrante delicto*, for Medical Doctors (unless when they happen to be dabblers in all sciences from photography to hair cutting) are a peculiarly mild and indulgent class of men, abhorring long minutes as they abhor low fees, yet as Boards are under a crusade and the Council Chamber has ceased to patronise them—the blow has been struck and the Medical Board sent to its long account of doctors who have killed more than they have saved. Medicines ill supplied or bad medicines

supplied, deserving men superseded by favor and partiality towards worthless, and other crimes of commission and omission too numerous to be catalogued. The new regime sets out with the appointment of a Director General a very favorite and magnificent title made to express order, who shall receive a consolidated salary of Rupees 3,000 per month and be assisted by a secretary. The two remaining members of the Medical Board shall be termed Inspectors General—one to periodically visit and report upon the Hospitals in the Lower Provinces including Pegu, and the other will be posted to the N. W. Provinces. They shall receive a consolidated salary of Rs. 1,800 each per month besides travelling allowance. The pay of the superintending surgeons has been fixed at an uniform rate of Rupees 1,800 a month (consolidated) in lieu of the above and below Allahabad rates which hitherto formed one of the anomalies of the Pay Code. The Director General and Inspectors General will have a tour of five years, but under special circumstances, the tour may be extended in favour of meritorious officers. We are glad that in the General Order regulating these arrangements Government has again enunciated the principle that promotions to these superior offices will not be made simply according to seniority, but that men it will command a much greater consideration. Recent events have shown full fatally the error of the infatuation that old age and decrepit powers of body and mind should alone lead to Brigade and divisional commands. But the most universally satisfactory part of the General order under notice is that which sanctions a surgeon's staff salary of Rs. 300 per mensem to Assistant Surgeons of above 10 years' standing when placed in medical charge of corps. Casualties in the medical establishment are comparatively few. Long years of toil must elapse before an Assistant Surgeon can obtain a surgeon's commission. In the meantime he is restricted, notwithstanding his services, to the same allowances which the lowest of his grade may obtain within six months of his arrival in the country. The liberality is therefore well bestowed as we know it is well deserved.

The Hurkaru's Politics.

[Reprinted from the Hindoo Patriot, September 3, 1857.]

To The Editor of the Hindoo Patriot.

Dear Sir,

I perceive the *Bengal Hurkaru* of the 28th August 1857 has two articles anent your good self. They both exhibit bad taste and bad feeling.

The old lady of Hare Street falls foul of your patriotism because of your having presumed to snub her pets, the Calcutta Volunteers, and to express your just admiration of the firmness of Government in refusing the silly prayer of the Martial Law-mongers. It appears that your panic-stricken contemporary's religion consists of two seminal articles: the first is that the Salvation of Calcutta can alone be effected by those redoubtable heroes, the volunteers; the second is that a rise can alone be anticipated by suspending the ordinary criminal courts and declaring the Martial Law instantane. I know I have no right to quarrel with the creed of your contemporary; on the contrary I can satisfactorily account for her profession of it. Her advanced age and consequent imbecility have so completely obfuscated her intellect that it is now impossible to reason her out of her fears and crotchets.

Arguments would be thrown away upon her. I will, however, gently put it to her if the unfettered operation of Voluntaryism and martial law might not provoke an outbreak instead of guarding against it. Look here, old girl. Suppose one of your gentlemen volunteers, after his sixth bottle of beer, sally forth on the *Kuthle ka Rath* and take it into his head, charged with the contents of the said bottles, to indulge in his ungovernable desire to wallop a "nigger," would not the fanatical mob rush at him and make mince meat of him. Might not such a *fracas* lead to a rise? Suppose again a respectable native were tried, convicted, and sentenced to be hanged summarily for an offence which he never committed and for which no *Law Court* would hang a dog, would the proceeding serve to allay disaffection? Assuredly not. The friends and relations of the deceased might be tempted to sacrifice their loyalty to their revenge. Think of all this,

old girl, before you advocate Voluntaryism and Martial Law. But, Mr. Editor, what would your contemporary have? "*Pour in European troops. Retain the country by the sword. Appoint Europeans to all situations of trust under Government. Deprive the natives of all share in the administration of their fatherland; in fact, carry on the whole business through European agency to the exclusion of native agency.*" Sir, I can scarcely believe my ears. Does her ladyship really believe all this to be possible? I trow not, and am persuaded that her system would be a lamentable and complete break-down in the course of six months. The *Hurkaru* is certainly not the *Hurkaru* of the Kayes, the Sutherlands, the Humes, and the Richardsons, but she cannot surely be so far gone "*Khoon*" as to believe all that she now preaches. Are you quite sure, sir, that her lucubrations are not inspired by a laudable desire to enlist the support of the "adventurer class" which has heretofore been accorded to another paper that is now mistaken for a *quasi* official organ? Can you be so blind as not to perceive that all this crying up of the indigo planters and running down of Government and public officers have one object, viz., to bring grist to the mill? But I can assure her ladyship that that cock won't fight. I can safely predict that the political capital she is laying out will yield no remunerative returns. People have found her out. Her metamorphoses and vagaries are too transparent for even the most obtuse to be taken in. Time was when she was the organ of the civil service. Time was when believing Government meant well and in the main did well she supported its measures. Time was when she advocated the rights of the natives of the soil. Time was when she was the most able and unflinching advocate of the so-called Black Act. But those times are gone by. She is now the sworn enemy of the Civil Service and objects to the appointment of Mr. J. P. Grant because of his being a haughty and one for freed man. She is incessantly picking holes in Government at a conjecture when it is the duty of the Press to accord to it every reasonable support. She would deprive natives of all situations of trust and emolument and fill them up with half educated Europeans whose ignorance of the language, customs and manners of the people and want of a corresponding status in society would render them the laughing stock of the people. But your contemporary would have European at any price; she would have them at the sacrifice of justice and humanity. If Europeans emulate, nay exceed the sepoy murderers of Meerut and Cawnpore, your contemporary would not touch a hair of their head, but would encourage their butchery. If European troops massacre in cold blood—not people whom a false religion teaches its followers to regard as enemies—but their faithful and unsuspecting comrades, and their wives, such massacre should go

unpunished. Your contemporary has no objection to have them tried and even convicted, but would not for the world award even the slightest punishment except what springs from a consciousness of having done wrong, she would only "humiliate" them, and this is the paper that finds fault with your patriotism. I am free to confess that it does not come up to that intense patriotism of your contemporary which would wage a war with civilization and humanity, but I fail to appreciate any patriotism that is not based on philanthropy.

YOURS etc.,

Heroo Hurry.

Camp Bhowanipore, 19th [sec. 29th] August, 1857.

The Rajah of Patchete.

[Reprinted from the Hindoo Patriot, December 17, 1857.]

The Rajah of Patchete has again been thrust upon public attention. But no burning Suttee is this time the cynosure of interest. The Rajah is once more in trouble. But no maudlin humanity now drags him down from his guddee. The gallows contend for his neck, and the Commissioner of Burdwan is no unwilling agent of the Grand Leveller. The doomed man has already been stripped of his dignities and awaits his finale in the felon's jail at Burdwan. A native contemporary says, he sleeps upon the hard ground for whom a bed of down was not soft enough, and a thief's regulation blanket is the only covering of the man who wiped himself dry with the costliest Cashmere shawls. Such is destiny, adding another illustration to the grand saying of the Athenian lawgiver, "what man can be pronounced happy before he is dead." The Rajah of Patchete is still in the bloom of youth. Yet youth has not made him happy. He owns, or rather owned a princely fortune, yet wealth could not weigh down the lid of the Pandora box that lay beside his treasure chest. He was zemindar and lord over thousands, yet what meanest peasant in his zemindary would now change places and prospects with the zemindar? Nilmoney Sing was blessed with youth and fortune and power. But his blessings have turned into bitter and malignant curses, his honey has become gall, his fortune has hurled him into the direst misfortune. It is not the rich who profit by revolutions. The rich are born to enjoy, to fritter away a predecessor's hoarded wealth—to patronise nautch girls and perfumers—to sleep twelve hours out of the twenty-four, and eat during the remaining twelve. Revolutions are not for these sons of pleasure. Look at the French nobility. One revolution finished them all though the guillotine—their broad lands split up into cottier holdings, their very titles swept away from the book of heraldry. Citizen Robespierre and citizen Danton,—the one was a butcher and the other a country attorney—they benefitted by the revolution. But they wanted tact to maintain their places. They went beyond their depth and their bladders burst. Bolder and more powerful spirits filled the vacancies. But Louis and his court found no chance. The Sepoy Insurrection is a Revolution. The Rajah of Patchete is well

nigh becoming its victim. He may be an innocent man. But innocence stands in little stead in an epoch of crime—innocence is an ethereal substance which abandons the world when anything very gross and beastly occurs in it—then murder votes an ostracism on the laws and established authority runs away from rebellion and rapine. The Rajah of Patchete has incurred the risk of being a Rajah at such an extraordinary time, a time out of all joint and ordinary calculation. Suspicion has pointed his bloody finger at him and in an era of rebellion suspicion is another name for conviction. The Rajah of Patchete demurred coming into Raneegunge for a Khillut with which the Government of Bengal designed to honor him. He was arrested. His palace was searched. A new breast work of earth was observed amongst his defences. Cannons, which the friends of the Rajah designate as pop guns were seen mounted upon his compound. Within a heap of rubbish which the Rajah himself pointed out was found about two dozens of musquets, many of them old and unserviceable. A few swords and pikeheads without which Mofussil Zemindars cannot proceed two yards out of their cutcheries, gun powder in various stages of preparation and other symbols and signs which combined to fix upon him the charge of aiding and abetting the mutiny. We confess that in times like these a feather shows the direction of the wind. But it must be also allowed that it is just as possible that the Rajah was preparing himself for the defence of his dwelling house against any sudden rising of the Sepoys in his vicinity, as that he was stocking it with the munitions of war intended to be served against the British Government. As yet no substantial proof has been received of his being in correspondence with the mutineers or otherwise any way implicated in their misdeeds. The concealment of arms may be accounted for in many other ways equally possible and satisfactory with that under the pressure of which the Rajah of Patchete is now a trembling suppliant for his life. Weak and irresolute men, whom education has not armed with a moral strength capable of meeting suspicion with a firm heart and a steady head, naturally sink under any extraordinary passage in their lives which carries them out of the hum drum course of routine and every day existence. A charge of murder blanches the cheeks and induces a cold perspiration on the forehead of ninety nine men in a hundred. The real murderer who has arranged his defence and screwed up his courage beforehand, never lets his extraordinary appearance peach upon him. But an innocent man on whom the charge descends like a thunder bolt writhes under it all the same as if he was the homicide. Following this natural phenomenon of the human mind, is it impossible that

Nilmoney Sing of Patchete endeavoured to remove even the usual stock of his arsenal out of the way of the Commissioner in the stupid belief that such a subterfuge will without trouble at once relieve him from the suspicions he had incurred, the Commissioner would there-upon then and there acquit him of the crime with which he stood accused, that his enemies would thus be altogether baffled and confounded? We are willing to believe this of the unfortunate man, seeing that the warlike stores discovered in his palace are such as every Zemindar or Indigo Planter usually has in his possession, and that they justify no inference that the Rajah of Patchete meant to fight the armies of Great Britain with two dozens of rusty muskets and as many swords and pikeheads. The idea is simply absurd, and at any other time would have been scouted by a sane official. It is the troublous tendencies of the day that divest it of absolute ridicule. Our impression is that the Rajah is the victim of gross stupidity and an unlucky combination of circumstances, that he possibly meant no evil, yet evil clung to him in spite of his struggles to shake it off. We wish that his trial might take place in a regular Court of Justice, for martial law courts will hang men on considerably less suspicious grounds.

Who are the People of India.

[Re-printed from the Hindoo Patriot, March 4, 1858]

The Westminster Review believes that the people of India have no existence save "in the brains of Mr. Bright." It is something like maudlin sentimentality to talk of their rights, their liberties, their progress, their happiness. The class of writers who maintain that we have no civilization, no gratitude, loyalty, truth, fidelity, public opinion or national feeling, that our aristocracy is no safeguard to the state and that every native is a traitor at heart, are resolved to extinguish us by denying our very existence and to bring down annihilation upon those struggling vestiges of national life which are seen dotted over the vast length and breadth of the land. They would propagate that the Bengal ryot is a myth, the up-country peasant a phantom of some hot brain, the Madras cultivator a non-entity, the Bombay purvæ the being of a dream, the Maha'atta Poorabee an impostor without history, and the rigid Hindoo a mesmerized mummy of Egypt. The most extravagant idealist never disproved the existence of being more completely. But both the philosopher and the historian—the principal regulators of the social life and moral being of the world—find the interests of civilization, humanity and truth imperilled in the inculcation of such a sceptical dogma. It requires not Aristotle's Categories, Bacon's universal principle of Induction, Kant's Pure Reasoning or Cousin's Emperico-philosophical analysis to demonstrate the national existence of the people of India. The positivity of this fact is patent enough to be understood without the aid of Comte. But really it takes the world by surprise—and the action is almost stupefying—to hear the Westminster Review ignore the existence of the people of India. Must then all history have been erring from the days of the demigods to those of the Dalhousiean annual reports. Must then the fact of national suffering in the extreme Southern Asia have been a successful falsehood all along to be detected by a Westminster Reviewer in the eighteen hundred and fifty eighth year of the Christian era? Must then the parliamentary deliberations on the good government and happiness of the people of India have been a series of self-deceptions to the public of England, undeceived for this long tract of time? Must then British rule, British conquest, and British progress in India have been a vain long pursuit after a Man in the Moon?

Verily the question arises who are then the people of India?—It is they who cultivate the Indian field and contribute to the life and blood of the English government in this country. It is they whos political life and existence as a subject nation are ruled by the Controulers and Directors of the East Indian Company. It is they against whom Volunteers neigh and Photographers negative. It is they who feed the adventurer and the merchant and second European enterprize in this country with the agreeable offer of physical and pecuniary aid. It is they who tended with the nurse's care and the brother's sympathy the stray fugitives burning with hunger and thirst, naked to the waist and shivering to the heart, that could find way from the volcano of fanatic and rebellious fury which has burst open in the Upper Provinces of India. It is they, the sinews and bone of the land, who, when the Independent Britons conspired to make a mutiny by usurping the place of constituted authority and resolving themselves into a committee of safety, averted the calamity by a strong demonstration of firm attachment to a sincere confidence in the measures and good faith of the reigning ministry. It is they upon whose future the world looks with an anxious interest. It is they whom Clive sought to conciliate, Hastings never disrespected, Cornwallis always cared for, Bentinck never distrusted and Dalhousie could not separate from his view of Indian Government, and Canning looks upon with confidence and hope. It is they for whose evangelization Exeter Hall resounds, for whose regeneration even India Reform meetings clamour.

We trust that the above description of the people of India will convince the most sceptical bodies, that there is a people of India. Niggers or nobodies, there they are in veritable corporeal existence. How they should be dealt with—whether by the higher policy of the Romans towards the nations they absorbed into their empire, or by the policy dictated by "manifest destiny" is a question to be solved by statesmanship as well as by dissertations on the law of race. The magnanimity and loftiness of a nation consist not in race hauteur and ungenerous display of power,—but in a dignified communication, with the less fortunate nation and a course of proper conciliation to induce the latter to a better course of social life, morality and independence. Let Christian England learn political morality and international law from Pagan Rome, and we may boldly say that her glory will be the more heightened as she is farther advanced in civilization.

What have the Black Act agitations led to.

[Reprinted from the Hindoo Patriot, March 11, 1858.]

One grave omission was made in our review of 1857. A fact that may one day arrive at historical significance was not allotted its due importance. The results of the Black Act agitation of last year demanded more distinct recognition than use gave it. Indeed that agitation ushered in an era in the social history of British India. The amicable relations which subsisted between the non-official native and the "adventurer" European since they first came together have ceased with the struggle for non-exemption. The courteous bow, the graceful *salam*, the—notwithstanding the *Dacca News*—not unimpressive shaking of hands, and the smile of recognition—all which go far to form the life, age, and the poetry too, of social intercourse are now unhappily but rarely exchanged between the "Baboo" and the "Sahib." Necessity cannot be contended with, and so business must be done. But business, always dry, is now conducted between men of the antagonistic factions with a coldness highly repulsive to the benevolent observer of his species; and toil at times relieved by conversation which, never cordial, now occasionally verges to the extent of being superseded by—blows. The scenes at railway carriages, flower exhibitions, the Botanical Gardens, the Strand—in short in all public places where independent Britons and educated natives meet together are marked sometimes by more than American brutality and border ruffianism. Of course we do not mean to imply that prior to the Town Hall meetings of last year our countrymen and the Western visitors stood with each other on terms as satisfactory, as Howards and Wilberforces, from goodwill towards mankind, and Manchester politicians, from speculations, of commercial prosperity, would desire. Nevertheless a century and more of residence in the country had forced a few grains of knowledge of native character into the minds of the reluctant European. He had begun to see that the Hindu was not a monster, that if he had no conception of the light of the Gospel, he possessed a religion which, whatever Dr. Buist and imaginative editors like him may say to the contrary, could and did make men as moral as even Christianity promised to do; that fallen as he had been he could,

under the fostering care of parental rulers, yet retrieve the degradation of centuries, and even arrive at political existence. A better day for us was evidently at hand. As such feelings prevailed among all classes of the European community we naturally looked forward to a bright future, when, united with them, we should strive in the path of progress, and when they should not treat us with contempt for our color. Never did we dream, and little were we prepared for, the sad reaction that was in store for us, and has since followed.

Early in the beginning of 1857, a bill was introduced in the Legislative Council to legalize an act framed by more than Indian wisdom, and after more than Indian deliberation. The act, misnamed the Black Act, has been felt a necessity, by both Government and people, since Meer Cossim's quarrels with the Council of Calcutta. It however, interfered with the supposed rights of impunity of those denominated by various men in different spirits, the "independent Britons" in India. Accordingly on the 14th day of February they held a meeting in which language not particularly guarded was used towards the natives. Hence dates the rise of that bad feeling between Young Bengal and the placeless European which has at last merged into savage hostility towards each other. In that meeting everything native was denounced in terms and with an earnestness that would be sublime were they not ridiculous. Native judges were accused of corruption, native palkee bearers were known to be refractory, even native *ayahs* were suspected of poisoning European babies, and the "antagonism of race" which authors in the upper shelves have declared as subsisting between nations was pompously brought forward to ensure and perpetuate the civil and political disabilities of Young Bengal. The natives soon after met in the same Hall and returned the abuse. Unfortunately the speeches happened to be better than those the gentlemen of the bar uttered at the planter's meeting. And a speech of Baboo Rajendrolall Mitter, from its pungent truths, literally exasperated "the exemptionists." Hereupon Mr. Lazarus and Dr. Halleur turned politicians. Dr. Mouat, with an understanding whose flights have been wisely restricted by Government within the jails, headed a majority of photographers who expelled the Baboo from their society. The decisions of Bengallee judges now began invariably to be found fault with, and the mock-heroic Billingsgate of that prince of political and literary impostors, Thomas Babington Macaulay, against the natives of a country whose chief guilt seems to have been to have given him a fortune, was reproduced over and over in the newspapers. History, humanity, the law of progress, ethnology and the Bible were forgotten in the selfish and sweeping condemnation of the one hundred

and fifty millions living between the Indus and the Brahmapooter, the Himalaya and the Ocean.

In the meantime the unfortunate mutinies in the Bengal army occurred, accompanied by some acts of fearful atrocity which were instantly amplified into the capital of dreamy writers of the type of De Quincy. Indeed the rebellion was a godsend to them. The Anti-Black-Acts-ites were not slow to take advantage of these, and in a moment of Hindu humiliation endeavoured to create for themselves a political superiority. From this desire alone sprung up the institution of the Volunteer Guards. Having succeeded—what wonder they should?—in producing a panic in Calcutta, these believers in race antagonism went and offered their services ostensibly for the defence of the city, but really for the repression and coercion of native freedom. The government at first refused their request and then in a moment of listless impatience yielded to the clamour. And capitally did these brave warriors protect the city, in so much that they were well nigh successful in getting up a riot and outbreak here, when the legislature interfered and curbed their power. They afterwards formed themselves into the Indian Reform League with the object, people say, of compelling Viscount Canning to resign the government into their own hands, though ostensibly for the purpose of having him recalled, and securing many more things. Be that as it may, they are at the present moment running amuck of everything native, and have entered into a regular crusade against the Hindu race.

It would seem that all this is owing to the rebellion, and to the feelings of Englishman so naturally outraged at the tragedies enacted at Delhi, Jhansie, Cawnpore and other places. Not a bit. We at least know it for a certainty that the inhuman tortures and the original modes of killing are as much the creations of diseased imaginations as the work of dehumanised passion; that most of the accounts of impracticable crimes so industriously circulated by means of lithographic impressions, were manufactured either in the Calcutta newspaper offices, counting houses, or Mufussil factories. People in England are beginning to perceive the extent to which they have been imposed upon. They will ere long know that the horrors which have shamed Dante are myths, that the stories which have thrown into the shade even the "Inferno" are but the light Literature of a class of politicians in India who, mean in intellect and brutal in heart, without even the recommendation of numbers—aspire yet to the government of an empire they have accidentally made the field for speculations.

The Position of the European.

[Reprinted from the Hindoo Patriot, March 18 1858]

We are enabled to present to our readers a document, a veritable state paper, the contents whereof are like unto nothing that they have seen or heard of since Menu published his penal code, or, at latest, since a Roman Emperor commanded his subjects to worship his mule. This precious document is a translate of an Oordoo perwannah issued from that exalted seat of wisdom and justice, the Cantonment Joint Magistracy of Agra. We will no longer keep the minds of our readers at a tension. The paper is as follows :

Whereas it has been ascertained by statements made by divers sahebblagues, that Hindoostanees, on meeting them in the public thoroughfares, do not salute them, or stop their horses or conveyances in token of respect when such Sahebblagues are passing by ; and whereas such conduct is highly unbecoming and may be counted as impertinence on the part of Hindoostanees : Be it therefore notified, under order of the Officer commanding the station, that every Hindoostanee driving in a carriage, riding, or walking within the limits of the Cantonment, must salute every Sahebblague of rank and every Gorah whom he may meet on his way, and if riding or driving in a carriage must take to one side of the road so as to allow such Sahab or Gorah to move on ; a non-compliance with the order rendering the offender liable to arrest and punishment. And be this Notification proclaimed by beat of drum daily for an entire month and weekly for the three following months, and let a copy hereof be forwarded to the Magistrate of Agra, that its purport may be made known in the city of Agra.

We beg our readers to believe that the foregoing is a genuine order passed by a British officer holding the office of a magistrate under the Government of India. It has been placarded all over the Military Cantonment, and we believe it has since been adopted by the city authorities. The strictest obedience is enforced to it ; and that not always by the aid of the police. Similar orders have been passed in other parts of the North Western Provinces.

Intense meanness or wretched puerility is not the offence which we condemn in the authors of this rescript. They come in not merely for a share of simple unalloyed contempt. Ample as that share is, they

must needs excite and draw forth also the disgust of all right-minded men. They remind one of the class of sturdy mendicants who wander in the streets of Indian cities and exact bounties from decent people by threatening to exhibit their filthy habits.

If, as some of our English contemporaries pretend, the rebellion has brought out some new phases of native character in India, it has added not a little to *our* knowledge of the character of our British fellow-subjects. We had, for instance, hitherto believed that they were a haughty race, but never deficient in self-respect. We knew that there was a class among Englishmen, as among other nations, who, destitute of every claim to social consideration, sigh for that state of lawlessness in which alone their importance is recognised. We knew the intense anxiety of shop boys, sub-editors and section writers in India to be treated as men. We knew their bitter hatred of those who refuse to address them in letters as Esquires. We knew also that a better class of Englishman hold fast to the faith that the European as such is a superior being to the Indian as such. But we did not know that there existed in the classes which fill the higher grades of the civil and military services of the Government of India the consciousness that they were excluded from the benefits of all conventional rules of civility and politeness except such as could be enforced by "fine and imprisonment." We did not know that the feeling which mixed with spilt sherry made the Parisian patriots of the revolution reel at the sight of respectability in any shape, could, under circumstances, actuate British Haves as well as Have-Nots.

We are taught one thing more : We have often said that we do not believe a great part of the accounts given of atrocities committed in India during the mutinies. We will now believe it. Any land may produce rebels, but a land where men like the authors of this order hold power can alone breed such rebels as executed Nana Sahib's commands.

Alaler Ghorer Dulal.

আলালের ঘরের দুলাল ।

A BENGALI NOVEL BY TECKCHAND THAKOOR.

[Reprinted from the Hindoo Patriot, April 8, 1858.]

This is a valuable book. Valuable, as it is the first work of the kind, opening a new road to literary fame hitherto untravelled by any Native of Bengal. Valuable, as it presents in varied and well arranged group a graphic and full picture of Hindu Society, giving proper light and shade to the different passions that float on its bosom, and bringing into an agreeable play the manners and customs that skim on its surface. Valuable, as the author has attempted in it to popularize some of the soundest views on Education, on Social Morality, on Mofussil life, on Justice in the interior, on the domestic attachments in Bengal, on money as the means and not the end of life and on sundry other subjects of highly practical and every day importance. And, lastly, valuable, as the book has been written in a style not coarse or dry, rhetorical or floridly beautiful, but simple and idiomatic, instinct with the beauty of a cultivated taste, while the freedom from oriental exaggeration and the moral eloquence which breathes throughout give it a charm which cannot be exaggerated. We are by no means disposed to compare the author with Shakespeare or Scott, Dickens or Thackeray for the many similarities of character and happy touches of wit common to that gifted class of human teachers, for such comparisons always jar upon the ear. But the thorough knowledge of the world, an almost confidential intimacy with the thoughts and feelings of men, an accurate and detailed acquaintance with the routine of Mofussil life, with Mofussil cunning and Mofussil habits, and above all, the power to dive into the secret springs of woman's affections, evinced by Tekchand Thakoor are equal to all that is attributed to the best class of novel writers. The character of Baboo Ram is quite in keeping with the every day specimen of the old Hindu, who, after amassing a splendid fortune by the help of the fortuitous means which the British conquest of India in the beginning had created, would not condescend to give his son a sound and liberal education at any great expense, but by his silly parsimony and indulgence would spoil the child beyond care,

and would persist in this till the sins of his rapacious prime are visited upon his hoary head. The career of Mutty Laul is perfectly illustrative of the life of such vagrant youths, spoiled by the want of due care and government on the part of the parents, led to extremes of folly and pride by the dissipated and intriguing, without self-control enough to guide his actions and without knowledge or strength of mind to quell his rebellious thoughts, dandled by sycophants and encouraged in his feat of madness by those who ought to be the best guardians of youth. Thok Chacha, as the name implies, is the personification of deceit, evil counsel, treachery and vile selfishness ; and his wife, Thok Chachie, is wonderfully suited to her lord. Buroda Baboo is the beau ideal of virtue, honesty, disinterestedness and truth. He is like the good Samaritan always ready to rescue the wretch, to forgive the erring, to lead the wandering, and to help the needy. But perhaps in portraying this character there is some exaggeration in the pencil. Ram Laul, brother to Mutty Laul, imbibed the virtues of the school represented in the person of Buroda Baboo, and the glory of the pupil was the glory of the master. Banee Baboo is the type of the educated worldly who does not sacrifice conscience to gain, and Bacharam is the man representative of that class of orthodox Hindus who love virtue for virtue's sake and shun vice for the very disgusting deformity of that abnormal thing. Bancharam is no rare being, and if there is anyone curious among our readers, he may find Bancharam's match in one of those two or three storied houses which line the Old Court House Lane, who is generally to be seen in deep discourse with the master of the office, his airs and motions speaking as it were that the "plot thickens." There are many other characters whose prototypes are even now before our mind's eye. The author appears to be well read in the maxims and modes of the world. But his study of the world has not completely deadened the faculty for the playful and pleasant. There are some very lively, though little clumsy touches of wordpainting, and at times the play of imagination and fancy is extremely refreshing. Perhaps the defect of the writer has been his studiously shunning the sunny side of the picture and brooding over the dark only, but we believe he has successfully attempted in, what Pope calls, shooting the folly as it flies. The bankrupt merchant has his nook allowed, and the shrewd lawyer his buggy and spectacle awarded. The Planter has received a smart slap and the Mufussil Judge and Magistrate their due. The Pundit has his snuff-box and the Naib of the Zemindar his paper-bag. The Director of Education has been coolly lectured some pages through, and we shall bless God if the teachers of the Hindu School survive Tek Chand's "cold" treatment. But we think

the rod Tek Chand has applied will be kissed the more the more it is applied. There is some geniality in it and who can forego it ? Those of our readers who have not blessed themselves with this parting gift of the Bengali year 1264, may obtain that blessing on an application to Messrs. D'Rozario & Co. and the earlier the better, for such blessings are apt to be exhausted.

Justice in the Punjab.

[Reprinted from the Hindoo Patriot, April 22, 1858.]

The world has heard enough, and somewhat more, about the transcendent merits of the judicial system in the Punjab and of Mr. Temple's code. The paternal simplicity of the one and the maternal fecundity in juridical principles of the other have been extolled until a belief has been engendered that there might be some truth in praises so loudly sung. Now, we earnestly dread the misfortune of this belief gaining ground. It may do serious injury to the rest of the country. The public had never been disposed to attach much faith to a Punjab report whether it assumed the shape of an article in the *Calcutta Review*, a leader in the *Friend of India* or an independent volume. That the Punjab reporters were an industrious set and a knowing one too is apparent to every eye. They understand human nature; at least the nature of that important section of humanity called the public. They know the said public to be a lazy being who seldom sifts stories at all, and never sifts an uncontradicted statement. So these reporters have kept all the reporting to themselves. There are no indigo planters in the Punjab, and for the greater portion of the history of the province there was but one newspaper, and that was a journal living upon the services. The native journals were useless. One paper that ventured to criticize the state of a portion of the roads was ruined by its temerity. The editor of another was thrown into prison ostensibly for a breach of private morality, but in reality for venturing on a little independence. Truth was hermetically sealed. The Punjab reporters succeeded by sheer dint of re-iteration in creating a belief that the system and the men they reported about were the best of systems and of men.

There is danger in this state of things. We have seen how the much lauded system of the North-Western Provinces has burst. Had the late Sir Henry Elliott been now alive we would have caught hold of his arm, and strength permitting, dragged him to the scenes of recent rapine and asked him to substantiate his boast that in every respect the administration of the North-Western Provinces was in advance of that of Bengal. The same means of concealment that has been practised in the Punjab was then successfully practised in the North-West-

ern Provinces. The people durst not complain where districts were ruled by civilian patriarchs actively engaged in making "settlements." To resist a policeman was an act of treason until Nemesis made it a high merit to hang a commissioner. The same danger may overtake the Punjab unless its affairs are watched with some care by a public who cannot be excused from that duty because they are immersed in admiration of Sir John Lawrence and Colonel Edwardes.

We have been led to these remarks by the perusal of an article in the *Punjabee*, a weekly journal published at Lahore, and which is about the first up-country newspaper we have seen that contains a spark of citizen feeling, and is not utterly service-ridden. One passage from this article we quote :

A complaint was made about a month ago by the inhabitant of a remote village in this district against another on the civil side of the Court of the Tehseeldar of the pergunnah. Some depositions were taken, and ultimately an order was issued for referring the case to three arbitrators to be selected on or near the spot by the parties concerned under the supervision of a *Burkundaz* of the Tehseel. The Moonsiffs or arbitrators, were nominated, and went to the village. It is said that nothing in society can be done without a dinner or a tiffin at least. Much the same notion seems to pervade native society, and we might be silent had we been told that the arbitrators had to be entertained before proceeding to business, but when we learn that not only were the plaintiff and defendant (the one a rich man, who did not care, and thought by compliance to obtain the good will of his Judges, the other a poor fellow to whom the inroad of such a flight of locusts was next to ruination) called upon to feed the Moonsiffs *for two or three days* before the business was commenced on, as well as the presiding Burkundaz, but some *thirty* attachees, whom they, the arbitrators brought with them. The Burkundaz, on being asked whether, his proceeding was by order of the Tehseeldar admitted, after a lot of shuffling, that it was not, but added that such was the dustoor, and that the number of "feedees," was not so great as represented, not exceeding twenty-five !

Penetrated as we were with a sense of the marvellous "simplicity" of the Punjab system of judicature, we found it, on reading this passage, somewhat difficult to realise the idea of a grave sitting of arbitrator; presided over by a Tehsil Burkundaz ! We shall say nought against the dignity of the quorum. Burkundazjee might under Mr. Montgomery's enlightened teaching be fit to rule the House of Lords from the Woolsack or to preside over an impeachment. He may have the learning of Weldon, the bearing of Ellenborough and the

judicial eloquence of Mansfield. All this is possible. But what shall we say of the brilliant train of "attachees," what is this splendid cortege for? What are their functions? Twenty-five not too many. And yet such is the *dustoor* in the Punjab.

The Punjab has prospered under British rule. Eight years' suspension of anarchy could scarcely fail to achieve a different result. But what is an improvement upon anarchy should not be represented as a preferable substitute to institutions having at least the merit of possessing a few of the characteristics of civilization.

The History of Agra since the Mutinies.

[Reprinted from the Hindoo Patriot, April 29, 1858.]

On the 11th May 1857 intelligence of the Meerut catastrophe was flashed by telegraph to the metropolis of the North West. It came not from the authorities to the authorities, but from a private source. The news soon obtained such publicity in official circles as to reach the ears of the Lieutenant Governor. That great and good statesman, on whose energy and tact then depended the weal or woe of India, was evidently not prepared for a shock that soon bade fair to strike at the root of that supremacy which the chances of a century and the adoption of an unflinching all-absorbing policy had thrust upon his countrymen. His just impressions were, that it was a local mutiny, that the disaffection would not spread throughout the native army, that a spark here and a flash there might be exhibited at military stations in the provinces ; but that the mass of the native soldiery would remain true to their colors and give a helping hand to the Government in quelling partial revolt in the lines. He prudently awaited further information before laying down his plans. This he obtained a little later the same day by letter from Lucknow. It disclosed a plot for a simultaneous rising of the Indian army and announced that active preparations were being made by the Lahore authorities to meet the coming crisis. On the 12th May, news of the Delhi massacre was vaguely rumoured within hearing of the Lieutenant-Governor, and as it was bruited in the station that Troopers of the 3rd Light Cavalry from Meerut and Delhi had arrived and were tampering with the sepoy in the cantonment to the end that they might at once seize the Fort and arsenal, a company of the 3rd Europeans slipped into the Fort evidently with the object of relieving the sepoy garrison which was supposed to be wavering. Simultaneously with this movement the public offices were abruptly closed at mid-day and there were seen broken lines of carriages freighted with ladies, gentlemen and children of varied hue, decorated with bonnets and hats streaming from the civil lines through the city towards the Fort. Not a word of precaution, not a hint was given of the impending danger to the native population. The native officials in public offices were sent away to their homes after a fashion which failed not to convince them that the reason for reticence on the

part of the Christian community was a general distrust of the native population—even to the extent that their admission into the secret might render the short journey to the Fort perilous. A class of Christians that had ever since the time when an apostle preached and proselytized on the Malabar Coast been looked down upon by both Jew and Gentile, now began to breathe more freely. Its members saw that they had reached the turning point in their destinies, that an opportunity had offered which might be turned to account but which neglected might never return, that a time had arrived when by killing the dead they might establish their reputation for bravery and prove to Government their loyalty. Men filling the higher grades of the service had hitherto denied them a social position, had stigmatized them as the Keranee race, had learnt to distinguish them as men who had imbibed the vice of intemperance from Europeans and of mendacity from Indians; but a day had dawned upon the prospects of this race when its members hoped to wash themselves clean of every foul stain on their character with the blood of the native, and they were determined to thrive under the genial influences of the moment. Men in authority were importuned to believe that Indian nativity and loyalty were incompatibilities, that a native who was sincere in his professions of fidelity was a monstrosity, and that train him as you will, he will, when released from restraint, betray the propensities of Nanahjee. The local newspapers did not escape the infection. They forgot that as leaders of public opinion it was their duty to vindicate a people from the calumny of a class, and commenced a paper crusade against natives which is still being carried on with unmitigated rancour. Postal communications remained open long enough after the outbreak to enable the press to peal its fulminations from station to station, till the Christian, the Hindoo and the Mussulman in the North West became alike tainted with the mischievous matter it retailed out—each according to his peculiar predispositions,—and private correspondence carried on by cossils completed the work of alienation. European military officers—more inflammable than their brothers in the civil service—caught the mania first, the majority of civilians withstood the torrent a little longer, but were ultimately carried pell-mell along the stream; and Agra would have fared a no better fate than Delhi, Lucknow or Jhansie had not, on the 5th of July,—when emboldened by the presence of the Niemuch brigade which had taken up a position almost within cannon shot distance of the fort and the retreat behind intrenchments of the 3rd Bengal Fusiliers, the scum of the outlying villages were sacking the domiciles of Christians and making a horrible bonfire which approached nearer and nearer like a

semicircular wall of fire to devour the station ; when the neigh of steeds, the clattering of hoofs, the jingling of swords, volleys of musketry and the hellish yells of the marauders struck terror into the stoutest heart and announced that the wreck of society was at hand—the reins of power been held by an individual who striving against public opinion in the Fort, which impetuously urged him to order the demolition of the City, in a magnanimous and exemplary spirit, conformed to the text, “ *If I fined Fifty righteous within the city, then I will spare all the place for their sakes.*” * * *

But the seeds of dissension had already been widely spread, they had germinated and taken root in men's minds. No amount of fidelity was considered as a safeguard against the attacks of malice. Intelligent natives, when not under surveillance gave vent to their aggrieved feelings but never desired a change of masters ; the less intelligent not possessing so much forbearance, sympathized with the rebels ; and the ignorant masses implicated themselves by the commission of overt acts of rebellion. But the institution of the Agra Militia, like the institution of the Calcutta Volunteer Guards, gave the stroke which destroyed all sympathy for the Christian.

The Kerance Bahadoors after having successfully maligned all classes of natives, so as to persuade the Government to believe that it had no other friends in the country than themselves, proposed to the authorities that they might be employed as militia men to guard the city and its suburbs, and orders were accordingly issued to enlist them and to drill them under European officers. Christian men drawing salaries in the Civil Department from Rs. 15 to Rs. 700 per month were exempted from the performance of their legitimate duties and employed as infantrymen and troopers. With laudable perseverance was the goose step mastered, and the wonder is that officers thought their men required to be taught the practice at all. The platoon exercises were soon learnt and discipline proceeded to such a pitch that on one occasion a private mounting night guard over the jail challenged a donkey thrice and then shot the rebel animal dead for per i tin , to withhold the counter ign. The services of the militia in the field were of a type with their gar ison duties, and the battle of Shahgunge immortalized the co ps. On detached duty the private was all for a loot and in quarters all for a spree. But no one would have envied these good people, the enjoyment of their well earned fame provided their conduct and bearing did not induce a popular belief that the shouldering a musket or the buckling on a sword was a license for oppression. It was otherwise however when people began to find, that a member of the distinguished body was one day helping himself freely out of the

coffers of a mahajun by threatening to hand him over as a rebel to the military authorities, and that others were another day mercilessly caning a money lender as a thief for property entrusted to him for safe custody being found in his premises ; for then they began earnestly to look at one another as if to enquire if this be the corps entertained to keep the peace of the town ?

And thus, dear Reader, has a clique, actuated by the most sordid motives succeeded in kindling a spirit of hostility to all natives as a race, and as a natural consequence, in engendering in their minds a feeling of passive antagonism to the Christian, whose end and aim they suspect is to proselytize and to oppress. The clique itself has almost secured to itself a social position, and certainly cleared the road to fortune of all obstructions which had previously to be encountered. The Board and Government are being inundated with applications and places are being given away to men who will soon offer the world practical illustrations of the truth of the proverb, "Set a beggar on horseback and he will ride to the devil!"

The New Danger.

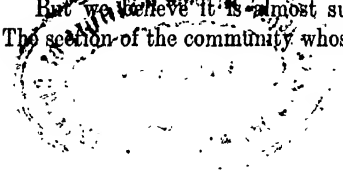
[Reprinted from the Hindoo Patriot, May 6, 1858.]

The parties that petitioned the throne for the recall of Lord Canning have been disappointed. The ruling men in England refuse to sympathize with the suffering Britons. But this defeat has only served to cause the belligerents to shift their position and change their tactics. They no longer declare open war. they no longer load the gale with their curses and threats. As they have failed to compass the destruction of the man they hate by violent means, they are now striving hard to entice him by the gentlest blandishments to commit political suicide ! They appeal to Lord Canning's feelings of delicacy, to his pride, to his sense of honour, to his love of his fallen friend and they suggest that he should—resign ? This is rich as well as rare.

The *Times* has come across the waters for all the world like a *Dhunna*, and the London Correspondent of the Serampore weekly follows the false and yet bewitching dame as her goblin page, and the great Frog concert, the Reform League, is absolutely voiceless with joy ! They believe they have at last touched the right chord.

We beg leave to warn Lord Canning. The Governor General has piloted the vessel of state through a tremendous storm with masterly skill and wonderful intrepidity. He has won the approbation, nay something more—the love of a vast nation. Why should he, when the troubled waves are subsiding around him into their wonted calm, resign the helm and slink into obscurity. Why should he sacrifice the most brilliant prospects of historic fame, and sure future political apotheosis ? To oblige the “Reform League ?” We don't believe his Lordship capable of such weakness—at any rate, he has hitherto given no proofs of it. We do not know if the brilliant nobleman who preceded him could have acted with such admirable moderation, could have withstood such tremendous temptations to forget—at least for a season—the duties which he owed to the country, to the innocent many who never sought to fraternize with the guilty few. The haughty Marquis would, in all likelihood, have made shipwreck where the deeper Viscount has saved an empire.

But we believe it is almost superfluous to praise Lord Canning. The section of the community whose opinions and tastes it is our pecu-



liar and proud privilege to form and strengthen, need not be told that Lord Canning is the saviour of India—not India as represented by the clamorous brotherhood who have banded themselves together to poison the ear of England against us ; but India with its teeming millions, its ancient civilization, its own national peculiarities of thought and feeling. And as for the great English Public, is it not rapidly regaining its usual healthy tone ? The disease that for a while fired its blood to fever heat has been subdued by the inborn strength of the constitution, and must soon be driven away. The turn in the tide is no longer a probability—it is an “accomplished fact.”

But the question is—will Lord Canning be able to escape the new danger ? Will Ulysses pass unscathed the soul-enthraling melody of the Syrens that are singing so sweetly to tempt him to guide his vessel towards their enchanting shores and there perish ? We shall see.



Disarming in the North-Western Provinces.

[Reprinted from the Hindoo Patriot May 27, 1858.]

Disarm your friends, but give an extra polish to the swords of your enemies, appears to be the maxim for the moment with those who exercise sway over the disturbed provinces ; and in no instance has the rule been more sedulously carried out than at the disarmament of the native population of Agra, which took place on the 12th instant. The result on that occasion unmistakeably indicated that the arms surrendered belonged chiefly to men of substance—men who had nothing to gain, but all to lose, by a change, and perhaps nine-tenths of whom were Hindoos. The city Budmashes and the Police, who took part in last year's insurrection, were principally Mussulmans. Many of these worthies have disappeared with their arms, others have buried them underground ; some have sent them under cover of night to their compatriots in the outlying villages ; and the rest have been permitted to keep them because they have since enlisted in the newly raised Police corps : or in other words, those that have committed arson, pillage and murder still enjoy the immunity of possessing and carrying arms, but honest people have forfeited the right. Thus relatively the former find themselves in a better position after the disarmament than they found themselves on the day of the insurrection. The presence of a body of rebels near the station, even though it were in the act of flight, would be the signal for a change in their politics. They would lose not a moment to hoist the green flag, call their friends to rally round it, proclaim a Mogul Raj and openly declare a crusade against the British. To all appearances there is little likelihood of our having to hear of another outbreak in the quondam capital of the Upper Provinces ; but supposing such a thing did occur, how would that large section of its population which has all along stood by the Government, fare in the contingency ? To expect from the military authorities that consideration which the people received from the late Lieutenant Governor the Hon'ble Mr. Colvin of honored memory, would be preposterous. The loading of half a dozen mortars on the fort bastions ready to discharge their explosive contents over the devoted city on the slightest murmur on the part of the population at the disarming order, clearly points out the kind of treatment people might reasonably anticipate on the occurrence of a contingency such as we have described.

But this perhaps would be only half the evil, the other half being sure enough to be made up by those ruffians who have either surreptitiously or on the plea of public service, retained possession of their arms. These miscreants will be ever ready to avail themselves of a moment of anarchy to burn, plunder and destroy as they did during the temporary cessation of authority in 1857.

Our observations with reference to Agra may be considered as generally applicable to all other stations where the population have been disarmed. Wherever the order has been enforced the result has been to render men of property more helpless and ruffians capable of becoming more mischievous. This method of disarming therefore is altogether a farce—an expedient for enriching Nazirs and Kotwals by the substitution of rusty country blades for the highly tempered steel of Persia and Afghanistan,—of Monghyr guns perhaps for Colt's Patents.

The late State trials.

[Reprinted from the Hindoo Patriot, June 10, 1858.]

It would have been a miracle indeed if, in times like these, Bengal had been spared the horrors of political executions or the absurdities of state trials. The facility with which the rigors of but a slightly mitigated form of martial law were introduced in this peaceful province and the indifference with which that measure was viewed were the results alike of that crass ignorance of local politics which distinguishes the Indian press and the abject state in which a distant though great danger had thrown the minds of "the public." Conceive rebellion in Ireland, and a suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act in England, and not an English politician or newspaper offering a remark on the proceeding, and you have the sort of thing that the Government, the politicians and the newspapers of Bengal did last year. It is no matter of wonder, therefore, that excesses of despotic power should be overlooked as venial, and the fears of despotic officials treated as excuseable. The delirious love of blood or rather a reputation for blood-thirstiness which has thrown so many official minds in Upper India out of order could scarcely fail to lower the standard of official morality in the rest of the continent. Mr. Seton Karr can hardly be blamed for convicting a man to seven year's imprisonment without once reading the statute under which he acted, when Dr. Irving hanged forty men in a few days after the Allahabad form of trial and his exploits passed without a notice. The Baraset Burkundaz who hanged for an offence the appropriate punishment for which at no time should exceed fifty lashes, but he had a really good trial which is considerably more than can be said of the Rajah of Bullubgurh or the chief of the Nagbuncies, or the hundreds of sepoys who have been executed in the Punjab. Exhibitions of this sort cannot fail to affect the spirit of the Indian judiciary at large. On the whole, however, we must say, the spirit of the Indian and Judiciary at large. On the whole, however, we must say, that our Bengal officials have exhibited fewer of the weaknesses which have disgraced the proceedings of so many public functionaries in the upper country, than might have been expected from the corps they acted with and the times they lived in.

The most recent state trials in Bengal possess features of considerable interest. The trial of Nilmoney Singh, Rajah of Pachete, affords

a singular illustration of the state of things from which inference of such diversified kinds are drawn respecting the temper of the leading men of the country in reference to the insurrection. The Rajah owns a territory large enough to form a decent Kingdom, under him are Zemindars accustomed to pay him feudal homage. The Ramgurh force mutinied in his neighbourhood and a portion within his very estates. To place his residence in a state of defence became an imperative duty with him. He collected men and arms, manufactured ammunition, constructed fortifications round his dwelling, and called upon his feudatories for aid. All this implied no guilt. But he was unfortunate in his dealings with the local authorities. It seems he had for some time been on bad terms with the Deputy Commissioner, Captain Oakes. When asked for aid by the latter, he gave some utterly disproportioned to his large resources. The Captain issued perwanahs worded somewhat more insultingly even than these documents usually are. The Rajah retorted by calling Captain Oakes an "ungrateful servant" of government and accusing him of having lost Purulia by running away from that station with his native mistress, through whom, he asserted, the Captain was accustomed to take bribes. The Rajah was sent for by the Commissioner. He declined to attend, alleging for a reason the insecurity into which his absence would throw his own domicile. A force was marched against Pachete. The Rajah anticipated its approach and met it at a day's journey from his house. He gave himself up to the Commissioner without the slightest demur. His servants, meanwhile, with the same wisdom that led them to negotiate for the advocacy of the *Hindoo Patriot* for a consideration of fifty rupees, concealed all the warlike stores of the Rajah's house contained under rubbish. A case of treason was made out against the Rajah. He was tried. The judge found ample evidence betokening want of loyalty in the prisoner, but none incriminating him in the higher guilt charged. He was acquitted without even his advocates being called on for a defence. He has since been detained in custody under a law of a most arbitrary kind.

That the Rajah did not conduct himself under the circumstances in the manner which beseemed and was due to his position is apparent from every fact brought to light. At any other time we should have rather liked the reminder he addressed Captain Oakes that he was but an humble servant of the sovereign in whose territories he was a great Rajah. But when the security of a province was endangered such bickerings about personal dignity was considerably worse than childish. Coupled with these, his evident intention to trim between his

duty to his sovereign and his policy towards the rebels renders him utterly unworthy of pity or consideration.

The trial of Mr. Savi's Burkundaz for uttering seditious language was one of those judicial exhibitions which approximate so closely to farces in everything but the denouement. The prisoner was charged with having asked on the occasion of a party being given by one of his master's neighbours, "if the saheb logue all die then what party or tamasha will there be?" and having again said that "the Sahib logue can fire guns and we can fire guns too," and having on a previous occasion said "that all Mahomedans would have one day to eat pig's flesh." He was convicted on the evidence of two witnesses and sentenced to seven years' imprisonment. The prosecutor, the witnesses and the judge all confess that they can make out no meaning of the two phrases first quoted. The language of the last quoted phrase is indeed mischievous in its kind, but not even the new laws make the use of such language, by itself, a criminal offence. Lord Dalhousie's solitary admirer, however, sitting in judgment punishes the prisoner by virtue of two statutes, the one providing a summary trial for heinous offences and the other prescribing punishments for mutiny and desertion by native officers and soldiers.

The Atrocities and the Atrocity-mongers.

[Reprinted from the Hindoo Patriot August 19, 1858.]

The Indian rebellion, if it has raged many perplexing problems, has solved more. Already it has decided the *vexato questio* whether, in the fertility of invention, the children of the east are superior to those of western and northern climes. To the surprise of many the verdict has turned up in the negative. "Oriental imagination" is a phrase made threadbare by continual use by a certain class of barren essayists. It was believed that only Orientals could produce a work of fiction like the Ramayun. Whenever a solitary Hindoo happened to perjure himself in a court of justice a tribe of writers was behind, ready to see in the evidence one of the illustrations of the extreme aptitude of the Oriental at fabrication. But the recent occurrences in India have proved that after all it was a mistake the world labored under; that if for any selfish end an Anglo-Saxon would fabricate and conceive, his fabrications will be found to be as superior in skill and his conceptions in magnitude to those of all orientals put together, as any material commodities of Europe are superior to those of Asia; as Manchester is superior in her manufactures to Santipore. Hitherto we did our best to be content with the reflection that though we were behind our European fellow-subjects in every moral and physical endowment, we were at least blessed with a faculty nature had denied them—the faculty, namely, of being able to tell a good story. But even in this last found refuge we are, it appears, not to expect quarter. The assiduity of industrious truth-seekers and truth-speakers has discovered that the stories of massacres aggravated by violation and outrage upon British women and children in the North Western Provinces, so industriously circulated during the mutinies, are in a great measure inventions, and that those of our fellow-subjects whom we in our simplicity thought the last imaginative and scarcely able to do the deed have really the credit of them. But perhaps we need not wonder. The Indian rebellion, if it could make heroes of the races of Boitakhanah sectioners, may well, turn dull "Independent Britons" into competition with the author of the Divine Comedy as depicitors of horrors.

Our friends of the Leauge, their friends and their friend's friends whom we take to be the authors of the atrocity-fictions, have not long

been allowed to chuckle at ease over their performances. They were indeed successful in inducing the British mob who swallowed the stories of impossible outrages—to raise the cry for “vengeance,” but like mob passions the cry was transient and has since been followed by one for mercy. It is a well-known fact that the triumph of the sinner is short-lived. That of these adventurous maligners of our countrymen and of our rulers forms no exception to the rule. They form the only non-official class in India who can be heard in England, and they were not slow to take advantage of the circumstance. They were particularly active during the revolt,—an event the like of which they appear to have been praying for that they might at that opportunity create for themselves a position they were by no means entitled to. But they adopted a characteristic plan of action which, though it succeeded for a time, was calculated in the end to unveil the sordidness of their motives and their impotence. Instead of exhibiting their absolute worth they took to finding fault with the authorities and abusing the natives of the soil. The former have already been exculpated, and ere long the latter will appear to the English people in their true colors. Lord Canning was the special object of their indignation, and there is a growing class in England who believe that any other Governor General might have lost the Indian Empire. Little fictions such as Mr. Grant’s releasing 150 prisoners and Lord Canning and Sir Colin Campbell quarrelling with each other have been exposed. It now remains for the people to get quit of the charge of unparalleled cruelty laid at their door; and if the interest which the question of the atrocities has excited for the present continues for some time to come we are sure the consummation will be attained.

Let not the League lose heart. We are not going to reproduce the statements of Mr. Layard. That gentleman may have been influenced by baser motives. He may have desired to make political capital of his recent trip to this country. The Ninevah discoveries may have been forgeries. But undoubted official testimonies bear him out in his assertions at St. James’s Hall, Piccadilly. Mr. Sherer, Magistrate of Cawnpore, who from his position must have known better of the Cawnpore atrocities and the inscriptions on the walls there than either Mr. Blanchard or Mr. Peterson, impugns them both with an emphasis which ought at once to settle the point. “I have never heard” says he, “a story I consider credible, of mutilation, torture, or dishonor. There were no dead bodies lying about in the enclosure of the house, there was no writing of any kind on the walls of these buildings.” There again Mr. Geo. G. Watson writes to the *Englishman* to the same effect. “It is useless for me to reiterate that as far as can be gleaned

from authentic evidence, however, much you may be disappointed at the fact (speaking of the atrocities) such was not the case at Cawnpore." "I consider it disgraceful, and am by no means singular in my opinion, that you and your brother editors persist with the morbid verbosity of penny-a-liners, in the face of all authentic evidence, to harrow the feelings of the relatives and friends of the unfortunate sufferers at Cawnpore, by harping on dishonor and mutilation never inflicted, and foster the tale by imaginative reports such as the apocryphal relation of the blue cloth story by Mrs. Murray." If after such unmistakeable testimony by persons who know most of the affair in question, any body will still be found to talk of violation and mutilation, let him alone, for he is a man whom nothing can teach, convince, or put to the blush.

The necessity for another Gag.

[Reprinted from the Hindoo Patriot, September 16, 1858]

Lord Ellenborough proposes another *gag* for the press of India. With a knowledge of India, its races, its religions, and its susceptibilities which no other English Statesman possesses, and with a genius for the government of Asiatic natures almost unrivalled, he approaches the *beau ideal* of Indian statesmanship more completely than any other British character. The policies which he enunciates have always a grandeur of conception and a breadth of view which the living generation of British Statesmen cannot boast of. It is a hard historical fact that no Englishman has arisen since the days of Edmund Burke who has so well succeeded in grasping the main ideas of imperial as contradistinguished from mere national statesmanship. In Indian matters he is the highest authority with friends, enemies and neutrals. His prophecies of the Indian revolt were amazingly fulfilled, and they were no thing less than prophecies—by reason of his experience, knowledge and unequalled sagacity, and to his urgent and almost inspired appeals may in no small measure be ascribed the prompt and speedy measures of Government to equip British troops for India. He was the first man in the British Parliament who raised his voice against indiscriminate slaughter, mis-called retribution, which considering the temper of the time, was an effort that demanded the highest moral courage. In the same spirit and with an equal intrepidity of mind he advanced the great question of the present moment—the future treatment of the natives of India. He justly denounced the outpourings of the Press of India, and after a fair and full consideration of the mischiefs which its daily libels on the people of India have produced and are producing, appealed to Parliament to pass restrictions on its licentious vagaries. He said, “The Government of India last year thought fit to pass a law to restrict the press of India. That law has been very rationally carried into effect for the protection of the Government. I wish I could say that the protection of the Government had been extended to the people (cheers). It has not. Every one of those editors whose mouths have been closed against the Government has been permitted to use from day to day language most exasperating to the whole people of India. They are described as contaminated by every vice. From day to day

they are threatened with extermination in a manner that is likely to produce the most terrible effects. If it is necessary to prevent the press from libelling the Government, a restriction should also be imposed upon the press to prevent it from libelling the people of India. (Cheers). I am satisfied that if the press of India be not thus restricted the results will be most dangerous. If we allow the press thus to libel the people it is idle to expect that young officers arriving in India will not have their minds poisoned by the stories which they read in the press."

It is a misfortune to India that such a man should retire from the helm of her affairs. Backed by his energy and intrepidity, and resting on his own statesmanship, Lord Canning could have, by this opportunity, an opportunity such as never comes twice, founded principles of government elevating the people to a condition which might not improperly suggest, to a mind filled with historical associations, a comparison between him and the proud Roman Emperor who left Rome of marble which he found of brick. If our admiration for Lord Ellenborough is intense, this intensity is only equalled by the intensity of an opposite feeling which the systematic abjuration of truth in the greater portion of the Indian press excites in us. Among the dailies the *Englishman* takes the lead in this respect, and in its usual reckless style "flatly" denies the charge which the Noble Earl brings forward. Our contemporary changes his long cherished theory of the proper character of the rebellion, and turns a renegade to the creed of which he was one of the proudest, and boldest teachers by saying that the revolt was a military outbreak. He classes Lord Ellenborough among those "claptrap orators who wish to create a sensation and gain selfish ends," but has the prudence to absolve his Lordship of every "selfish purpose." According to him Lord Derby, Lord Shaftesbury, Lord Grenville, Lord Stanley, Messrs. Bright, Gibson, Roebuck, D'Israeli, and the whole race of Indian orators in the British Parliament are self-seeking men, who immolate India before the shrine of their own interests. The *Englishman* does not remember to have ever advocated indiscriminate slaughter and the extermination of the native races, and confesses with a wonderful candour that he never hoped to wage war against 180 or 200 millions of people. But unfortunately for him those who bring the charges against the press of India have some credit for intelligence, are accustomed to read Indian papers and take notes of the so-called public opinion of India. When, for instance, Mr. Bright chastised the blood-seeking spirit of the Indian press he quoted a passage from the columns of our veritable contemporary smelling of blood and vengeance, and the *Englishman* if we remember aright replied to the charge of the great

Manchester orator with the eloquence of silence. When another honourable member quoted parallel passages from the *Hurkaru* and the *Friend of India*, neither of the journals thought it worthy of their dignity to answer the charge. Who among our readers does not remember "the blood cries" with which the Knight of the Muff with which, while plying on the muzzle of the *Hurkaru*, he daily disturbed the peace of the citizens of this good town? Will the Serampore *Friend* with his ostentatious Cromwellianism deny the aid he offered to the seekers of blood by his eloquent advocacy of their cause. The *Englishman* says that "we have had no rebellion in Bengal Proper" and no cause to distrust the people here, why was then the clamour for martial law and why did the system of self-constituted espionage stalk over the country? But it is not with raising vengeance cries only that the press of India is charged, of which the writings in the columns of our contemporaries for the first twelve months of the mutiny will remain standing and immortal proofs. The press has fostered the antagonism of race by publishing calumnies against the people of India. Language which no other society or civilization would allow the Anglo Indian society and civilization have borne with pride. Either our countrymen were a nation of liars, or swindlers, or traitors or bestial barbarians, or they were heaped with patronymics resonant with such classic epithets. Every native deserves a kick, because he is no better than a "nigger." This is the ordinary language of every newspaper writer since the non-exemption law was proposed, and its supplement of the mutiny, and if with these provocatives of race prejudices and race-hatreds the people at large did not rebel, it was because they had the assurance of a policy which at least promised them justice and equal treatment. The change of government has not modified this spirit of aggression, and while we write our attention is drawn to an article in the *Dacca News* in which the editor, after abusing in his usual sweeping way all Natives from the members of the British Indian Association, Zemindars, merchants, to the ryots downwards, with a flourish of epithets which his vocabulary can alone supply, actually recommends to "force open the mouth of every Native and to put into it a few drops of beef broth." In these disjointed times such language is capable of revolution, and we wish Lord Stanley did possess the intrepidity of his predecessor's mind to enforce the latter's recommendation for the prevention of this daily advancing evil. Strong diseases require strong remedies and such alone can cure the patient of the Indian press in its present condition. The whole atmosphere of India is forsooth charged with a contamination which the Ellenborough specific, and that alone can rarify.

The *Englishman* considers it melancholy that " Lord Ellenborough and Mr. Bright whom we (the *Englishman*) have always looked upon as the advocates and friends of the Europeans in India " should turn their backs against them. We precisely think so, and the more so as the ungrateful display has been made so soon after and notwithstanding the honeyed address of the Independent community and the sweet crammings of the Freemans and Theobalds at the Indian Reform Society.

Narain Rao and Madho Rao.

[Reprinted from the Hindoo Patriot, October 7, 1858.]

The ablest, best informed and—need we add? the most rabidly obstreperous journalist in the North West Provinces—evidently without much forethought—for else not all the world could have induced him to come out so openly and frankly—assures us that the brothers who are the subject of these observations, after having been judicially convicted and sentenced to transportation for life to expiate the crime of rebellion, have been recommended for mercy on the ground of the elder being *next thing to an Idiot*, and the younger of *too tender an age* to have been capable of acting for himself: and we have no reason to doubt the accuracy of our contemporary's statement. The fact is certainly agreeable to the feelings of those who profess themselves to be the friends of peace and order, and bespeaks at least the good policy, if not the magnanimity, of the Government; and so long as Lord Canning continues to sit at the helm of public affairs, no one need apprehend disappointment from the result. But without venturing to put in a word of commiseration for the elder brother, who, though an idiot, may in the year of grace 1857, have been blessed with lucid moments to meditate a conquest of the Moon, may not one be permitted, without staggering liegemen out of propriety, to question the equitableness of a sentence which would, to all intents and purposes, blot out from the book of existence a mere child whose consciousness of right and wrong was about as clear as musk have been that of the frolicsome boys who lately in the Moradabad district mimicked their rulers by hoisting, on the nearest tree a little member of their mock body public, who had been sentenced by their Archon Elect to suffer death as a Baghy on the gallows and then packed off to their homes in utter amazement and consternation when they found it was all over with their little culprit? But, fortunately, neither the little Archon nor his pigmy lieges, had an estate bordering on a crore to attract the *special* attention of a special commissioner; else the affair would have ended somewhat more seriously than with the simple dismissal of the parents with an admonition to be a little more mindful of their charges for the future. How then will these two little incidents stand side by side on the page of history? That Madho Rao's sentence will

be remitted, we have already said we entertain not the shadow of a doubt ; but is his estate, which has passed into the *Shark's belly*, at all likely to be restored to him ? We wish we could reply to this question in the affirmative, but the very fact of conviction before a legally constituted tribunal will, notwithstanding the subsequent grant of a pardon and no considerations of justice or humanity induce to a relinquishment in these necessitous times of a million pounds sterling in hard silver and gold. And what would be the immediate consequence of such a measure ? Surely not sufficiently alluring to those chiefs, who are still holding out, to surrender themselves to take the chances of a trial.

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The Illuminations.

[Reprinted from the Hindoo Patriot, October 7, 1858.]

The Commissioner of Police invites the community to illuminate their homes on an evening to be hereafter appointed. The invitation, we have no doubt, will be responded to, but we are afraid in no very cordial spirit. Not that the community is deficient in loyalty or does not feel considerable interest in the coming jubilee; but economical considerations seriously weigh against the higher motives just referred to. Everything that is necessary to make a light has run up to fabulous prices. To illuminate decently a moderately sized house would cost a sum not to be despised. And the season is one at which monetary considerations press with peculiar force. The Doorga poojah festival is notoriously an expensive one for all classes of the community, but it is peculiarly so for the class of natives who may be expected to make the most conspicuous demonstrations on the present occasion.

We propose an amicable arrangement between the heart strained by loyalty and the purse strained by multitudinous demands. Instead of illuminating their houses with rows of beggarly lamps and disfiguring their gates with bamboo scaffoldings that remind one only of executions and repairs or spiking their walls as if a heretic was to be tortured, let them light up their gates and rooms as they would on a poojah day. If every house were so lighted, the effect would not be small. To any spectator the scene would appear as one of general and unaffected festivity and enjoyment, and that is a far better impression to be created than squalid rows of mud lamps or ellipses of spiked bloaters.

England's Strength.

[Reprinted from the Hindoo Patriot, March 10, 1859.]

Samson deceived Delilah and the Phillistines when he said unto her, "if they bind me with seven green twigs that were never dried, then shall I be weak, and be as another man," and he practised the same deception over again, when he told her, "if they bind me fast with new ropes that never were occupied then shall I be weak, and be as another man." A similar deceit has England practised towards her subjects in India, when she announced to them that her strength lay in the glittering bayonets of her soldiers, in her magnificent navy, and her dreadful artillery. It was in Samson's unrazored head, that the secret of his strength lay. He was a Nazarite unto God from his birth. And it is in England's unrazored head, in the noble conscience of her bravest and her best, who are Nazarites unto Truth and God from their very birth, that the secret of her gigantic power lies hidden. Who that has seen the course pursued by the great men, that have successively come into contact with us, during the recent disasters, can doubt this fact? When Lord Canning first traced out his course of policy,—a Christian policy of Justice and mercy—with what showers of vituperation was he greeted from all quarters. But what was his answer? It should be written in characters of gold. "No sneers or taunts will make me swerve from what I believe to be the path of my duty." Then came Sir Colin Campbell, and no machinations were left untried to set him at enmity with Lord Canning. He too chose the better part; praise of men was less dear to him than the praise of God; he admitted the necessity of Lord Canning's measures, and refused to act in opposition to him. Then came Russell and Layard, envoys from the Great British nation, on whose report it would depend, whether India's millions were to be ground to the dust, for the crimes of a hampered and ungrateful soldiery, or whether justice should be administered with an even hand to men of all colors and creeds. No efforts were spared to draw them to the side of oppression; and when one contrasts the enthusiasm of welcome with which they were greeted by the society and the press of India on their first appearance, and the coldness, contumely, and abuse, with which they have subsequently been treated and which they have borne not only with patience but with pride, one cannot help being lost in admiration of their moral courage, their truthfulness, their disdain of all

that is base, or cowardly, or wicked, and their devotion to all that is different from those.

“ These England's arms of conquest are,
With these she wins her bloodless war,
Brave weapons these.”

The full amount of this heroism can be rightly estimated alone by men who have breathed the atmosphere of English Society in India during the past two years. When we remember that the press, with one or two honorable exceptions, joined in one universal and indiscriminate cry of blood and retaliation, and branded all those that stood aloof, as White Pandies, and abettors of mutiny, when we remember that Christian Government servants exulted over tragedies exceeding in horror the tragedy of the Black Hole and chuckled “ that the Philanthropists of Exeter Hall may cry out, but with all their resolutions and orations they will never bring life back again to those dead,” when we remember that to admiring Christian audience public lecturers explained the phrase “ And Japhet shall dwell in the tents of Shem ” as meaning that the white man shall ride roughshod over his black brothers, with brows as brazen as those of the American Slave dealers who justified slavery by the text, “ cursed be Canaan—a servant of servants shall he be,” nay, when we remember that *Christian ministers*, men who had spent their lives to raise the people, were not ashamed openly to express their admiration of the vindictive policy,—and were ashamed to record any act of generosity, or gratitude or self-sacrifice on the part of native Zemindars, officials, or servants, while they filled whole newspapers and books, with accounts of all that could goad a too justly incensed British force into diabolical revenge,—and thus proved themselves to be the hirelings their Master denounced,—when, we remember these things—then, and then only, can we estimate the noble nature of such men, true alike to their country, their education, and their religion. All honor to them, and all honor to England that can still produce many such. If these men had faltered, or proved false, in their high mission, then possibly might clouds of doubt arise in the strongest minds about the stability of English rule,—but now the Empire of England seems—and will ever seem so long as pillars of like hearts support it,—even to the most faithless, as built upon a rock upon which the rains may descend and the floods may come and winds may blow and beat in vain. Hard has been the work of these true Britons,—great has been the following obloquy,—proportionate to that difficulty and that magnitude, must assuredly be their reward.

Christianity in India.

[Reprinted from the Hindoo Patriot, March 31 1859.]

It is a growing cry of the party at whose head Lord Shaftesbury stands that the Good Word has met with a bad reception in India. The Evangelicals are after all convinced of the fact that in this land the fate of Empires really hangs at the tail of a pig and that notwithstanding Mr. Disraeli's epigrammatic denial that revolutions here are made with hog's lard and cow's fat. Nothing can in their eyes excuse the sepoys for their unparalleled audacity in mutinying when pious colonels proposed at great cost to themselves to rescue them from the grasp of Satan by daily sermons and distribution of religious tracts in the camp, other Christians,—those who do not occasionally meet together at Exeter Hall—have however been disheartened at the comparative ill success which has attended the labors of missionaries in India. They are sorry for the enormous sacrifices annually made in vain for the conversion of our countrymen. According to them half the men and capital employed upon this country is more than enough to make Christian men of all Patagonians, to regenerate all aboriginal Polynesians and Australasians and to diffuse the gospel through the whole continent of Africa.

The calculation, though somewhat exaggerated, has a great deal of truth in it. Patagonia will sooner rank as a Christian country than India. The Fiji Islanders with their cannibal habits will sooner be reclaimed to Christ than either the Hindoos or the Mahomedans. The cause of this difference does not lie, as is too often asserted by those who have made the subject their study, in the stubborn tenacity of the latter. The Patagonians probably are not less tenacious in their ferocity and the Fiji Islanders in their murderousness than is the Brahmin or the Mollah in his religious or other prejudices. The difference is, we fear, attributable to the difference of degrees of development attained by the Patagonians and the people of India. The latter are a civilized race, while the former are unmitigated savages. In the case of the one the missionary has to displace a finely organized system of worship, in the latter to supply one. In India he has to contend with the belief of a nation which has produced philosophers equal if not superior to Plato in speculation, and in which every other man is a Dio-

genes, in Patagonia merely to fill up a total religious void. In India he has to supersede a religion nearly as old as man, and which if it could be shorn of a superfluous machinery of gods and goddesses, is inferior to none in the loftiness of its moral and religious teachings; in Patagonia simply to create a religious necessity. We believe the task in Patagonia is much the easier one. When these conditions have been known and weighed the difference of result will we believe, strike no one with wonder.

This natural disadvantage of the Indian conditions in respect to missionary success, is aggravated by, what with a slight licence of expression we may term, the "ignorance of proportion" of the missionaries sent out to us. Brimful of pity for all nations without the pale of the church, they have a mischievous idea of the equality of Heathenism. In their eyes the difference between the religion of the Hindoo and that of the New Zealander is nothing. All pagans are pagans—the Moslem as much as the Patagonian, and they cannot award one treatment to the former and another to the latter. Unable to appreciate the dissimilarity between different pagan nations, they have one uniform policy for all, and the result is that the policy which suits one has a contrary effect upon another, the policy which conciliates the Zealander irritates the Hindoo, that which converts the Patagonians ensures the murder of the missionary in a Moslem land. The ancient Greeks and Romans, in the arrogance of civilization, used to denominate all nations not Greeks and Romans as "barbarians." The missionaries, in the arrogance of their faith, apply the same epithet towards all nations not looking up to Jesus Christ as their Saviour. No wonder that in Arabia, China and India they are laughed at for their simplicity and find it so difficult to be seriously heard. There are Hindoos and Mahomedans vast in their erudition; profound in metaphysical speculations, and who might give lessons in logic to all the pious gentlemen in Exeter Hall. Our missionaries proceed to convert them with a pity for their errors and their sins which they ought to reserve for Polynesian savages. The consequence is that the genuine merits of Christianity and the undoubted claims it possesses on the serious consideration of mankind are lost upon them through the imprudence of the missionaries and their utter want of charity.

The missionary naturally irritates the people by still other ways. He declares, and by his conduct implies, that he has nothing to learn from them. His vocation is merely to teach and—save! He forgets in his headlong zeal what the natives might with more justice tell him, that they have nothing to learn, that they are content with the faith of their ancestors and the belief of their understanding, and that he

has no business in their country. We are pre-eminently a logical nation. We hold that in as much as we hear you, you must hear us—or else we have nothing to do with you. Our readers will recollect the case of the missionary who went to preach to the Mahomedan population of Sarawak. The sensible followers of the prophet promised to listen to the missionary on two essential conditions—firstly, that the white man should preliminary to his preaching learn the language so as to secure himself against misunderstanding which will necessarily lead to great blunders; and secondly, that he should, in return, listen to what their *moulvies* had to say. The missionary was angry beyond bounds to be told that he had anything to learn from people for whom he felt commiseration from the bottom of his heart. That is exactly the bearing of the missionaries in India. They are too learned in Theology to have anything left to learn in that subject, far less to learn it either from Hindoos or Mahomedans. Learn from us;—why one might learn from a weed. The missionaries forget that the Hindoos and the Mahomedans are not a whit the less firm in their devotedness to their respective creeds than they are in theirs to Christianity.

It is of the essence of Evangelism to condemn the world out of their circle to perdition. The missionaries entertain such a sublime contempt for every religion, but the Christian, they are so perfectly impotent to imagine the possibility of anything good in anything unchristian, that we wonder not to hear them talk of Hindooism in language which no Hindoo can hear without pain. The only weapon they condescend to use systematically against their adversaries is the weapon of abuse and ridicule. Whether from inability to argue or from a contempt for Hindooism—we are inclined to think from both causes—they content themselves with merely making a ludicrous picture of Hindoo deities and the traditions connected with them. We, that is the writer of this article, once heard Dr. Duff when that gentleman endeavoured to bring Vedantism into disrepute by funning over the Ved's conception of the Brahma. Adverting to the representation given of the Brahma as a being hateless, loveless, feelingless, passionless, etc., the Revd. gentleman concluded by saying that such a deity was his shoe or his stocking. Now, we will ask those who have the weal of the Church at heart, whether such language is not suicidal to the interests they advocate. Will Dr. Duff much like to be paid in his own coin? When a man is intent upon it, he may make himself merry on the most solemn occasions and on the most sacred topics. The Christian religion does not present fewer themes for the comic genius than Hindooism, or perhaps any other religion. The Immaculate Conception alone might make the fortune of any number of jesters.

When the missionary expresses commiseration for our degraded moral and religious being, all we do is to laugh at the presumption of a man, poor in knowledge and poorer in thought, the great grand father of whose great great grand father was, we know, a painted savage.

In conclusion, to recapitulate what we have said before, the evil which our Christian friends regret, viz., the ill success of missionary labors in India will go on increasing till every missionary combines in his person the metaphysician, the honest man, the Oriental Scholar and the polished gentleman.

Punjab Officials and Mr. Montgomery.

[Reprinted from the Hindoo Patriot, June 11, 1860.]

It is a pretty common observation that every country has its peculiar characteristics. Not only that but every district has distinct moral and social features no less than distinct natural aspects. In old France each province was the seat of a particular virtue or vice. Gascony was noted for the litigiousness of its inhabitants, and to call a man a Norman was tantamount to calling him a liar. In India, besides there being the usual and perhaps necessary diversity in the qualities of the head and the heart of different portions of its people, the singular phenomenon is observed, namely, that the officials who are set over the several provinces acquire within a very limited period distinct characters that are so marked that one is almost led so far as to attribute them to national differences. The N. W. P. Civilian as soon turns out a tyrannical patriarch as his brother in Pegu learns to revel in insane lawlessness. The Duke of Bedford, once made a Madras Civilian, will begin to forget the traditions of his House and lose his common sense and at the end of one year become a confirmed socialist in theory and an anarchist in practice; and a Judge or a Magistrate in Bengal will as invariably and as speedily mistake the business for which he happens to be paid and content himself with establishing a school in his district when he should be satisfied only with repressing crime or doing justice between man and man. But to the Punjab is due the uncommon credit of being the favored land of official originality and boldness. From the Punjab came forth that brilliant focus of juridical wisdom, Mr. Temple's Code; and the practice of Punjab Officials has illustrated the extreme acceptability of the same. The complaint of mankind all over our planet regarding "the law's delay" is, under the auspices of the fortunate race of statesmen, administrators, heroes and what not over which Mr. Montgomery has the good fortune to preside, unknown in the land of the Five Rivers. Justice or injustice—it matters little to a "genius" in the shape of a Commissioner or an Assistant Commissioner what that be—is speedily dealt out to the suitors, who go home bewildered at the surpassing acuteness and the rapidity of comprehension of the Judge. In fact the beyond-belief summariness with which they dispose of cases in the Punjab whose intricacies would

take an English lawyer a week to unravel, is the most remarkable thing of its kind in civilized annals and has shamed even the authorities of California who were supposed to be perfect adepts in that kind of thing. And then how many projects for the salvation of England's soul and the regeneration of mankind has that great soldier and man, we mean Major Edwards, from time to time flung from the top of the mountains of Peshawar in the face of an admiring world! We have characterized the Punjab officials for their uncommon boldness. If any doubt as to the truth of this assertion chance to cross the minds of any of our readers it will, we are sure, be dispelled by a perusal of the vindication which the Lieutenant Governor of the Punjab Territories has published of the massacre, possibly called execution in the Law Dictionary of the Punjab, of the 26 N.I. We had always known that his brethren in the Punjab saw nothing reprehensible in Mr. Couper's conduct. To them it was a matter of course, and an ordinary proceeding. Success, it is well-known, is the best argument with the multitude, and thousands will always be found to admire a decisive stroke of villainy. The sympathy which the sort of humbug called administration, carried on in the Punjab, has found with a large portion of the public, may be clearly traced to the love of feeble intellects, and their name is legion, for high-handed measures of coercion and rigid repression (provided of course these do not affect them),—in short what is denominated "vigor," even though it lead to a "vigor beyond the law" or justice or humanity. Surely Mr. Couper's grand feat in his line must be considered as of the ordinary kind of Punjab official heroism. The only thing extraordinary in the affair of 26 N.I. appears to us to be that Mr. Couper should have so far forgot himself and mistaken the public as to publish a comical account of his doings. And Mr. Montgomery with great gusto reprimands him for his infringement of the laws of Punjab reporting. Be that as it may, we had at least thought that a Lieutenant Governor would have hesitated before he came forward on his own responsibility to justify what can be called by no milder name than that of "whole-sale murders;" and while we regret it we are forced to admire his boldness.

Our readers will probably be curious to know some of the points of the defence. No necessity will justify crime. But Mr. Montgomery says, no, we are mistaken. No evil should be committed even for the sake of good. But in the Punjab the contrary happens to be the law, and there an official is allowed to do evil for the sake of even amusement. This is the system of ethics taught in the school of summary judicature of the Punjab. Its Executive head does not scruple to advo-

cate proceedings of which the Secretary for India, who was almost bound by the necessity of his position to justify them, said that silence was the most fitting commentary upon them. It lies with Parliament to decide whether the school shall be reformed or not.

“As you were.”

[Reprinted from the Hindoo Patriot, July 16, 1859.]

We must acknowledge we have been very remiss in not having taken a farewell of our friends the Calcutta Volunteers. We must offer our apologies for the same. Our acquaintance among the members of the corps was certainly not very extensive, but at the same time, be it said, we always took a lively interest in their existence. That so august and patriotic a body should have had such a short existence, is not what we expected. We were inclined to believe that the Volunteer Guards would have been made a permanent corps. But whether the inhabitants of this city would place themselves entirely under the tender mercies of the Volunteers, and whether the Corps would realize their very sanguine expectations was, we think, always problematical. In saying this, we do not mean to cast any aspersions against the whole body of that noble army of martyrs to panic and patriotism ; on the contrary, we think there were several wise men of Gotham in the ranks ; but on the other hand, we do believe, there were many, who in case of an emergency, would have wished to live and fight another day. A story is related of the late Duke of Wellington, that many years ago when the members of the Upper and Lower Houses of Parliament had very unparliamentarily used one another, and had gone to such extremities as to call in the assistance of paper bullets. Her Majesty sent for the old Duke. On matters being explained to him, he addressing the peccant members in an authoritative tone, said, “ my Lords and Gentlemen, ‘ As you were ’.” This is just the style in which the Volunteers have been treated by Earl Canning. They forced themselves on him when all Calcutta slumbered and slept in the utmost tranquillity. At least such was the belief of His Excellency and his advisers. Nevertheless we heard at the time that several ladies made special indents on the hotel keepers for port wine and on the dispensaries for pungent smelling salts. The public mind rose to a furor such as we have seldom witnessed. All Calcutta, his wife and daughter were mad with rage against Lord Canning, and without knowing the why or because they cried with one breath, Crucify him ! Crucify him ! And when his Lordship discovered that wailing and gnashing of teeth prevailed to such a degree, he was moved to pity, and as pity is akin to love, a Volunteer Corps was or-

ganized. A large concourse of people assembled on the glacis of Fort William the day after the order was issued, some with rusty muskets and swords, and others with bludgeons which may at one time have been the property of a constabulary. The rage for volunteering at this period became so great that every other gentleman on the road was, or professed to be, a Volunteer. School boys soon took up the example, and devoted their play hours to undergoing platoon exercises of a certain kind with walking sticks, bamboos and rattans, for muskets and swords, and even children in fairs were anxious to learn the arts of war. Doubtless, Lord Canning indulged in a low noiseless chuckle at such tokens of loyalty and patriotism. We say a noiseless chuckle, because we fancy he must have enjoyed his laugh too much to allow any of it to escape in sound. But the leal and true Volunteers to all appearances, and from never ending accounts, were daily, nay hourly becoming a more distinguished and martial body. They had gone through the "goose step," but did not consider themselves geese, or ganders, for the simple reason perhaps that they had not been taught to cackle. Their picket hours were merry. In some instances they challenged passers by in such subdued and insinuating tones, as to make them believe that they (the Volunteers) were only after a little innocent diversion. But we are told that on certain occasions, when a panic was expected, and Volunteers were obliged to stand sentry with loaded muskets, there were people in some squads, who beyond hearing the report of an air gun or fowling piece, never knew the mysteries of gunpowder, and consequently when loaded arms were put into their hands they trembled as though they were troubled with St. Vitus' dance. The cry of Pandy ! Pandy ! had been raised but fortunately for the Volunteers that monster who was represented as being more terrible in aspect than the beast with seven heads and ten horns, never made his appearance. A season of apprehension and alarm was thus overcome, much no doubt to the consolation and infinite delight of the Calcutta Volunteer Guards. By the end of November 1857 the Army of Retribution had set foot on Indian soil. It was a little after this that the renowned Highland Regiments arrived in Calcutta, and seemed anxious to begin the contest without the least degree of ceremony, and fight their way upwards from Calcutta. The force of valour could no further go. The Guards at this time mustered about six hundred men and they were prepared to meet a legion of Pandies ! and so highly was their courage admired, that on seeing a Volunteer some ladies are said to have exclaimed :—

" Oh valiant man with sword drawn and cocked trigger,
Now tell me don't you cut a pretty figure."

The Band of the Cavalry Volunteers amused us especially. The musicians wore a uniform of flaming red, and mounted milk white steeds. This put us in mind of the saying of Maharajah Runjeet Sing when he exclaimed "*sub lall hojaegah.*" But so long as the Volunteers confined themselves to such like, and other field sports, no one could say aught against them, and while under command of the much esteemed Major Davis, no body of people could have been happier. The Volunteers continued steadily in the ranks, and on every parade morning a good muster was always present. This was no doubt cheering to the person who brought the corps to the perfection at which it arrived. But when Major Davis bid adieu to the corps, a visible change took place. Numbers retired from the field on his departure, and no entreaties could induce them to shoulder the musket again. A galloping consumption followed. For as the mutineers were being hunted down by Havelock and Neill, and danger was less apparent, the people congratulated one another, and the Volunteers began to breathe more freely. The members of the corps from this period became irregular in their attendance and a reserve guard was formed. A great many flocked to this asylum, but the odds in a very little time proved that the reserve force waxed stronger numerically than those who were out on drill. The Volunteers were now considered a myth, and their best friends could not help observing that they looked on them as a vision. The officers convened orderly room meetings, and as they did not know what course to pursue, they laid the matter before His Excellency the Governor General. After a very short interval the most suitable word of command was given by His Lordship—"As you were"—and the brave Volunteers went their ways to their pens, inkstands and desks. Earl Canning has presented them with their baize coats, and muskets, to be handed down as heirlooms to their grand children, and to generations yet unborn.

The affair concerning the dinner to be given to the Volunteers must be too fresh in the minds of our readers to need recapitulation. We have no desire to inflict further, or deeper, wounds on the already lacerated feelings of the Government officials. All we would now say is that the Volunteers should have a dinner among themselves.

The Belgatchia Theatre.

[Reprinted from the Hindoo Patriot, September 10, 1859.]

This elegant private Theatre of the Rajahs of Paikpara opened Saturday last at their Belgatchia villa with the performance of the *Sermista*, a serio-comic drama by Mr. Michael M. S. Dutt. The drama is based on a classic story of the Mahabharata, illustrating with great effect two very interesting morals of human life. The period of the drama transports us back to Indian society as it was two thousand years ago, and we are glad to state that the scenic arrangements and the accoutrements of the *Corps dramatique* pictured forth with a marvelous accuracy the Indian life, habitudes and usages of that distant age. Our antiquarian friends present on the occasion bore cheerful testimony to their accuracy. The habiliments of the sage *Shookracharjea* flowing from neck to foot, tinged with mud green color, approximating in sombreness to the covering sheet of an Egyptian Mummy adorning the Calcutta Asiatic Museum, and withal beautifully attesting to the austere life of the *Rishi*, in marked contrast to the costume of our Capuchins of the present day were an object of particular admiration to them. The Court was splendidly represented, the courtiers observing a fidelity of manner and bearing which those who accuse our countrymen of deficiency in either ought to have witnessed to disabuse themselves of their erroneous ideas. The performance, we are happy to be able to remark, was not charged with any appreciable exaggeration. A free and full scope was afforded to nature, and if the outset wanted a little in life and animation, it was more than compensated for by the unusually exciting interest which the play created as it neared the conclusion. This time, as on past occasions, the jester was the soul of the *corps*. The genial play of his fancy, his exquisite humour and his frolics, his appropriate apothegms, unobtrusively introduced in the midst of quiet laughter, and his merry consideration of self, undisguised and always enlivening, were always welcome, and often exciting. There was so much freedom, life, grace, and nature about him that we can boldly declare he will do equal justice to the boards of Paris or London. The other characters comported themselves as agreeably to the audience as creditably to themselves. They were particularly observant of decorum, seldom transgressing the modesty of nature.

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Military Outrages.

[Reprinted from the Hindoo Patriot, January 21, 1860.]

It is not the tag-rag and bob-tail merely of the European army in India who are capable of forgetting the instincts of the British soldier. In the higher ranks of that army the same scandalous obliviousness of honor and of duty is unfortunately observable much too often. But while Dumpy requires encores of country rum to fit him for a rioter, the little man in epaulettes comes to his task without any such artificial stimulants to bad conduct. We had the other day an instance of an Assistant Engineer acting jailor and penal officer extraordinary over a substantial burgher who was unable to sufficiently glut him with eggs, and here is another case of a Major of Invalids clubbing a Native Deputy Magistrate in independent charge of a sub-division, because enough beef was not forthcoming from his district. The army, not content with swallowing up half the revenues of the empire, still hankers after all the cattle and poultry in it, and though numerous superintendents of supply are foraging about for the important purpose of catering to its capacious maw, yet ever and anon the natives of the districts through which European troops pass and repass find themselves minus their plough oxen and milch cows in an unheard of manner. But to our story :—A detachment of European invalids was coming down to the presidency in boats. The men wanted beef, and the Native Deputy Magistrate of Khoolnah was called upon to furnish no end of bullocks. He could procure only four, but the Invalids, though unfit for heavy duty, were in no way incapacitated for heavy rations, nor, above all, for a little raid for cattle lifting. They made a descent upon the villages, and the ryots were soon initiated in sundry problems of subtraction the results whereof were not at all agreeable to their preconceived notions of property and right. They flocked to the Deputy Magistrate with piteous lamentations. A less conscientious man would have perhaps confined himself to an elaborate report or at least a paper controversy with the commanding officer of the detachment. But the Deputy Magistrate of Khoolnah, who is one of the best of his class and a most zealous and devoted officer of Government, bristled up at the call of duty and at once proceeded to the boats which contained the officers. He remonstrated with them on the highly

illegal proceedings of the soldiers. The commanding officer was pleased to express his deep regret at what had taken place. An amicable adjustment of the dispute between the soldiery and the people would have soon followed, but Major Haslewood must needs poke his nose into the affair at this stage. The faultless English of the Native Deputy and his bold bearing were probably offences too serious to be passed over by a Major who had been invalided in India. The official was politely asked who the devil he was, and as he very naturally protested against being included amongst the magnates of Pandemonium in preference to his interlocutor, the bellicose Major, in order to establish the precedence by an *argumentum baculinum*, the only species of logic with which he was probably gifted, came down upon the unsuspecting Deputy with such a tremendous application of his walking stick—fortunately no deadlier instrument was at hand—that the poor man reeled under the infliction. When affairs had progressed thus far, Major Haslewood's commanding officer thought it prudent to interfere, and as an apology was under the circumstances deemed to be quite enough, perhaps more than enough, to satisfy the most squeamish Bengalee, it was duly lisped out. The Deputy Magistrate, however, very properly rejected it, declaring that as he did not receive the injury in his capacity of a private individual but of an officer of Government in the execution of his public duty, he did not feel himself authorized to take any notice of the meaningless humbug, and that Major Haslewood must therefore abide by the legal consequences of his unprovoked assault. Of course the Major attempted to look very much at ease, and gurgled out a hollow laugh, and here our story ends. We anxiously wait to see how the Government of Bengal proceeds to vindicate its authority in the person of its officer—for on its vigor and earnestness in dealing with the gross outrage committed by Major Haslewood rests the honor and independence of the whole body of the uncovenanted executive service of Bengal.

‘Clamo, Postulo, Obsecro, Oro, Floro, Atque, Imploro, Fidem.’

[Reprinted from the Hindoo Patriot, March 17, 1860.]

Something is going to happen !—indeed it has commenced to happen already, if we may trust to the observations of the *Englishman*. The full development of some awful crisis is at hand, although what that crisis distinctly comprehends is a matter of very little importance—as well as both useless and impossible to divine. It will come about all in proper time, and will arise out of a queer combination of muslin, broadcloth, brown, white, and a variety of other material and abstract substances. Its results will be manifested in one of the highest possible attainments of pantomimic art, and may be read by anxious enquirers, in the flying about of “blue lines of wire” between “crumbling cities” of “effete empires,” and in “the panting of the iron horse”—and if so, why not in the braying of asses too? Any insipidity in the development will be relieved by bird’s-eye views of Cawnpore, thrown out in bold relief from clotted aggregations of blood, and by efforts on the part of “splenetic viceroys” and “narrow-minded officials” to “dam” the “wave of western civilization,”—and the eyes of those who look for it.

All this, from a novelist, would sound remarkably thrilling; being ably calculated to inspire with poetical visions the minds of old women of both sexes, and of children. Coming, however, as it does, from the pen of the editor of a journal, which is loud in its pretensions to the leading place in Indian newspaperism, it raises serious doubts in the minds of observers, as to whether the influence of the moon is confined merely to tides and the like—whether it does not also occasionally operate upon the minds of public writers, thus giving birth to many of the publications which the public is called upon to endure.

“It is impossible,” writes the *Englishman*, “not to see the signs of an approaching struggle, which will require all the wisdom of our statesmen, and all the skill of our legislators to regulate and control.” Probably it is not possible for our contemporary to avoid decriing these ominous “signs”—for he does at times observe the rarest sights imaginable; but all mortals are not equally gifted with introvision. Will he therefore candidly inform an anxious public whether or not,

he has descried these "signs" amongst the others in the Zodiac?—and whether or not, he observed them near the tail of Leo, which the telescope of conceit presented to his heated fancy as the famous British Lion? Or did he find them near the Balance, in which, he pompously—informs us, "the races of Hindostan" (often politely styled "*niggers*,") "have been weighed and found wanting?"

"Where the end will be, it may be difficult to say," he continues cautiously, "but the result it requires no prophet to divine."

From this it may be gathered, that there is a chance of the "end" of this stupendous struggle, turning out differently from its "result," indeed there is nothing to prevent the "end" being of quite an opposite nature to the "result." With ordinary logicians, the "end" and "result" of a struggle are pretty nearly the same thing, or at least flow in the same channel, the "result" being a development of the "end", but the *Englishman* finds it "difficult to say" what the "*end*" might turn out to be, although his mind is made up as to the "*result*!"

Then follows the exordium on panting horses and blue wires to which we have already referred; after which we stumble upon the following magnificent morceau of rhetoric:—

"The great wave of western civilization has commenced its onward roll, and majestically, with slow but steadfast revolution, it advances upon India!" The "revolution" or turning round of a "wave," which according to all preconceived notions of such matters must be said to flow, and not turn round, is a queer natural phenomenon. It is an open question too whether a rolling, and yet steadfast, civilization, can be said to be of real benefit to those over whom it rolls something in the style of the *Bores* in the Hooghly—decided bores in their way.

The *Englishman* goes on to enlarge on the "moral strength" of English settlers, by means of which, an "undisputed supremacy" is to be maintained on the part of broadcloth over muslin. No one will deny this "moral strength" or dispute this "supremacy," when once our contemporary can demonstrate the fact, that the natives of India are addicted to greater vices than the overbearing English settlers; that vice, in Calcutta, receives, in proportion to their numbers, a greater support from natives than from Europeans. We shall be willing to allow an "undisputed supremacy" to our ambitious settlers, when they can logically shew us any virtual difference between a khansamah who makes his fortune by perquisites, and an official in the Commissariat who, after a few years' service, retires home with

an immense fortune—ten or twenty times greater than the product of his monthly salary, multiplied by the number of months which he has served.

Our contemporary concludes with a touching flourish of his editorial pen, by portraying, in a beautiful manner, how "men who worship the ox, and prostrate themselves before a stone" must yield to men, who worship their beef, and prostrate themselves before a somewhat brighter specimen of the mineral kingdom—gold.

Our contemporary may see the amenities of his situation, but we see little difference between six and half a dozen—between what he boasts himself of, and what *he* would have, "the races of Hindostan" are.

The Hurkaru Sermonizing.

[Reprinted from the Hindoo Patriot, April 21, 1860.]

The *Hurkaru* under its new management—and despite its indigo articles the new management is an improved one—has taken to sermonizing. It spouts sermons in almost every issue. They are not exactly lay sermons. Abstruse points of doctrine and vexed questions of esoteric Christian theology are dealt with and dwelt on and dilated upon. For sometime these sermons were confined to enormous footnotes to correspondent's letters. Enthusiastic Brahmos gave opportunities which were never neglected. Since some days past, however, the sermons have been transferred to the leading columns and they no longer maintain the character of lay sermons. On Wednesday our contemporary came out with one. Its text is the seventh commandment. It is related of some preacher; that they made their sermon; most effective when they made direct personal attacks upon some distinguished member of their congregation. Our contemporary has profited by the lesson. He comes out boldly, strongly and most holily upon his topic, and gives out at once the *nam* and *dham* of his sinner.

Editorials, we admit, are and ought to be lay sermons. They now mould and fashion public morality. And even if they sometimes assume the shape which one of them did in the columns of a certain North-West contemporary in the discussion of a certain ecclesiastical case of note, they still do good. But what we find fault with in the preacher of the *Hurkaru* is that he selects his texts with a perverse taste. The seventh commandment is his favourite—we don't know, and won't conjecture, the reason why. We recommend now the ninth and tenth commandments to his patronage. Let him dwell on them for the special behoof of the class for whom he is in otherways battling so bravely. It will do him and them both vast good.

The Hurkaru in the Confessional.

[Reprinted from the Hindoo Patriot, May 12, 1860.]

In his issue of this morning, the *Hurkaru* acknowledges the genial spirit of Christian charity which characterises an effort on the part of the *Bengal Catholic Herald* to pervert or convert him (as the case may be) to Popery. The *Hurkaru* must have been under some divine influence, when sublimatised by religious arguments, he committed himself to the following sentiment: "Our contemporary, in as kindly a spirit as the rest of his article, insinuates that it is "wordly consideration" that keeps us from becoming a Roman Catholic. *It is absurd to think that a man who has been an indigo planter, and confesses it, should have any sense of shame or care what any one would say about him!!!*"

Bravo! bravissimo! excellentum Excellento! multum in parvo (echo "oh! oh!") divinely courageous sentiments these for any aged female to avoid in the face of day—a death-blow to all hopes of superseding Mr. Kingsley in the Secretaryship of the Indigo Planters' Association.

To be an Indigo Planter, implies a catalogue of inherent qualifications which we should, to say the very least of it, be extremely sorry to own; but actually and overtly to "confess" it, is indeed (we quite agree with the *Hurkaru*) a material guarantee for the absence of all "sense of shame" or regard for the opinions which one's actions are calculated to produce in the minds of "anyone" and everyone.

This is the first time, since the *Hurkaru* received a certain gentleman (we mean "old lady") as its guardian angel, that we remember to have experienced the delight of perusing a real *truth* in its columns. Let it not be the last. "Honesty is the best policy" under all circumstances; and if *Mrs. Hurkaru* would only work herself up, once or twice a week, to confession temperature, and let the public share the benefits thereof; she would not only greatly increase her circulation (no allusion is here made to crinoline) but furthermore, we should speedily have as pretty a private history of Indigo Plantology, as ever graced the annals of a trade since the publication of *Uncle Tom's Cabin* testimonials, the usual form of thanks, and a statue, are due to the

editor of the *Bengal Catholic Herald* for eliciting the confession which we have quoted from the *Hurkaru*. A good deal has lately been said and written against the evil influence of Roman confessionals upon young ladies—their effect upon old ladies appears to be rather beneficial than otherwise, and we can only recommend to the *Herald* a persistence in his endeavours to proselytise the *Hurkaru*.

The Saxon in India.

[Reprinted from the Hindoo Patriot, July 25, 1853.]

They display a sad want of critical taste who put Shakespeare before Sir Walter Scott as a depicter of character. The former may have had a deeper insight into human nature and the faculty of revealing its internal phases by flashes of electric light, but for presenting a whole man with all his lineaments so as to make him easily recognizable to the species in general the latter possessed unsurpassed art. For our present purpose, we shall take but one of Scott's characters, Cedric, the Saxon. The Thane loved comfort, but was uncomfortable chiefly because his neighbours were of another race and they had more lands than he. The Thane was proud of his nationality, but his pride was mortified by the sight of the superior influence possessed by his neighbours of another race. The Thane was blest with a short temper, and he was discontented at being unable to break it on any one beyond his household, his jester and his swineherd. But what most grieved the Thane and well nigh broke his heart was to find his own kith and kin going over to the side of his neighbours of another race.

Had "Ivanhoe" been a publication posterior in date to certain Indian newspapers, we should have thought that Scott drew his Saxon from life. The gentlemen of these Indian newspapers are very unhappy. Though they are not of the conquered race, though they are really of the conqueror's race, they yet find themselves in a position inferior to their neighbours of the other race, who possess more lands, more social influence, more individual power, and more of the consideration of the governing authorities. The Thanes of the Indian press deeply feel the inferiority; and resent it in no measured print on all whom they suspect to be the cause of their degradation. But what most grieves them was what most grieved the Saxon of Scott—to see the best of the Saxon race going over to the side of the other race—to see all Englishmen of rank, position and intelligence turn, in their language, White Pandies.

The Governments in India treat these Saxons of the Indian press and those they represent with the same good-humoured indulgence that the lion-hearted king extended to the rebellious Thane in Ivanhoe.

"Have you no knee for your prince?" asked Richard of Cedric as he discovered himself. "To Norman blood it has never yet bended," replied the Thane. The Saxons in India feel similarly; "submit to the laws," say the governing authorities. "Submit to the laws? We will fight, make public meetings shoot, appeal to the Supreme Court, write embarrassing editorials, leave the country" etc., etc. The good-humoured authorities pass over the rebellion good-humouredly. The Saxons believe Magna Charta, the Bill of Rights and everything else they have never seen or read, indemnifies them. The Supreme Court Judges tell them it is all good law.

For sometime past, the Saxons in India have been working themselves into the belief that they are the conquerors, and therefore the sovereigns of the land wherein they have come to seek butter for their bread. The Thane will have Rowenna *cum* Athelstane on the throne. The natives of India are their subjects as contradistinguished from fellow-subjects. The Thane, bred in certain habits of hospitality, cannot conform to them when Normans are in the case. The Saxon in India will deal justly with the Natives, not as a matter of duty, but as a discharge of a fraction of conquering responsibilities.

Meanwhile, the thing is getting serious. Lunacy, while confined to ideas, is pleasant enough sport to the light-minded. But when it steps into the commission of acts it calls for restraint.

That restraint will probably be imposed much sooner this time than the Saxons in India have suspicions about.

Military Outrages.

[Reprinted from the Hindoo Patriot, September 19, 1860]

That the spirited young gentlemen who form so important a limb of the body military, accustomed as they are to indulge in practical jokes upon each other, should occasionally extend their attentions to persons outside their own circle, and living in a more respectable manner if not sphere, is nothing to be wondered at. Their hours, as vacant as their minds, sit heavily upon them, and they endeavour to fill them with the excitement derived from the exercise of low arts of blackguardism when they cannot afford the more costly stimulus of drink. This propensity to indulge in sights of suffering of their own creation might be considered by these people as becoming their position as it is undoubtedly congenial to their habits, and it might be left to be corrected by the sobering effects of summonses from military courts of requests and the other disagreements of cantonment life. There is however, in these cases, the plea of youth to cover the defects of breeding. But when the disposition to prostitute the physical power in one's possession or at one's disposal to the purpose of committing oppression is manifested by spirited gentlemen who have ceased to be young, the interests of the public service are really endangered, and the question becomes one calling for the serious interposition of the higher authorities. Let our readers read the following general order on an act of as exquisite blackguardism as ever an epauletted ruffian is known to have committed.

"The Commissary General having brought to the notice of the Commander-in-chief a recent case of maltreatment of an old and respectable servant of the state, attached to a regiment, as Commissariat Gomash-tah, upon whom corporal punishment was summarily inflicted for the non-performance of a task erroneously imposed upon him, His Excellency calls upon Commanding Officers and superior local authorities to prevent such unjustifiable treatment of departmental servants attached as Agents to Corps.

It must be obvious that no men of respectability will undertake to fill these situations, if they are to be subject to degrading punishment and the treatment of menials, at the caprice of the Regimental Officers

with whom their duties bring them in contact, and the Commander-in-chief warns officers concerned that they will in future be held responsible for any such unbecoming conduct.

His Excellency expects that officers commanding stations will afford their protection to the classes under reference, and invariably bring to notice all instances of harsh and improper behaviour towards them."

We know of what little use these orders are,—of what little use it is to call on "officers commanding stations" to bring to notice offences not touching certain canons of discipline. There has been on the order-books, ever since 1813, a threat of dismissal against every officer who is found guilty of wantonly ill-treating a native. It has remained an idle threat from the date of its promulgation. We can fancy what would be done with an officer in England who should flog a purveyor.

We think the Commander-in-Chief would have done better to post the offender in this case by name. It might have served as a warning more effectual than a general order couched in general terms.

India in the House of Lords.

[Reprinted from the Hindoo Patriot, September 26, 1862.]

It is some consolation to the educated natives of India to know that there yet exists amongst the aristocracy of England a ray of sympathy for this fallen race. Whatever the feelings which work the leaders of "public opinion" in India, whether it be malice or revenge, or envy or hate, or all beaten up to serve an exquisite pabulum to the readers and supporters of the Anglo-Indian press, one thing is certain, that the contents of the witch-caldron stink as disgustingly in the nostrils of the higher classes of the English people as it does in those of the people for whose special behoof the caldron is made to hiss and simmer. It is an easy thing to abuse—more particularly with two hundred thousand bayonets on the side of the abuser. In the latter case, indeed, it is cowardly to abuse. But the temptation is too strong for weakly intellects and weaklier hearts to resist. The sight of affluence which the villager cannot by good means or bad obtain, is goading. The Bengalee Zemindar rolls in wealth, whilst Calcutta shopocracy cannot subsist without periodical aid from the Insolvent Court! It is not our wish to dissect the human mind more closely at present.

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His Lordship (Lord Ellenborough) denounces the race-antagonism which is the curse of recent times. In his days, the native was his friend, because he was emphatically the native's friend. It is not in human nature to betray generosity. Even the wild beasts of the forest turn soothingly on their keepers. But whip your dog, and see if he will not bite. If the Hindoo is such a great *Feringee* hater as he is now represented to be, the past history of India must stand forward as a metaphysical monster. When the *Feringee* came unattended by a single bayonet, nothing could have been easier than to pitch him into the sea; yet everybody knows he was not pitched into the sea. He was taken kindly by the hand; his coarse cloth coat was replaced by shining silk, his stinking leather shoes were replaced by sandals on which the gems of Golconda shone with the lustre of day, factories were built for him, capital was freely supplied to him, and it is supplied to him even now; when he felt disposed to fight and tussle for a chip

from the cake of the Great Mogul, an army was cheerfully raised for his service. All this by the Feringhee-hating native ! Then his power increased, his empire multiplied, his former friends were betrayed in order that he might have more power and more territory. Even then he was not swept out of the land, because whatever may have been his conduct towards quondam friends, he stood fast by the friends that still remained to him. He did not abuse them, he did not call them niggers. Indigo planters had not then learnt to oppress, and every ragged European was not then entitled to assume the dignity of lord paramount—a sort of British Government in miniature. The term antagonism of race had not been invented. It was not safe to invent it. Japhet was yet living in the tents of Shem by courtesy.* He had not yet surrounded those tents by eighty thousand European troops. He could not do so, for a great foe was then playing wild Harry in Europe, and eighty thousand troops were emergently required at Salamanca and at Waterloo. But when Napoleon fell, and England had ceased to have an enemy in Europe, the eighty thousand troops were free to come to India. They came and quelled a mutiny, and the doctrine of antagonism of race was established through their agency. We ask, does the former history of India support it ? Well may Lord Ellenborough weep over it. Every candid man knows that the doctrine is not amenable to the canons of reason—that it is the offspring of neither Christianity nor sense ; yet it is the current doctrine of the day, and much political capital is made out of it. The *Englishman* might pull down Lord Ellenborough from the throne of the demi-god for presuming to disbelieve it. But we who never raised his Lordship to that hyperbolic eminence, and the intelligent portion of mankind, who believe in neither demi-god nor devil, know what high value to attach to the opinions of a Statesman who can not only soar far above popular delusions, but has the courage and ability to smash them with giant strength. Lord Ellenborough further called down the contempt of the house on the English press in India which scruples not to say the most blackguardly things of the natives, though many of them understand the language sufficiently well to mark their gist and tenor. His Lordship did not probably know that some members of the Anglo-Indian press had openly renounced respectability, and that others had established such excellent renown for judgment and temper that their effusions had long since come to be regarded with the silent smile with which one greets the ravings of a lunatic ! The most sore point, however, in his Lordship's speech is that in which he accounts for the seeming acquiescence of the Anglo-Saxons in India in the Incometax by a feeling of exultation caused by Zemindars and native landowners

being included in its operations. His Lordship had hit the right nail on the head, and whilst we admire his penetration, we cannot help deploring that such a man should ever have been lost to India, and if we are to believe him, is for the future, lost to the empire.

Half a Century ago.

[Reprinted from the Hindoo Patriot, November 7, 1862.]

Half a century ago ! barely sufficient to turn one's head grey. Strange that within this short space of time, while Anglo-Saxon energy, intelligence and enterprise have made the most extraordinary changes in everything relating to human affairs in every part of the world—so much so that it is said that were a man who died in 1800 to turn up into life again at this moment he would not recognise the least trace to lead him to think that he was treading the earth of his native country—the same notion in Asia should have remained stereotyped without making one step towards progress and advancement. Read Lord Minto's circular dated 13th July 1810 to the magistrates of the different districts in Bengal which we have this day extracted from the *Indian Field*. The same treatment of indigo ryots, the same compulsory advances and cultivation which hurt the sense of justice and evoked the displeasure of the Governor of Bengal in 1810 have given rise to the like feelings in the breast of his successor in 1860. The godown, the rattan and affrays seem to have been as rampant then as they were only a few months back, and as perhaps in some places they are still at this day. But the Governor of that day had a powerful instrument in his hand to check Europeans from the commission of atrocities on natives, which he of to-day has not viz., the power of refusing to grant to Europeans the license of staying in the Mofussil. It is to be hoped that Lord Minto succeeded in curbing the Indigo Planters of his time by his judicious threat, and we could like very much to know whether his Lordship was ever put under the necessity of withdrawing the license of any of the planters, or whether the slashing order itself was sufficient to deter them from the further commission of those practices which the Governor General promised to visit with severe punishment. The Governor of Bengal in the early days of the present century was a more powerful man, and his task in such matters was comparatively easier. If the man was but above class prejudices and disposed for the sake of justice to put down anarchy and oppression, he had only to speak out his sentiments as Lord Minto did, and he was sure of success. But the incumbent of the same office half a century later has difficulties to contend with of no inconsiderable magnitude. Mark the impediments

which the Honourable John Peter Grant finds clogging his every step, the aspersions he is exposed to, the odium he incurs, and you will at once account for the length of time taken up towards the fulfilment of an end which was accomplished by a few strokes of Lord Minto's pen in 1810. But still the thing has at last been done, and we hope the consummation has been effected more efficiently and in a more lasting manner than before. What Lord Minto half a century ago put down for a time only, to appear after a short interval in all its demoniacal features, and what the present Lieutenant Governor would have failed in effectuating singly with all his powers, has been uprooted and crushed to atoms by the perseverance, combination and earnestness of the sufferers themselves.

The Times on the Indigo Report.

[Reprinted from the Hindoo Patriot, December 5, 1860.]

The losing party in litigation and in controversy has a right to get angry and to sputter abuse. We will not deny that the Indigo Planters of Bengal have fairly earned this right and the manner in which they are exercising it would have afforded us amusement, had they employed more skilful abusers. In this lies our complaint, namely, that whereas the occasion was one calculated to call forth the best powers of the practised vituperator, the task of abusing the Bengal Government and the world besides has been entrusted by our planting friends to mere retailers of Billingsgate. In this country, as in England, they have retained and feed the most incompetent abuser. When the *Hurkaru* just took up the brief, it did it with foaming mouth and bloodshot eyes and by its violence and want of skill soon made itself unreadable. The Government of Bengal and its kin and relations were written about in manner which simply

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The *Englishman*, who was afterwards appointed with the *Hurkaru* in the task, began by praising itself and has since come down to the point of questioning the social position of the Lieutenant Governor. Its ridiculous pretensions have cast the planters' cause into ridicule and it seeks in vain to prop it up by interminable sentences expressive of unintelligible wrath. The fatality, however, has crossed over the seas and made powerless the lips of that prince of inveighers, the great *Times* of London. We extract the article as a curiosity in its way. Its inferiority to everything of its kind which appears in the columns of the *Thunderer* cannot be overlooked by the most careless reader. In place of the pungent sarcasm, the pointed insinuation, the withering sneer, and the sledge-hammer invective, we have a flood of what a racy writer calls printer's eloquence and a series of adjectives taken at random from the vocabulary of the commonest abuse. Had the *Times* called Mr. Grant a parallelogram or Mr. Seton-Karr a monocotyledon it would scarcely have used more random epithets or less apt phrases to express its rage. The gentlemen who bargained for the aid of the *Times*, have been cheated, awfully, scandalously cheated. The advance they have made, far more substantial than any they ever made to their ryots, has been repaid by an article utterly unmerchutable in quality.

The *Times* begins the article with a triple ejaculation of the word, indigo. It had evidently doubts whether the drug would be relished by the vast mass of its readers ; and accordingly essayed to gain attention by a typographical dodge. The high authority of Lord Chatham is quoted with an air of humour to cover the wretched barrenness of the style. It then repeats the exploded falsehoods with which the organs of the planting interests for months bored their readers here. It falls foul of the civil service, against which body of men it indulges in unlimited abuse.

It ignores the ryot, and the educated native, gently lets off the missionary, and attacks the civil service alone. The consummate mastership of the *Times* in the art of rating has never been better displayed than in this selection. The *Times* has good reason to hope that in the next session of parliament the civil service of India will be broken up. It is from this conviction the dead set proceeds. It can no more create a "public opinion" on the Bengal Indigo question than it can catch the moon, but it won't lose the credit of having destroyed the Indian "civil service." In point of fact how much the ryots owe to the civil service is known to our readers from our correspondence from the Indigo districts. Had that service been less corrupt, the indigo system, in the words of the Commission, would never have had any existence. The letter we publish this very week from Rajshaye will make apparent what Civil Service Magistrates are accustomed to do in disputes between planters and ryots and zemindars. It is to the conduct of these Magistrates that we trace the growth of that enormous system of coercion and fraud which the Commission has laid bare. It is to the district administrations of which covenanted civil servants are the principal members that we owe the miseries so long suffered by the ryot population. If these latter have in some parts of the country succeeded in freeing themselves from the galling bondage which the factories had imposed upon them, it is in spite not by the aid, of these local ministers of political justice. If any one of them ever ventured to act independently and endeavoured to render impartial justice between the planter and ryot then he was selected as a victim not only by the planters but by many of his brother-civilians. Whatever the planters have to complain of, they cannot complain of the conduct of the civil service towards them.

The *Times* obscurely threatens the Lieutenant Governor with a parliamentary enquiry into his conduct. To say that the Government of Bengal has from the beginning been prepared to render a full, true and particular account of every act it has done in reference

to this indigo business, is but to say that the Government has acted according to the usual routine of business. The Indigo question has grown great enough for parliamentary cognizance, and more is already known of it by many members of both houses than by the staff of the *Times*. When that investigation comes on, it will be found that the Dalgettys of the press are the only class of advocates whose services the planters can command. Nor will the matter for investigation then be the preposterous lie that Mr. Grant privately wrote to Messrs. Mc'Nick, Maclean, Taylor, Mackenzie, Betts, Molony, and Skinner not to enforce the Ryot's Coercion Act, but the fact that a system had grown up under thirty years' British rule quite analogous to that which parliament destroyed thirty years ago at a cost of twenty millions, —that the Governors of Bengal allowed this system to take root and flourish, that the coercion act was an immense favor to the planters and that it was enforced with merciless severity. The planters cannot look to a parliamentary investigation of the indigo question with more ardent hopes than those who wish a reform of the planting system. The *Times*, with that combination of impudence and tact which has made its fortune, endeavours to make believe that it will succeed in creating a "public opinion" in England upon the indigo question strong enough to act upon parliament. The hollow threat deludes only those who have been blinded by the light thrown upon the question by the labors of the Indigo Commission. The *Times*, only the other day, tried to create a "public opinion" in respect to the atrocities which attended the rebellion. It signally failed. The *Times* has never been strong on imperial questions, and the party which has, at so much pains and cost, bargained for its thunder, will soon find that they have paid, and dearly too, for a whistle.

Let us take a summary view of the position of the question as it will stand in parliament. The planters are not likely to have very warm aid from the party who will on this matter transfer their leadership from Mr. D'Israeli to Lord Stanley. Mr. Kinnaird and those of whom he is spokesman in the lower house will openly espouse the cause of the ryots. We are very much mistaken in Mr. Bright if he, besides attacking the civil service, yields any other aid to the planters, and does not give the weight of a significant silence on all other points to the cause of the ryots. The number of retired developers of Indian resources is too few in parliament to merit a thought. Lastly, the Government of Lord Palmerston, will accord its full support to the measures of the Government. On the last point we beg to be permitted to make all classes of our readers perfectly easy. The proceed-

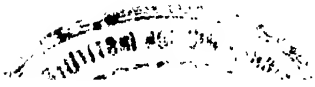
ings of the Government of Bengal in reference to this indigo question, reported in detail to the end of June last, have received *the fullest approval of Her Majesty's Government and Mr. Herschel's conduct has received their special commendation.*

Native Volunteer Rifle Corps.

[Reprinted from the *Hindoo Patriot*, June 5, 1861.]

One important sign of progress amongst the natives of Hindoostan is the zeal and spirit with which the educated young men of some of the Presidency Towns have caught up the idea of Volunteer Rifle Corps. Fifty Parsee gentlemen of Bombay have applied to be enrolled in the Volunteer corps of that Presidency and it is stated that the commandant has strongly recommended their admission. We cannot well calculate the amount of good which this fusion of the native with the European race will produce. Nothing is more wanted for the stability of British India and its thorough amelioration than the drowning of all race prejudices in one common cause. When once the educated native gentleman is assured of the sympathy of the educated European gentleman, the fountains of his heart shall open and in that state there is no gain to civilization which cannot be realised. It is often said that Young Bengal though loyal at his tongue is disloyal elsewhere. Class distinctions are undoubtedly a fruitful source of disloyalty, and if human weakness rebel against human insolence the fault lies almost wholly on the side of the provoker. You cannot trample upon even a creeping worm and bid it love you. The most glorious day that we ever witnessed in Bengal was that on which the European and the native community of Calcutta joined at the Town Hall to resist constitutionally the vagaries of a Secretary of State! We wept with joy on that cheering occasion, though the heavy sigh instantly arose that the next villainous article in the *Englishman* will spread a pall over the fair prospect and crush the growing feeling in its very bud. We have often seriously thought why the intelligent native community cannot be knit in closer bonds than at present subsist with the intelligent European community. Individually, every second European is a gentleman treating the respectable native with a consideration, which is scarcely inferior to that which marks his intercourse with his own countrymen. Yet that does not fulfil the national craving. The European Press is pledged to abuse, systematically abuse, our race. The pulpit echoes the press, and even our warmest friends who in their personal speech and behaviour are the soul of honor and the glass of courtesy are not unfrequently the authors of the most violent diatribes against the

nation. If any respect be at all shewed to it, it is of that complacent order which is exhibited towards a woman. The manly element is wholly out of the way. The exhibition is a sort of a burlesque. It should therefore be our aim and object to get over the feminine stage if we at all wish to stand upon an equal ground with those with whom we claim equality. We are glad that the first step towards such a transition has already been taken. Upwards of eighty native gentlemen, many of them belonging to the first families in Calcutta have applied to government for permission to form themselves into a Volunteer Rifle Corps. Their respectability and their intelligence are a sure guarantee of their loyalty, and we do not therefore apprehend any ill success to their appeal. It is possible that the consideration of weightier matters has delayed the sanction solicited. But that it will eventually be accorded is almost certain. It will indeed be the commencement of a new era in Bengal when warm and intelligent native youths are able to take that active share in the defence of the empire for the lack of which they were so recently taunted by the Anglo-Indian Press. The education which they have received fits them for any great or glorious feat did they but understand the mechanical part of war. Their ignorance of this necessarily renders them wavering and diffident, and panic-struck in danger. Nevertheless a Bengallee fought the rebels in Upper India and did signal service to the state by his coolness and courage. Such heroes will hereafter be many, and it will be to the advantage of our European friends to rear up an ally whose sympathy will always be on the side of the Government whose language, he has adopted, whose civilization he has made his model, and of whose strength and elasticity he knows much more than many Englishmen in India. No friendship is more binding than that contracted on the play ground or the parade ground or on the field of battle. The mind is unstrung on these exciting occasions and the impressions then made on it are indelible. Besides men view each other at such a time in their heroic natures and admiration gives a closer bond to friendship than any other condition of mind. The Native Volunteer Corps will thus, perhaps, be the means of blocking up the gulf which separates two important classes of Her Majesty's subjects and of inducing that wholesome combination and co-operation between them and that gentlemanly respect for each other the want of which now operates as a curse upon both.



Our Drainage.

[Reprinted from the Hindoo Patriot, June 26, 1861.]

We publish at Bhowanipore, and "Our drainage" might startle many a reader who knows not the secrets of the *Hindoo Patriot's* present *sanctum*. The fact is, the *Patriot* will henceforth be conducted wholly in Calcutta. The paper has reverted to those hands that first started it. But the hand of hands is, alas, wanting! The reader will in vain seek for those brilliant political crushers which awed and astonished the local Press and sent dismay into the factories. Providence in his own inscrutable wisdom has taken back to himself that spirit which flashed like a meteor over the country and disappeared as suddenly as it had burst upon the eye. The tear of friendship is not yet dry, and we are called upon to resume the pen which had been all but laid aside for the last three years in admiration of the talent, which raised the *Hindoo Patriot* to the position of a power in the realm. The public will perhaps excuse our shortcomings when we tell them that their forbearance is craved in the interest of the bereaved mother and the unfortunate widow of the remarkable man who devoted his fortune and his life to the service of his country. With his fast ebbing breath he loudly and repeatedly called for the last proof! "Don't print yet! Give me the last proof!" and Hurris Chunder Mookerjee died three minutes after with the *Hindoo Patriot* still uppermost in his delirious thoughts! The gushing tear compels us to close the heart-rending scene, for we mean to proceed with our article manfully.

Now we beg firmly, yet respectfully, to ask the Government of Bengal, the Municipal Commissioners, the Engineer to the Commissioners, their Secretary, and each and all and every one connected with the Drainage Works, whether, humanly speaking, those huge subterranean excavations which are fondly expected to convey all the filth of Calcutta into the Hooghly will ever do their duty and conform to the wishes of the Municipal Board? To our mind the chances are apparent that they will follow the example of the whole Department and prove a constant source of annoyance, anxiety and discomfort to the ratepayers. Indeed if the extraordinary works which have already eaten up a great part of the Municipal finances and are still fully as



famished as ever, are not forcibly stopped by superior authority, Municipal bankruptcy will be the inevitable consequence involving every rate-payer in the calamity. The danger is yet at a distance, and none but the sharpest-sighted can perceive it. We nevertheless ring the alarm bell lest the bolt should fall upon us unprepared. The magnitude of the Drainage Works impressed everybody with a feeling of awe and reverence for the stupendous mysteries which were supposed to set the Hooghly on fire. We looked convulsively into those yawning chasms which were advertised to devour the cholera! The very giganticness of the scheme tongue-tied us. We looked at the Railway, we looked at the Electric Telegraph, we looked at the Drainage Works. All seemed alike, stupendous, unlimited, vast! The two former were things accomplished. The latter could not be suspected to be a juggle. We believed on and grew strong in faith until the last heavy rains. The bubble burst with the bursting of the arches. The daily papers teemed with warning notices of a carriage and pair having been engulfed in this place and a barouche in that. Public confidence was violently shaken. The divinity was pulled down and submitted to a lay examination. Medical Science shook its head and condemned the sanitary value of the expensive hobby. Its architectural value had been settled by the rains! We ask, why pet and caress the little giant? Mr. Clarke is quite welcome to feed his monster from his private purse if he cannot get rid of him. But the ratepayers ought certainly to be relieved from the billet. It is neither wise nor agreeable to nurse Leviathan if he will not permit us to make solid use of his back!

Harris Chunder Mookerjee Memorial Fund.

[Reprinted from the Hindoo Patriot, July 17, 1861]

At half past four of Friday afternoon last, the community of Calcutta was assembled in the Hall of the British Indian Association to do honor to the memory of the most remarkable Hindoo that had shown a purpose and had achieved an object since the days of Rajah Ram-mohun Roy. The flower of Bengallee society was gathered on the interesting occasion, and if we missed some of the recognised heads of that society, there were letters awaiting from them which satisfactorily accounted for their absence. We have condensed the Proceedings of the meeting elsewhere. They reflect infinite credit upon our countrymen at large. They redound to the glory of a people already glorious in every act of disinterested virtue. That the nation appreciated Baboo Harris Chunder Mookerjee is something to be spoken of proudly. That the apostle of political liberty has left his mark on the hearts of his countrymen presages the happy consummation of the object for which he lived—and for which he died. It is not given to many to shape the thoughts and through their thoughts the destinies of a nation. Large minds act upon smaller minds by the same irresistible law by which material substances act. But the latter are confined in their action. They obey a code more gross and unelastic than that which directs the motions and the tendencies, the power and the dynamics of the former. Gravitation has a final end and a quietus. But thought expands with the circle it creates and influences. The motive power that has been imparted by the gigantic mind of the individual whose loss we are deploring, is a legacy which the country cannot sufficiently prize. The fire and the energy with which the nation collectively proceeds to the combat of principles and the overthrow of abuse are mainly of his creation. Before the *Hindoo Patriot* commenced to pour its thundering broadsides into the citadel of non-official crime and official misrule, before that strong impassioned voice arose which fearlessly assailed guilt striking the conscience-stricken with a blast which sounded like the Archangel's blast at doom, the native community was existing in a condition of inglorious somnolency strangely contrasting with their present vigorous action on questions of public interest and importance. They seldom troubled themselves

with politics unless it touched a sore point in religion. If an audacious Hindoo free-thinker was to be punished, if an offensive missionary school was to be suppressed, if a rebellious apostate from any one of the great Hindoo parties was to be put out of caste, much activity was speedily mustered and a large amount of fuss organized. But on questions affecting the weal or woe of the nation, there was always we grieve to say, exhibited a shameful indifference. It was the mission of Hurris Chunder Mookerjea to turn the evil. His earnest mind set itself thoroughly to work until a revolution was effected in Hindoo society. The new oracle was received with enthusiasm by all who listened to him. A new philosophy pervaded native minds. The leaders of the people abandoned child's play for political action. A political association was organized. Hurris Chunder Mookerjea directed it by an iron will. He may be said to have laid the foundations of the future Indian Parliament. The country is ringing with his private virtues and his public acts. But all combined cannot glorify him more than as the Prometheus of Indian political liberty.

Money pours in from every quarter to the Hurris memorial fund. We feel proud to mention that some of the highest staff officers in Calcutta have subscribed handsomely.

The Trial of the Revd. Mr. Long.

[Reprinted from the Hindoo Patriot July 25, 1861.]

The extraordinary, and in this country, unprecedented trial of the Reverend Mr. Long has been concluded. Since the mutinies robbed a class of Anglo-Indians, official and non-official, of what little brains nature endowed them with and led them to cover their panic by acts of meanness, cruelty and violence of which the worst excesses of the up-country budmashes afforded no justification or even palliation, no trial has excited so much interest nor has the result of any trial sent more dismay into the ranks of the native population and of their well-wishers, of whatever race. The vastness, the importance and the dangerousness of the result of the trial are we believe yet un contemplated by the community. Neither the jury who pronounced "Guilty" nor the presiding judge who all but directed them to give that verdict had an adequate idea of the revolution whose morning star they have made themselves. That revolution is not simply a revolution in law, but a revolution also in society, a revolution in government. It comprises within its bosom all the elements of perfect anarchy and if those elements had been as great in degree as they are monstrous in kind, there would not be any government or social order at this moment existing. It is a hopeless task to grasp at once at all the features of this trial, so many and so extraordinary as they are. The hydraheadedness of the affair may rather be expressed in the enquiry, what has it not done? The prerogative of the Legislature has been usurped, the Government set at defiance, all men of convictions different from those of the promoters of the trial and honest enough to avow them have been threatened with legal fire and sword, not to say law and commonsense outlawed from the Bench. This is said to be an age of progress. The Government is striving hard to place the European under the same law to which the native has hitherto bowed. Mr. Grant is abolishing the acutest form in which slavery obtains in Bengal, namely, Indigo slavery. The Secretary of State for India and Parliament are supporting Mr. Grant. England is believed to have a mission in India. But the onward movement of the age, the equalizing efforts of the Government, the efforts of Mr. Grant backed by all the weight of Sir Charles Wood and Parliament, and England's mission

have all been suddenly arrested by the Indigo planters of Lower Bengal through their representatives in the bar and on the Bench of the Supreme Court.

The decision of the Supreme Court was clearly foreseen. Its enormity has not in the least surprized us. Those who have attentively observed the course of events since the mutinies must have remarked along with the course the growth of that sentiment among the non-official Europeans against the children of the soil and the Government in its capacity as their natural protectors from a too wanton exercise of the pride of race and conquest whose triumph has just been signalized in the Supreme Court. When the Court of Directors of the East India Company early prohibited the free settlement of Independent Britons in the mofussil many attributed it to the commercial jealousy of the Directory. All were agreed as to its vexatiousness. Time, however, has vindicated the Directors. There is not a native of India at this moment who does not appreciate the wisdom of the prohibition. We are inclined to go even further and declare that much of the success of British arms and British diplomacy was owing to it. If every Anglo-Saxon adventurer had not been so scrupulously prevented from exhibiting his character and propensities in all their nakedness to the natives in the interior by a residence among them it is scarcely a matter of doubt that the natives would have been wanting in that deep reverence for the English name which an occasional and necessarily reserved intercourse with Civilians created and kept up, and which, and not her bayonets, has been England's greatest strength. The prohibition was broke through at last, but be it said to the old Company's eternal honor they compelled the enemy to fight every inch of ground. Since the free admission of all manner of Europeans into the country, with a view to lessen as much as possible the evils of that fact, they tried to make the inheritors of Magna Charta really amenable to the law by rendering the law which governed the native the guide of both. As many times as the government proposed the yoke so many times the Britishers "agitated" and "agitated" with effect. The Britishers wanted leaders—the Judges of the Supreme Court readily volunteered their services as such. With the instinctive adherence of lawyers to their clients, the Judges were resolved not to give up a single subject of their legal empire who gloried in his Sovereign Court. The call for help of one's countrymen carries with it a weight irrespective of its nature, and the Judges possessed patriotism enough, though of a mistaken species, to respond to it in the spirit in which it was sought. We have all heard of "little men dressed in brief authority," and perhaps some might detect in these Judges something of the spirit of little men

dressed in authority too vast and too permanent for them to endure without giddiness essaying to feed vanity by availing themselves of every opportunity of thrusting their claim in the face of the Government as a power in the realm, equal in importance to the Government itself. But whatever its causes, the historical rise of the party headed by Judges is clearly traced to this strange alliance. Ever since the coalition has remained intact. The coalition is bound fast together by the strongest ties of reciprocal advantage. It needs no logic to prove how beneficial the Judges might unwittingly prove to those who follow their political lead. It may be thought that the Judges derive no equal advantage from the connection. The Judges appear to be afflicted with a morbid craving for popularity—to reckon all along upon the receipt of a farewell address—and their political followers constitute the public, not the genuine public, but the handful of speaking and writing men who speak themselves and write themselves up as the veritable public—which awards popularity and the society which votes addresses. Failing to bring the Europeans generally under the law, the Government was called upon to give protection to natives in particular cases of wrong sustained. That call would probably have been evaded had it not proceeded from Ministers of the Gospel. Ignorant people no where make nice distinctions and they represented that if their own countrymen, and the partakers of a common Testament, the planters, were permitted to preach by their lives, "war on earth and ill will towards all men," it would be useless to persuade the ryots to the contrary, and they asked the Government to compel the former at least to grant an occasional Sabbath to their oppressions upon the latter in order that they may find time to examine into the nature of the salvation offered by the Bible. The question was for sometime vigorously argued on both sides without leading to any practical result when it was quickly shelved. The humble labors of this journal again brought it on the *tapis*—not to be shelved again but, as we hope, to be decided for ever—cases of oppression and outrage as would disgrace the Government of the worst Bourbon. Meanwhile the ryots were informed by the Government, by Missionaries and by native patriots that they too, lowly as they were, possessed rights which the law held as sacred as those of the greatest subject, and that their deliverance was in their own hands. The ryots did not require so much enlightenment. They had simply to know that the great bugbear which had hitherto taught them that passive resistance to the factory would be high treason, namely, that the planters divided their profits with the Government was a huge lie, to assert their dignity as men. That assertion was fiercely contested. A life struggle ensued.

Neither coaxing nor bullyism availing, the planters invoked the assistance of a special law. These were granted them. The patience, endurance and heroism of the ryots rendered the special law null and void. Indigo ceased to be, but for their obstinacy in not growing the Great Die the ryots paid the penalty by the wholesale imprisonment of districts, including men, women and children, and loss of property to match the numbers that were thrown into prison. Official enquiry into causes which might explain the singular inflexibility under all hardships of those who the day before had quietly consented to live as slaves was inevitable. Even the planters made a show of desiring the enquiry. The enquiry proved nearly all that had ever been alleged against the planters by their bitterest foes. It proved the ryot's determination to accept of no terms at the hands of the factory. The Commission deprecated special legislation. But Indigo could not be grown without such artificial aids, nor were the planters prepared to accept the alternative. They cried aloud for a slave law. Their representatives the Judge Senators, cried aloud for it in their name. One of these two Members for Anglo-Saxonia denounced the "cant of equality." The other flew out to his heart's content against a witness before the Indigo Commission for daring to prefer Suddur justice to the article dispensed by himself and his brethren on the Bench which too, in the language of courtesy goes by the same name. Meanwhile the Utopia of planting wishes was maturing itself into reality. A Civilian who while he felt that he must retire yet hesitated when he looked back upon a career of inglorious activity, gasped out an expiring effort at popularity by introducing the bill. Elated beyond measure by this circumstance, they pictured all manner of happiness to themselves. They talked of suing the Lieutenant-Governor for damages for ruining the Indigo interest, of suppressing the anti-Indigo journals, of prosecuting the British Indian Association for exciting the ryots to repudiate their contracts. Fate mocked the airy castle! Suddenly a most wicked despatch from Sir Charles Wood arrives, dashes down the edifice and confounds the dreamers.

They who imagined that after the Despatch of the Secretary of State for India and the decision of Parliament the planters would give themselves up to resignation are ill read in the Natural History of the animals—for whatever virtues belong to the Anglo-Saxon, resignation is not one of them. The more hopeless their cause the greater is their exasperation. There are nations acquainted with only dumb exasperation. The exasperation of the Anglo-Saxon shows itself in extreme restlessness under any misfortune. One would have thought that after their discomfiture the veriest sense of propriety would have

dissuaded them from making themselves ridiculous by undertaking the prosecution of Mr. Long. But shame, even that inferior species of shame for which the English language does not possess an equivalent expression but which we may denominate eye-shame, is wholly absent from their composition. Add to this, they knew their man or rather their Court too well to be scared away by foreign considerations. They were too confident of the game within their grasp to be inclined to impose upon themselves any self-sacrifice. And the event proved that they were not mistaken. The opportunity which the publication of the *Nil Durpan* offered, if wreaking vengeance upon a member of a class which has been chiefly instrumental in opening the ryot's eyes to the monstrous deception by which, though in all respects a free man, he had been chained to the soil as a serf, was too tempting to planting human nature to resist.

But it was not the mere gratification of private revenge which induced the Landholder's and Commercial (*alias* Indigo Planters') Association to set up Mr. Walter Brett as the prosecutor. Neither is the trial to be regarded as an outburst of virtue too sensitive coolly to pocket the insult offered to wives and daughters. The large body of planters who came from the interior to impart proper *clat* to the trial did not incur all the trouble and the expense with the view simply of chuckling over the misfortune of a poor clergyman even though that clergyman they considered a stumbling block in the path of their worldly advancement. No—the planters aimed at a much higher game. The Civilians who so crowded the Bench as to leave scarcely breathing room for the presiding judge did not repair to the Court with a view to learn Judicial practice from those favored sons of law and common sense, Mr. Justice Wells and Mr. Barrister Peterson, nor were they attracted to the place by idle or morbid curiosity. The native gentlemen who were seen to flourish their shawl turbans are men accustomed to take a nap after their noon-day meals, and the gathering of so many of them had a significance. The fact was that Mr. Long was neither the only nor the principal defendant in the case. Looking at the broadest aspects of the question, he was simply a John Doe, a convenient fiction by means of whom or which a more distant party might be touched. Mr. Barrister Peterson was perfectly right when he declared that the Government had been put upon their trial. Nay more than that, the defendants were more numerous than the Court could accommodate, and a far more important body than even the Government. They were the nation which has always sympathized with the ryot's wrongs, which has assisted him in his deliverance, and which relying on the law of libel which Mr. Justice Wells has just

repealed with retrospective effect, spoke its honest sentiments on Indigo planting freely.

The questions raised by the trial are too many and too important to be discussed in one article.

Native Capacity.

[Reprinted from the Hindoo Patriot, July 25, 1861.]

Some of our contemporaries have been again attempting to raise the long settled question of native capacity. Sir Charles Wood's recent bills and the debates upon them in Parliament have afforded materials which our amiable traducers have lost no time in working into those senseless tirades against the national character of which only the Anglo-Indian press seems to hold the patent. No where out of India is such despicable nonsense ever heard as is daily spouted forth by the organs of the lower orders of the non-official English population of Calcutta, and the mofussil. We say the lower orders of the non-official English population of Calcutta and the mofussil, because we have too great a respect for the glorious English aristocracy and all those connected with or bred up amidst the associations which govern the glorious English aristocracy to believe that the Bond Street views of politics which constitute the staple of English journalism in the Presidency of Fort William, are shared in or even looked upon with anything but the eye of contempt by those whose very instincts are superior to the most finished logic of the classes from which their butlers and their game keepers are usually drawn. The independence that systematically panders to class prejudices and is tied down to a peg from which the sublimest truths of philanthropy and natural justice cannot set it free, is certainly not the beau ideal of the race which in an earlier century kissed the sword of the moslem and trampled upon his koran, bartering their lives for their opinions, and setting the first example in history of dignity in slavery. The position which the British Indian Association has invariably maintained in its controversies with Government affords a withering refutation of the calumny by which it is sought to exclude the native from the councils of the empire. His true position is at the elbow of the Governor General, and enlightened public opinion is too thoroughly convinced of the fact to be disturbed from its orthodoxy by a journalist whose political creed has been manufactured in an Indigo vat, in whom the faculty of reason seems to merge in the faculty to abuse, who sees not save through a perpetual jaundice coloring the most ordinary events with an accumulation of paint disgusting

to the eye of taste. We do not dwell more fully on the subject because we deem it a waste of words to fortify a truism. A much higher power has been enlisted on our side than can be put down summarily by even a highly cherished member of planter "Society ! "



Mr. Seton-Karr's Confession.

[Reprinted from the Hindoo Patriot, August 1, 1861.]

∴ The plot of the *Nil Durpan* is becoming more and more complicated. The libel is no longer a question between an Editor and a missionary, or between Sir Mordaunt Wells and the native community. A Secretary to Government has entered the lists. His conscience pricked him at the last moment and we have a confession which for mesericordiam might vie with that of any old Bailie lite convict. Mr. Seton-Karr is sorry for the mischief he has done. He did not know that he was sporting with fire balloons. He had playfully taken up a lucifer match and applied it to a train of Gunpowder.—who could for a moment believe that the wicked thing would explode? Indeed the wicked thing should have known better manners and suspended chemistry for the sake of the big school-boy. Mr. Seton-Karr may have saved himself from a Supreme indictment but it has been at a serious cost to his character. Everybody is crying fie upon his confession, at the transparent excuses and the milk-and-water trumpery with which he endeavours to shield himself from the wrath of Mr. Walter Brett. As far as the Bengal Government was concerned the affair had been finally settled. It was an act of gross indiscretion which circulated the *Nil Durpan* as on “Her Majesty’s Service only.” It was an indiscretion of that kind which produces terrible results. If Mr. Seton-Karr had not been a civilian he would certainly have been cashiered. All the good which the Indigo Report had effected, all the strength which Mr. Grant’s government had attained, all the blessings which the ryots held almost within their grasp, were dashed down, disrupted, turned into gall and nausea by that one foolish act which dragged the Government of Bengal into the arena of invective and political squibs. But as Mr. Seton-Karr himself says, there was no help for it. Mr. Grant repudiated the gambol of his subordinate in terms which indicated his vexation and deep chagrin on account of the stupid blunder. The matter as far as the Government was concerned should have decidedly ended there. There was no further need to disturb lake Camarina. But Mr. Seton-Karr’s conscience pricked him. His tender little monitor could stand anything but that threatened indictment. A heaven-born standing uncovered before that peculiarly earth-earthly

gentleman, Mr. Justice Wells. The idea was torture. Go Long overboard, go *Nil Durpan* overboard,—go ryots overboard. The waters have risen and Mr. Seton-Karr clings to his life preserver with the instinct of ordinary mortals! The sight is indeed piteous. We could wish for the honor of the Civil Service that we had been spared it.

And after all what had Mr. Seton-Karr to be afraid of. If he had erred he had erred in good faith. He had erred on the side of humanity, on the side of suffering multitudes whose groans were calculated to unsettle even the judgment of a Nestor. By not even the most distant construction could the President of the Indigo Commission be accused of malicious partizanship. The harrowing tale of oppression and crime which was daily poured into his ear when he sat at the commission, the minute circumstantial and authoritative evidence by which that tale was in each instance amply reduced to fact, the death wail by which his tour through the Indigo district was heralded, more than justified the generous sympathy with which the best vernacular scholar in the Civil Service received a publication which mirrored the horrors of Indigo planting in Bengal with a master's hand. He might have honorably stood an indictment and confounded his accusers but for that stinking confession. He might have told his Judge in the solemn accents of a haughty innocence that he stood there in the defence not of himself or of his service but in that of a nation of swarming millions ground to the dust by the necessities of an infamous manufacture, of wives whose husbands were rotting in the godowns, of mothers whose sons were drinking the waters of seven factories, of a population whose wrongs he had publicly tested and exposed, for whose rights he was determined to do battle. He might have summed up by the withering reply that he at least had not reduced the bench into a platform nor smuggled the verdict through a charge!

The Revolutionary Tribunal.

[Reprinted from the Hindoo Patriot August 8, 1861]

We have compared the judicial persecution of the Rev. Mr. Long to the judicial murder of Nundcoomar. There are many whose ignorance of history or want of perception of the real significance of the trial of the latter disqualify them from appreciating the comparison. For their especial behoof we will add to our remarks on this head of last week that the crime charged at the instance of Warren Hastings against Nundcoomar was committed years before the establishment of the Supreme Court, before the Company had acquired sovereign rights in this country. Yea, even when the charge was preferred, it is more than doubtful whether Nundcoomar was within the jurisdiction of the Court. The sham action of Plassey simply effected a dynastic change,—it no more made the English the rulers of Bengal than of China. True it is, that there was no Administration strong enough to check the gratuitous assumptions of regal authority by the English of Calcutta, but that impunity does not in the least alter the case. Constitutionally speaking, men of the position and the political influence of Nundcoomar, who as a native peer should have been handed by the English over to the Native Government to be tried by them according to their laws, who during the ministry of his son, was the real premier of the country, who if he occasionally sojourned in Calcutta was not a subject of George III from whom alone the authority of the Supreme Court was derived, but was an inhabitant of Moorshedabad and a subject of the Emperor of Delhi and consequently amenable to his Courts and to his laws, could be tried only by the Moorshedabad old Baillie. The trial of Nundcoomar, therefore, in the Supreme Court and its sentence we regard as the trial and the sentence of an out-law court. In this, it will be remarked, there is no parallel between the trial of Nundcoomar and that of Mr. Long. But the parallel lurks there. The Supreme Court undoubtedly had jurisdiction in the case of Mr. Long. But the parallel consists in the arbitrariness of the Bench that tried Nundcoomar and that tried Mr. Long. Parallels, like figures, never walk on all fours, and there is a sufficiently marked identity between the two trials, in that both the Benches unconsciously sacrificed justice to support their respective factions, and that both in the fury of their partizanship were guilty of extempore legislation, to excuse us the liberty

of considering the one of a piece with the other. In Nundcoomar's trial the most extraordinary thing of all was the demeanour of the Chief Justice in whose mind the self-evident plea of want of jurisdiction weighed not a feather, who did not see the madness of trying a man by the English law, whose obligation to respect that law, if there existed any obligation, consisted in simply this, that a firm of English merchants had built a factory and acquired a Zemindary—Calcutta was then nothing else—in his country, but who was determined at all hazards to relieve for ever his friend and head of the Government of the one man who brought that Government to all but a dead lock. Throughout Mr. Long's trial the presiding Judge discovered a kindred spirit. He did not—what he was in duty bound to do—exact an investigation into the real point on which a case of libel or in fact a trial for almost any offence at law hinges, but allowed and by his own example encouraged a useless and impertinent discussion which no more concerned the matter on hand than sense and law concerned him, and when a blustering and bullying charge induced a verdict of "guilty," he pronounced a sentence the savage severity of which took even us—who flattered ourselves with possessing in our mind a full measure of Mr. Justice Wells—quite by surprise.

Notwithstanding the charge that certain parties whose malice against the conductors of this journal appears to be more powerful than their understanding, have been pleased to lay at our door, that we merely deal in indiscriminate abuse, those, who have honored us with a careful perusal for the past two weeks will have remarked that we of all our brother journalists have endeavoured to judge the question of Mr. Long's trial and conviction on the broadest basis, that we alone are alive to the gravity of the danger with which that trial and conviction has threatened society, and that we alone have endeavoured to rouse that society to a true perception of that danger. With rather better truth may it be urged against us that in our solicitude to treat of the whole we have overlooked the mischief of the parts—that as yet we have not reviewed in detail the counsel for the prosecutions' speech or the Judge's charge or his sentence. As we have before appealed to first principles, so will we continue to do. We are aware that in this age of universal education, appeals to first principles smack of puerility. We are aware that our reference to the principles of jurisprudence may be resented by many as an insult to the intelligence of the Judges. But still we think we have ample justification in the extraordinariness of the circumstances which have, much against our will, driven us to cite the veriest primers in law. Lord Macaulay once very happily excused himself by the plea that a generation that has bought eleven

editions of a poem by James Montgomery may well listen to a fable of Pilpay. A Bench which have shown themselves so ignorant of law and indifferent to judicial procedure and manners, as the Bench of the Supreme Court have done, may learn with advantage to themselves and to the public things from the *Hindoo Patriot* which they ought to have learnt before they were called to the bar.

In the English law, no offence, except manslaughter, is constituted, unless there be malice in it. As a general rule, an act of omission or of commission not induced by malice, however injurious and much to be regretted, is not punishable. Such acts are considered by the law as mere accidents, and in this the verdict of law and reason are alike. For if accidents are criminal, no man is safe. Judging from this point of view—and this is the only point from which the question ought to be or can be viewed—every unprejudiced mind must be filled with astonishment at the verdict of the jury in the trial of Mr. Long.

But if bare astonishment is the effect of the verdict upon the mind, the conduct of the Bench is enough to horrify the most moderate men. Trial by jury, to whom the English law allows functions more important, difficult and responsible than are allowed to the Judge, is looked upon by all philosophical jurists as one of the relics of mediæval barbarism, and the strong and unreasoning conservatism of Englishmen in general has yet preserved it as a positive institution after it has been speculatively discarded by the greatest thinkers. Nobody now a days quotes the verdict of a jury as an authority unless that verdict be coincided in by the Judge, and then it is the Judge's opinion which in truth receives weight. Specially, from a Calcutta jury—even though a “special” one—one can hardly say what he is not prepared for. In Mr. Long's trial, the credit of the blunder of the verdict does not belong to the jury. The conduct of the presiding Judge and the extraordinary summing up virtually dictated a verdict to men who are never guilty of opinions of their own. We do not accuse the jury of submission to that dictation. Calcutta juries are accustomed to receive their opinions from Lazarus the Cabinet-maker and from other equally sage and sane members of the immortal Photographic Majority, and it was rather creditable than otherwise to the “special jury” that they followed the Bench. But we really cannot understand that Mr. Justice Wells should have been so far led away by his politics, should have been so far unmindful of his immense responsibility, as to have rendered himself the exhibition that he did. His knowledge of the quality of the jurymen should have quickened his sense of responsibility. What was the value of his boasted explanation

of the law to the jury if he did not tell them that malice was an essential ingredient in offence and, if his too sensitive sense of impartiality would not allow him to tell them that there was no evidence before the Court to prove Mr. Long's malice, that it was for them to decide whether they were satisfied by the evidence of Mr. Long's malice ?

The Harris Society.

[Reprinted from the Hindoo Patriot, August 8, 1861.]

It is a significant sign of progress that the native community of Calcutta have evinced more ardour and determination in honoring the memory of a representative man than they ever yet did on any other subject. Indeed, the universal feeling, which is decidedly a national feeling gushing spontaneously from the core of the heart, is such as of itself to furnish a good presage of the ultimate destiny of a people which can cordially sympathise with departed worth. The English people are charged with hero-worship as a weakness. The cynic adores nobody but himself and is horrified at the idea of one man being regarded with respect and reverence by another in whom the complement of hands, feet and eyes is precisely similar. He forgets that man is made up of a better substance than mere hands, feet and eyes, and that where genius exists as a national legacy, there genius must be worshipped as a national faith. The fool cannot distinguish between Apollo Belvedere and a common statue, for he sees with the dull eye of blank stupidity the mere complements. His ideas never soar above materialism. He is made up mostly of that. Even his mind does not escape the taint of his general organization. He lives without a thought and dies without a wish. When nations betray such a sullen indifference of good and evil it is high time to give up every hope of their progress. They have arrived at that stage at which progress is impossible. The finest sensibilities are at a dead lock. They cannot expand into greatness. Example ceases to influence emulation. Ambition sleeps with the slumber of death. What good can arise out of such a state? It were well even if evil could arise, for that would at least impart activity and set at liberty the stagnation. Anything that would break up the stillness will foster hope and make room for thought. Hero-worship might be a weakness but it is the weakness of convalescence which leads to strength. The greatest of nations have been at some time or other unmitigated hero-worshippers. The Hindoo, the Egyptian, the Greek and the Roman rose to a proud pre-eminence by dint of an earnest hero-worship. It is the same faith in great men that has uplifted England from the sea and placed her at the head of modern nations. It is impossible to adore worth without a constant endeavour to realise

in ourselves the worth that we adore. A tendency to great ideas must underlie the faith in great ideas, and hence hero-worship is a source of hero-making. Perhaps our argument is too eminent for our subject. But what stands good transcendently must be good also upon lower ground. We will not here say that we consider the late Editor of this paper of that very superior stamp of genius which justifies lionization. Probably to many we make ourselves ridiculous by mentioning his name in connection with hero-worship. But one thing is certain that he was the apostle of a new creed, that he gave vitality to feelings and ideas which hitherto had been asleep, that his strength of mind, his energy and his perseverance have left their mark upon Hindoo Society, that he has disturbed the dead silence and stillness which had all but banished hope, that he has roused the nation effectually from sloth and filled it with a new yearning. These are benefits for which his memory should be embalmed. A public meeting of the richest and the best of the native community has already decided upon the form which the Hurris memorial should take. But it mounts not to the height of his great services nor does it accord with the spirit of his acts. His existence was not an educational but a political one. If he could come back amongst us and guide the discussions over his memorial, he would scowl upon the scholarships. He had small faith in the government system of education. He doubtless turned from the prize boys to himself, and what a contrast !

For these reasons it has been resolved by certain of the warmest admirers and friends of Hurris Chunder Mookerjee to establish a society after his name which shall extend the principles upon which his fame rests and endeavour to realise the great ends for which he lived and in the furtherance of which he died. If those ends be even partially fulfilled, the Hurris Society shall descend to posterity with the halls of a great national institution.

Brutality in Jest.

[Reprinted from the Hindoo Patriot, August 8, 1861.]

The laughing philosopher is held in common esteem to be a better type of frail humanity than the Philosopher to whom the world appeared only as a vast charnel-house with black hangings, and weeping mutes and long processions of tearful mourners. Indeed the normal condition of our existence is sunniness. Everybody likes a good laugh and it is enjoyed the more heartily if it be at the expense of a friend. There is something so divine in mirth that even the ugliest look amiable in a broad grin. The smile of beauty is perhaps the richest legacy that has fallen to mortal lot, for it chases care and is a chief accessory to human happiness. The prince and the peasant could not alike have brooked existence but for that charming smile. Even the mad man has his sunny mood. We abominate grave gentlemen with faces half a yard long and who laugh only in solitude, behind friendly curtains and light-proof partitions. That they do laugh is unquestionable. But their risibility is under such strict laws and discipline that it dares not show its white teeth in company. We have a distrust for such men. Three-fourths of the misery of man is their handiwork. They fill the jails and blacken the gallows, wage destructive wars and direct reigns of terror. The man without a smile bears upon him the terrible associations of the hangman, the headsman, the political informer, the agent of the inquisition. We could sleep in the same room with a drunkard or a maniac, but we would carefully bolt and bar ourselves out of reach of the vinegar-faced. And yet mirth is not always divine. There exists a sort of wicked mirth like wicked intelligence which is as far removed from Olympus as Jupiter is from a satyr. Of this latter species we might say that it is a will-o'-the-wisp which attracts the unwary by its sparkle that it might thrust them into the sea from a precipice. Such was the mirth of Nero when he set fire to Rome and fiddled over the crackling flames. Such the mirth of the Spanish mob bending eagerly over the bull fight; of Edward the Fourth of England enjoying the torments of the ill-fated Clarence in a butt of malmsey; of the lower orders of English adventurers in India, delighting in practical jokes which for brutality and malice yield to none of the most finished barbarities of Oriental or Occidental tyranny. The

Allahabad Gazette recently published a delectable letter from a travelling correspondent all whose wit and spirits seem to have been exerted in hoaxing a starving little urchin with a glittering rupee. Perhaps the famine had left him an orphan in a strange land without friend or protector. Possibly he had a harrowing tale of a sixty hours' fast to unfold. The hand of death might have been already on his brow. But the brutal Anglo-Saxon was rolling in plenty and cared not to know who starved. A strange idea struck him—How would the starving unfortunate relish the sight of a rupee. The proud man was riding in a buggy with a fast horse and the urchin was led over a three mile canter, out of breath, panting and exhausted, on the apparent promise of a sorry rupee. Was the promise fulfilled? No! the rupee was returned into the pocket of the jester and a villainous letter in the *Allahabad Gazette* was manufactured out of it. We wish we could reprint it for the edification of our readers. But our columns are already in close pile. It is fortunate. The ruffianly effusion might have furnished a disloyal reason for the atrocity of the sepoy. }

Contempt of Court.

[Reprinted from the Hindoo Patriot, August 15, 1861.]

The Landholder's Association have properly resented the clause in the Civil Procedure Bill by which Judicial Officers are proposed to be vested with an additional though supernumerary safeguard against contempt of Court. The law as it now stands is a sufficiently stringent one to require the aid of an oppressive incarceration to help to establish civil Judicial officers yet more firmly in the awful esteem of harassed litigants. Indeed it is a nervous dread, not to speak with a harsher adjective, that seeks penal assistance to drive out contempt from the courts. A court of Justice carries on its front a natural severity which appalls even finished ruffianism and silences the audacity of the most persistent reviler of social rights. Unless the source from which justice flows be peculiarly muddy, no fear need rationally be entertained of the stream being defiled by blasphemous disbelievers in the purity of the hallowed liquid. Statistics has not yet deemed it of any importance to arrange and tabulate the roll of cases in which the authority of the civil courts has been set at naught by frustrated litigants. Such cases can by no means be numerous, at least not so sufficiently as to justify the promulgation of a new and a dreadful law to arrest their further development. Already it is a hard destiny to be concerned in a law suit whose headquarters are in a dingy bungalow of some obscure village where Regulation is dispensed by the inch and at long intervals. The pains and penalties which beset the progress of a suit in a mofussil civil court are too numerous and annoying as they are, not to induce an uncharitable wish regarding the ultimate doom of this new recruit to the list of torments. Indeed it is not a safe as it is not certainly a desirable step to arm civil officers with criminal powers ; for they are sure to be exercised extravagantly and with more of the ardour of the neophyte than the discrimination of the judge. Every man to his duty, and the economy of civil life will proceed as smoothly as the economy of any life can be fairly expected to proceed under the present conditions of human existence. It is not advantageous to club together functions which are as widely apart and separate as any known specimens of contrariety. Superadded to the evident absurdity of such an amalgamation the known tendencies of the human mind afford an irresistible argument against it. The amateur is notoriously a mischief-maker whenever his energies are seriously or quasi-

professionally called into action. Witness the triumphs of our Judge legislators in the department of politics ! How the legislative council has rung with the fiery periods of the Chief Justice denouncing many a cherished principle of Indian policy ; denouncing equality in law between the European and the Native ; denouncing equality in treatment as loyal subjects between the two races. How the functions of the Judge have merged into those of the partizan, and the sublimest axioms of English liberty been falsified to suit morbid views. The dispensers of the civil law will assuredly leave their proper vocation if the charms of the criminal law be for once set before them. The new powers will often need demonstration to prove their actuality ; and the temptation to do a personal injury to the audacious man who presumes to question the law of the huzoor will be too strong for weak heads to resist. The mofussil bar is already a standing disgrace to the country. Its members are directly chargeable with half the evils which clog and hamper civil justice in the mofussil. They are afraid to act with independence, and imbecility builds its castle over their necks. They flatter and cajole the divinity over whom they are meant to be a check, and the divinity uses them as a tool. If the reform of the mofussil bar be a necessary step to the reform of the mofussil bench, then the surest way of defeating that desirable end will be to place the whole body of advocates within the gripe of the presiding Judge by means of the new powers intended for his protection ! The intelligent and high minded pleader will scarcely set his foot on a volcano or put his head into a noose. He will without a pang leave the plain free to his less dignified brethren whose intimacy with Jails and jailor's mercies affords a higher qualification for the immaculate profession than mere knowledge of law and practice. Indeed a better excuse could not have been placed in the hands of the conscientious advocate for evading his duty in a mofussil court than the grave objection to being summarily clapped into a jail.

But we cannot conclude this article without entering a protest against that part of the Landholder's petition which sets up the chant of the Black Act ! Therein we are decidedly at issue with the petitioners. We oppose the new clause on a broader and more estimable principle than that which is extracted from the calendar of race. Black or white, European or native, high cheek bones or flat nose, grey eyes or venra-black locks can hardly be admitted into the discussion of a question which has no more concern with anatomical or geographical peculiarities than with speculations about the sun's disc. Is it impossible to condemn a bad law without making faces at its administrators ? The Landholder's Association should of all others be above that weakness.

The Civil Service Bill.

[Reprinted from the Hindoo Patriot, August 22, 1861.]

Sir Charles Wood's new Bill for legalizing certain appointments made in India in spite of the Act of Parliament which assigned them to the exclusive heritage of the Covenanted Civil Service, as also for introducing certain modifications in the constitution of that service, has passed the House of Commons.

The Bill will inaugurate a new era in the administrative history of this country and completely shake down the disposition of a service which had hitherto stood its ground proudly against much malice and a large amount of active calumny. How far the modifications proposed will benefit the country remains yet to be seen. For we have a distrust for all changes except such as are called for by the imperative necessities of altered times. Undoubtedly the Indian Government requires to be reconstructed. But the process should be one of great judgment and extreme caution. The house is too old and rotten to bear the crowbar without the safeguards of strong struts and a nice engineering. If we go on heedlessly breaking this wall and removing that beam, the chances are, we may be buried in the ruins we have provoked. The Indian Civil Service is too ancient an institution to escape radicalism notwithstanding that it has at all times done and is still doing excellent service. The same chafing spirit that destroyed the aristocracy of France and reduced Frenchmen to a vast mob of terrorists and red republicans, demagogues and military despots, has been at work in this country to pull down the only barrier that exists between native loyalty and European volunteer cavalry.

Once the barricades are blown away, there will be no difficulty in governing India for Englishmen and by the help of martial law. The tone of public morality which the organs of the straggling settlers who arrogate to themselves the paramount interest have assumed, does not lead to very cheering expectations regarding the destiny of the Indian population under the mercies of a civil service recruited from the factory and the Editor's room. If the mere capacity to master the details of business constituted the only qualification for a service which naturally shares with the native aristocracy the responsibilities

of wealth and title, then the Court Mohururs, who as a class are peculiarly remarkable for that lower order of intelligence which enables one man to cheat other men, might justly put in as good a claim to the financial membership of the supreme council of India as any of those highly spoken of gentlemen who can recognize the texture of grey shirting to a thread and tell the degree of fineness of a bag of sugar without the usual gauge of the tongue. But the official aristocrat fills a larger space in the esteem of the subject than is engrossed by so much red tape. It is not mere legerdemain in accounts that makes up the successful Indian ruler.

A higher virtue must exist in the individual on the construction of whose mind and the character of whose education depend the weal or woe of millions. The Civil Service if it has not been always fortunate in the general intelligence of its members has ever been the cradle of great ideas. It has preserved embalmed the policy that constructed the wonderful Indian empire out of silks and saltpetre. It resists Chartism and performs the function of the great English parties. It is fortunate that Sir Charles Wood's Bill does not vitally affect this powerful element, otherwise India would have too surely been lost to England through the House of Commons. The Bill whilst materially altering the conditions under which the Civil Service has hitherto existed—whilst laying the axe at the root of seniority and opening a side door by which men of extraordinary ability and worth might enter the guild without the vulgarity of an examination in Zoology, does not yet invade the paramount principle of a close service nor lessens the intensity of that devoted *esprit de corps* which has up to this moment preserved the Civil Service from the stigma of having given a blackguard to the world! The Bill comes forth under the most cheering auspices. It alarms no interest and is said to have commanded the assent of even the Opposition. Yet we have strange misgivings regarding its practical working. Much will depend upon the manner in which the new patronage is exercised. If it be impartially exercised, as it probably will be, for the safeguards against nepotism are strong, then the country will undoubtedly benefit by a change of rulers. But if it be used as an engine of party and a safety valve to a virulent opposition of which the chances are by no means faint or uncertain, then the most disastrous consequences will follow involving in one general smash the ruler and the ruled.

Mr. Justice Wells and the Native Community.

[Reprinted from the Hindoo Patriot, August 22, 1861.]

If ever there was a nation whose mission as it were was to suffer not simply with resignation but with very pleasure it is the Hindoo. Hindoo stoicism beats hollow all known stoicisms. No other people can make themselves so happy in the most trying circumstances as we do. No other people can forgive so fully or suffer so sweetly as we are accustomed to do. From the days of Menu we have borne meekly with rigorous legislators and administrators remarkable for vigor beyond even the law so rigorous. The doctrine of peace-at-any-price is peculiarly the doctrine of Hindooism. From the earliest times the Soodra was a patient slave and the Brahmin acquired by the religious penances enjoined to him that spirit of resignation which from his position as the real rulers and the only freemen of the land could not else be expected. From Menu to the present day there has not occurred one real Hindoo national rebellion to resist the uninterrupted sway of the oppressor. German, Dutch and Red Indian have all been beat by the Hindoo in peaceableness. Indeed, we have sometimes fancied Job to have been an Indian Rishi. Yet the Hindoo is only human. Though history has scarcely ever witnessed the breakdown of his patience, it is only just to suppose that a breakdown is an occurrence within the bounds of possibility. We fear it is left for Mr. Justice Wells to accomplish a feat which both Timour and Nadir Shah, with all their cruelties, failed to do.

It is extremely fortunate for our countrymen that Europeans in India from necessity are debarred from making themselves acquainted with the native feeling in the midst of which they live. Though because such knowledge alone is their preservation it would be most fortunate for them if Europeans could get it. For loyal natives the occupation is gone of being the means of European enlightenment. Mr. Long was guilty of no other crime than that of making known the native feeling whatever it was, on a great and embittered question which had all but induced a *jacquerie* and which may yet end in a war of classes, and Mr. Long's reward is the jail. But the consequences of the Planters' proceedings will not die with Mr. Long. Mr. Long's fate is a warn-

ing to all men, natives or Europeans, who might take it into their head to acquaint their European fellow subjects with the feeling of their native ones on any subject.

We say it is fortunate that Europeans are disabled from judging of native feelings. If they possessed one tenth of our capabilities and opportunities for judging those feelings, what a hue and cry would at this moment have been raised by them against our countrymen ! The trial of Mr. Long has evoked among the latter feelings whose intensity would alarm us, were we not persuaded that those feelings in spite of their intensity, are thoroughly loyal. We have received from all parts of the Presidency letters complaining of the conduct of the presiding Judge at the trial which would consume our issues for the next six months were we determined to publish them all, and we have determined to make no distinction among them. The language which many of these letters breathe is almost treasonable, but beyond only indicating the strength of the writer's sentiments, that language means nothing. We have been repeatedly asked for the last two weeks in private as well as in our editorial capacity what steps the country should take to make its feeling on the subject known in all its fulness to the British public in order that future Judges may take warning, and we reply that the best thing the country could do is to hold a monster meeting and adopt a petition to the Queen against the judicial vagaries which have offended them. We can assure our countrymen of success. There never was a better case than the natives of this country have against Mr. Justice Wells.

From the first Mr. Justice Wells had set himself up popularizing. On arrival here he found the European community in daggers-drawn attitude towards the native. Instead of assuring the latter by a strict impartiality in his conduct on the Bench, that as far as lay in him no harm would come to them from that attitude he degraded himself to be the organ in the Supreme Court of his countrymen's unreasoning antagonism to the natives. And he soon became one of the lions of Calcutta society. He found the Press with few exceptions in the hands of men who broken in fortune and in character sought consolation for their misfortunes in reviling against the population of a country which had tempted and disappointed them, and mistaking their ravings for genuine public opinion he took to pandering to their vicious appetite by imitating them on the Bench. And he could not fail to be popular with them. But if he cannot hope to be popular with our countrymen, let them follow our advice and make the demonstration needed and we will assure him of immortality. To him then will belong the unpara-

lled glory of having accomplished the eighth wonder of the world, viz., of breaking the patience of even the Bengalee, of being the first Judge of the Supreme Court whose conduct was thought fit to be represented to Her Majesty, and his name would be handed down to posterity along with that of Sir Elijah Impey as of a Judge who had sacrificed justice by consenting to be a partizan.

Planting Dreams.

[Reprinted from the Hindoo Patriot, August 22, 1861.]

That model planter Mr. Kenny, deserves the sympathy of all enemies of Indigo. We should have said of his "blue" friends too, but that they themselves are too much occupied with their own misfortunes to have breathing time left to commiserate others. But the victory always being with the just they can afford sympathy for the woes of anybody and however brought on. Mr. Kenny seems to have been of late afflicted with indigestion. We hope no reader is stupid enough to put the question why. Is not the present attitude of the ryots enough to make men of stronger stamina tremble in their seats? Is not the position of Europeans in the Mofussil surrounded by a "fierce Mahomedan population" to quote Mr. Wingrove Cooke's words, enough to send a dozen Kennys go mad? And have not the Doctors assigned anxiety as one of the chief causes of indigestion? So one night Mr. Kenny after a supper which in spite of a bad stomach was as hearty as the knowledge that the fowl which contributed to it was confiscated from a most wicked ryot could make it, goes to sleep. The fowl unfortunately was so innately vicious as not to have lost in the process of roasting one particle of the wickedness it derived from its owner and no sooner was the glutton stretched on his bed than it concocted a lilliputian mutiny in his stomach and prevented his sleep. The brains of an Anglo-Saxon adventurer could not be inactive even on the pillow, and Mr. Kenny proceeded to exercise them with closed doors—we mean eyes. For the first few minutes Mr. Kenny thought of things real, ryots carried away from place to place, ryots tortured, ryots in every other position than in that which they are entitled to, accounts subjected to curious manipulation etc., when suddenly the mutiny travelled from the stomach to the head of the sleeping baby (or planter, which is the same thing, as witness Mr. Hill's reply to Mr. Montessor) and he began to rival Dante in conceiving horrors. Committee-ryots, resistance to factory oppression, armed ryots, lathials, shirkeewallahs, disbanded sepoys sent by the Missionary Conference, chuppaties, rebels, Russian emissaries etc., etc., followed one after the other in succession with the rapidity of thoughts in dreams, till at last the imagination of the distressed sleeper settled down into conjuring up a regiment of men armed with spears and shields collected before

his castle to contest, what Queen Victoria had never dared to do, his supremacy in Kennydome. Mr. Kenny, always well-known for his pacific measures in the beginning, talked his usual language of godowns and the waters of seven factories to the audacious strangers, and next threatened them with an article in the *Hurkaru*. But neither factory eloquence nor threat of newspaper leaders availing, the infuriated planter had actually been obliged to try a little ammunition, which failing, on account of the obstinacy of the roast in the stomach, he rose up and in his half dreamy state fired off at the enemy the "latter day" great gun of the planters in the shape of a petition to the Government of Bengal. Had the action of the Government not been restricted by the rule which exacted a reconnoitre of the enemy's position before the order to march is given, the Lieutenant Governor entertains such a respect for the veracity of not Mr. Kenny but of Mr. Kenny's imagination that he would have at once ordered a Regiment from Fort William. As it was, a reconnoitre was ordered. And Mr. Herschell the Magistrate of Nuddea was deputed to the task. Mr. Kenny from the first saw Mr. Herschell's unfitness for it. Mr. Herschell in obedience to a foolish Government proceeded in his foolish mission to Koostea. No armed men. Why, since Mr. Lingham's famous defeat there had never been seen in Pubna half a dozen armed men except they be factory men. Mr. Kenny himself could not point out the men who had given him such a dread. Were they in abuscade in the woods? Were they concealed in the house of the nearest Zemindar? Both the woods and the Zemindar's domicile were fully ransacked, but though men were found, no arms except the *botcs* in the Zenanas were. Suddenly Mr. Kenny's eye brightened up. He had seen the vision in the night; yes, they appeared before his castle in the night—just the time for all manner of mischiefs. He implored Mr. Herschell most piteously to stay there for the night when he was sure to show him the live *ignis futuus*. Mr. Herschell was prevailed upon to encamp there for the night.

Mr. Herschell was a notoriously unimaginative man. He a d—d Heavenborn, what did he know of the woes with which he and his brethren had encircled the Planters, and therefore possessed a remarkably good stomach.

Above all he could not be prevailed upon to sup with the planter on the plundered fowl but bought his provisions. And the next morning he awoke without once dreaming of the spectre which had frightened poor Mr. Kenny out of his wits—if the ryots had left him any.

* * * * *

Planting desires are remarkable for moderation. On the strength of ~~his~~ representation to the Government that the sub-division of Koos-tea was filled with armed men who go about in armed bodies of one to three hundred by day and night, Mr. Kenny had hopes to induce the Lieutenant Governor to disarm the inhabitants. On enquiry it was found, no armed bands of villagers, nor even single armed villagers, had been seen, but that the only armed men in the subdivision were the retainers of Mr. Kenny himself, who were up country Burkundawzes (not lathyals, of course).

The whole proceeding suggests the question—how far cannot the force of “blue” imaginations go?

The Duty of the Native Community to Mr. Grant.

[Reprinted from the Hindoo Patriot, August 29, 1861.]

Civilization unquestionably breeds a vast number of shams, and address-giving is one of them. It seems to have at last settled down to a social institution as much as the shaking of hands that every man must send his friend out with thanks whenever the latter has occasion to take a change however short or leave one lodging for another or resign one post for another. A Moses of the present day would not command any respect if he were to omit to add to the Commandments of old the following :—Thou shalt address-give thy neighbour. From this it will be observed that generally speaking we look on the furor of address-giving with disfavor and will do our utmost to discourage it. Yet nothing is utterly useless and there are occasions in which and persons to whom addresses are not only most appropriate but imperative. Thus the address which the Native Community presented to Mr. Long when he was assailed by a faction as having propagated libels when he only published a harmless and most useful book was imperative, and so was the one which the same Community gave him when his conviction in an ignorant Court was signalized as the triumph of the Indigo planting party. But, since Heaven first taught letters for the wretches' aid, since the peculiar form of the address was invented to strengthen the hands of reformers and statesmen, never was address better merited or more imperative than one from the Native Community to the Lieutenant Governor of Bengal would at this moment be. It was a Providential deliverance which delivered India and Bengal from the hands of Lord Dalhousie and Sir Frederick Halliday unto Lord Canning and Mr. J. P. Grant. The people of Bengal hailed with joy the provision by which Bengal had a separate Government. The richest province of all India was before left to be taken as much or as little care of as the leisure moments of an overworked functionary would permit him to do. But the beautiful vision of all manner of blessings which a Governor whose energies would be confined to the welfare of Bengal alone warranted soon vanished away as soon as the first Lieutenant Governor of Bengal assumed charge of his important trust, and the universal feeling soon became that Bengal would better have been left alone. The only consolation left was that Lieutenant

Governors had not been made perpetual by the Charter. When after five years Sir Frederick made way for Mr. Grant the country felt relieved by the very change. But still men watched the proceedings of the new incumbent on tiptoe. Mr. Grant has exceeded the most sanguine wishes of the people. His liberalism would do credit to the most advanced thinkers of the age. Yet it is tempered by such moderation and modified by such a vast knowledge of the country as has scarcely been found joined to it. If ever there was a Governor who literally deserved the oriental courtesy paid to all Governors, "Incarnation of Justice," it is Mr. Grant. If ever any Governor was truly the father of the people, it is he. Mr. Grant's Government stands, among all Governments which we can call to mind, single in the glory of having adhered uniformly and honestly to the principles of truth, justice and mercy. State-craft is unknown to it, and this can be predicated of scarcely any other of its brethren.

A review of all the beneficent features of a Government which is almost unparalleled in beneficence is of course not possible within the limits of this article. Suffice it for our purpose to establish the Lieutenant Governor's claim to an Address to allude to the Indigo Crisis which is hardly yet past. By one resolve he has rectified an enormous evil which all his predecessors had fully seen but knew not how to rectify. Half the share he had in the emancipation of the Indigo slave would make the reputation of a dozen statesmen. In vigor itself the Bengal Government does not lose in comparison with the most vigorous Government in the world. Nothing short of the highest determination and the greatest moral courage can carry through reforms whose success is the ruin of a large body of Anglo-Saxons who have lost nothing of the energy and determination of their race by a tropical climate; and Mr. Grant has carried through such reforms in spite of the hostility of his own subordinates.

But Mr. Grant cannot continue in his career any longer without the strongly expressed support of the Native Community. The Anglo-Saxons against whose interests he has freed the ryot have just achieved a great victory virtually over him in the Supreme Court and are following that victory up with vigor. Mr. Grant's position is every day becoming alarming. Rumours are heard that he has thoughts of giving up his post in disgust. It is for our countrymen to anticipate any such wish on his part by expressing to him, in monster meeting assembled as strongly as they feel, that his resignation at this moment would be their certain annihilation.

The Oude Gazette's idea of Scurrility.

[Reprinted from the Hindoo Patriot, August 29, 1861.]

We republished in our last issue an article from the *Oude Gazette* wherein the *Hindoo Patriot* figures rather pleasantly amongst expletives which none but our Atlantean shoulders could well sustain. We are not sorry that our contemporary gives us an opportunity of saying a word or two on a subject which until now we had despaired of being able to introduce to our readers discursively. A class of Anglo-Saxons is now abroad in India, who insist upon monopolizing all the talk upon certain topics and keeping a close hand upon the pocket book of abuse. We are systematically a nation of liars, a nation of forgers, a nation of ingrates, a nation in fine in whom all the vices converge and from whom all the virtues run away and diverge. The mild Hindoo must gulp down the bitter dose and never dare to disgorge the contents on his spotless white poisoner. He must shut his eyes, set his teeth, screw up his mouth and endeavour to digest the disgusting compound. If he cannot for once do that, though he often does it, but unfortunately yields to the repulsion of his bowels, he is a mild Hindoo no longer. He is a wretch, a villain, a d—d nigger, a monster! Of course no allowance is made for human nature. The mild Hindoo must be above human, he must defy human nature. The *Oude Gazette* is horrified with our article against Sir Mordaunt Wells. He is not horrified with the outrageous things Sir Mordaunt Wells is accustomed to hurl at our backs. We wonder what our contemporary will do when he hears of the monster meeting against his model Judge, of the national feeling bursting forth in the crowded assembly-room and the still more crowded house-tops. Probably he will snatch up his hat, unfurl his umbrella and run down to the presidency for a fight. The mild Hindoo must not talk nor write. It is his vocation to do neither but to calmly suffer and blandly smile on every emergency. If the mild Hindoo were the animal he was reckoned to be forty years ago he would undoubtedly have been but too glad to bow and scrape and bend the knee to his enslaver. But that time has passed away to the shadows of eternity, and the mild Hindoo is at this moment as painfully alive to insult and indignity as the most blustering Anglo Saxon. If his feelings are not respected it naturally follows that he does not recognise the necessit

of respecting those of his tormentors. Abuse is followed by recrimination and rabidness of language is virtually forced upon him by his opponents who never stint in example. We hope our contemporary will take our explanation in the kindly spirit in which we offer it and cease to be surprised at the language of the native Press.

The *Hurkaru* is also scandalised at the diatribes of the *Indian Field* and the *Hindoo Patriot* etc. for which the Civil Service is by a stretch of his peculiar wisdom made directly responsible. The smiles of the Civil Service are undoubtedly more precious than the haw! haws! of the thick-fingered gentlemen who invariably speak with an *h* from whom our contemporary's inspirations are drawn. If we should ever pander to the prejudices of a class, we would much rather elect the gentlemen from whom all law, order and good government are derived than those who have the reputation of being desperate fortune-hunters. Of course that word compresses pages of refined thought and curious word-painting which the reader is requested to imagine. We will not destroy their digestion with another column of sweets. But we do *not* hang by the smiles of the Civil Service. We would outrage our proud title if we held by a class, we worship principles and not men. If we are partizans, our leader is Justice, our colleagues Good Sense and Equity. There is not a public question which we have not argued by the light of first principles wellweighed and carefully digested. If we have condemned public men, we have not cast one stone from malice, nor vented strong language against any, save under the pressure of conviction. We have not spared our best friends when we have discovered them in a suspicious position, nor have we failed to render support to our avowed enemies when they deserved well of honest men. On these principles the *Hindoo Patriot* has been always conducted and will ever be, for they are decidedly the secret of its success.

The Crime of Constitutional Representation.

[Reprinted from the Hindoo Patriot, August 29, 1861.]

A correspondent of the *Harkaru* who signs himself *Timon*, speaking of the late native monster meeting, denounces native ingratitude. He gives himself up to speculations about the fate of Rajah Radhakant and the other native gentlemen of the meeting if they had been in Oudh or the Punjab. In Oudh, he says, under a Judicial Commissioner like Mr. E. C. Bayley, led by Mr. George Campbell, of India in all the tenses notoriety, the Rajah would have been imprisoned or (yes, we read aright,) hanged, and so, he kindly adds, would his Rajahship have been in the Punjab and under Sir George Couper. We readily believe him, but think that his speculations are not to the point. A king of Rhodes would have baked those who took part in the meeting in a slow fire, Timour would have sent a number of his best Tartar Cavalry to them, Dionysius of Syracuse would have immured them in a subterranean dungeon, the Inquisition would have made the experiment of ascertaining whether they were Suttees [faithful] to their principles by forcing them to burn themselves up with these, Louis Napoleon would have snatched them at dead of night from the embraces of their wives and sent them on a voyage of discovery (of misery) to Lambessa, and his creature Pelessier would have shut the entire meeting up in the Rajah's mansion and smoked all to death, but they would have resented every other proper proceeding of the people, and a recollection of the crimes of such scourges of mankind does not deter England from holding her Parliament nor any civilized people from constitutionally seeking from their Sovereign the redress of their wrongs.

The wishes of the Adventurer class crop out too distinctly in their organs to leave us in any doubt as to what they would have done with the holders of the meeting, had India fallen under the wrath of Providence, and Lord Canning and Mr. Grant been obliged to abdicate in favor of Mr. Larmour and Mr. Kenny. The meeting was but a folio edition of the ryots' committees. Both the committees and the meeting are treason, not against the British Government but against the adventurers, against the non-official owners, by the right of official conquest, of India, and the latter is the greater treason of the two.

What may be supposed ought to be the punishment due to the greater treason from the non-official Government? (N. B. The non-officials have virtually usurped the Government.) By the help of the rule of three we will supply the calculation which *Timon* has omitted. If the Committee-ryot is doomed to Shamchand, to a circumnavigation of all the Indigo Districts and a dungeon life of six months at each factory, if disarmament and martial law are sought for against phantoms, surely the holder of the real monster meeting against a representative judge should be condemned to death not by being hanged by the neck but by being obliged to sow indigo *gratis* with the tongue taken out, and the same punishment to await all male issues (the female ones to be otherwise disposed of) as soon as they attain majority, till the accursed race becomes extinct. Such *Timon's* friends would have done; but the contemplation of such punishments for treason against the non-official Government which may any day overtake them, since Mr. Grant is to be succeeded by an "outsider," will not deter our countrymen from holding such meetings as they held the other day, whenever there be need; it will not deter men, who will not rebel nor mob an obnoxious judge, from pursuing constitutional means to rectify evils.

Timon has eased us by his kind information that his idol Mr. E. C. Bayley — we say idol because *Timon* does not mention him as a mere gentleman but omits the usual "Mr." before the name—is a barrister-civilian. A pure Civilian could certainly never lay claim to the attributes of *Timon's* divinity, and we believe the law of *Timon* and Mr. Judicial Commissioner Bayley is the same which Mr. Peterson and Mr. Justice Wells have all along professed and which they exhibited in profusion at the trial of Mr. Long. Sir George Couper, one of *Timon's* favorites, is we believe the notorious writer, and we suspect, author too, of the crisis in the Punjab. If he is, he is an old acquaintance of our readers, and we may dismiss him without comment.

Timon, a descendant of the Picts, is sarcastic on our countrymen calling themselves a nation. He no doubt rates them as "niggers" simply.

With all our horror of *Timon's* law and principles, we freely admit his erudition. That is vast. We sincerely thank him for his entirely new information that Macaulay depicted the 'national' (the word is *Timon's*) character of the Bengalees in *Blackwood's Magazine*.

The Native Meeting.

[Reprinted from the Hindoo Patriot, September 5, 1861.]

As remarkable for audacity as notorious for coarseness, the organs of the Landowner's Association have been put to their highest stretch of the former and their lowest depths of the latter by the proceedings recently taken by the native community of Calcutta for vindicating the solemnity of the Bench against the vagaries of Sir Mordaunt Wells. The national character of those proceedings and the manly dignity with which they were conducted have still further heightened the malignity of the men who unable to detect in that feeling outburst of national indignation any of those weaknesses which they had hoped would neutralise the moral effect of the demonstration, have commenced a series of impudent and mendacious diatribes against natives in general which should have helped their authors to a ducking, but which elicits only a contemptuous smile from the mild Hindoo whose ancestors were giving the law to Asia, whilst the ancestors of his traducers were traversing naked and unreclaimed from genuine barbarism the wilds of Germany and the British Isles. Indeed fortified as we are by our glorious antecedents we can well afford to laugh heartily at the desperate shifts to which some of our daily contemporaries have been driven for maintaining their prestige against a community which is provokingly blasphemous towards their Supreme Court and inaccessible to advice or entreaty from those who would fain save their model Judge from the stigma of a public vote of censure. The requisition headed by Rajah Radhakant Bahadoor which appeared in the public papers calling a general meeting of the native gentlemen of Calcutta to adopt a memorial to the Secretary of State praying for redress from the foul-mouthed vituperations which the Puisne Judge was accustomed from his place upon the bench to hurl at a most important and by no means disreputable portion of Her Majesty's subjects, was in the first instance received with fear and trembling by the Planter journals. The *Hurkaru* visibly softened in his tone and his tropes and begged and prayed that the requisition may be recalled. Indeed the abject humility with which the systematic libeller of the natives addressed their chiefs was in strange contrast with the defiant attitude which he had assumed ever since the *Nil Durpan* commenced to excite attention and comment. The false position to which his political judge had been reduced, the dignified rebuke which he was about to receive from an influential

body of men whose grateful acknowledgments and hearty good wishes had cheered his predecessors on their way to England, were disasters which our contemporary had the shrewdness to perceive and which he left nothing undone to avert. Alas! for his prayers and his negotiations, the Rajahs and the Bahadoors had no sympathy to throw away upon such as he. A monster meeting of upwards of five thousand intelligent native gentlemen unanimously passed a vote of want of confidence in Sir Mordaunt Lawson Wells, and the *Harkaru* clenched his fists and gnashed his teeth in disappointment and rage. From coaxing and cajoling he now threatened and abused. The ruffian's rule of three was propounded by him, "If 25,000 of the braves of Lucknow fled before Havelock's 350 Europeans, how many of the Landholders' and Commercial Association will it take to upset the machinations of the Chitpore malcontents." We unhesitatingly say, two, and they are themselves a host, physical subtractions notwithstanding. The *Englishman's* forte is not physical strength and he therefore prudently confined himself to extracts from Hickey's Gazette, Lord Macaulay's Essays, Wellington's despatches and other equally valuable authorities on Indian history and Indian sociology. He moreover tasked his imagination for the probable immediate causes of the movement, its personnel and its *animus*. He fixed his claws upon Mr. Piffard who turned up and confounded him with the word of a gentleman. He next charged two native Baboos about to be hauled up before Sir Mordaunt Wells for forgery and perjury with having got up the meeting with the special object of saving their necks. He forgot that their proper place should be in the countermeeting where Sir Mordaunt would be likely to behold them with satisfaction. He emphatically denied that the illustrious Puisne ever gave expression to the damaging words charged to him. Yet so soon as the testimony of a large and respectable audience who distinctly heard him "speak the speech" was arrayed against him, he directly hashed up a hollow excuse of "feeling" and of "warmth" to gloss over the foolish passage of words. It was insidiously circulated that the memorial of the Native community prayed for the recall of the offending judge. The Planters' Association would undoubtedly have perpetrated such an impertinence if Sir Mordaunt Wells had been in any way obnoxious to their interests. Their fashionable Letter-writer would have put it even more outrageously and thrown a gauntlet on the floor of the House of Commons. But the mild Hindoo understands a constitutional fight better than the Interloper. He is descended from a long race of gentlemen.

The Educated Native and the Non-official European.

[Reprinted from the Hindoo Patriot, September 5, 1861.]

Sincerely as we regret the present condition of society in Calcutta and deplore the unnatural disrapture between two classes of the community whose unconditional union can alone generate those measures of political freedom and prosperity for which both are vainly striving, we cannot nevertheless suppress the feeling of pride and intense hopefulness with which we behold discord and strife in a quarter hitherto unrelieved by any other traits save high handed contempt and a supercilious assumption of precedence on the one side and an abject adulation or a hollow semblance of respect on the other. Anything that contributes to the breaking up of that stiff clod of desperate civility which until recently had encrusted the surface of Anglo-Bengallee society in the metropolis, must be viewed not with reference to its sensible scope and present action, but with that cheering foresight which looks piercingly into the future and descries a beauteous sky and a blazing sun in the gloom and the howl of the sleet and the tornado. Indeed every occurrence in life has a philosophical or long range point of view from which the sublimest inspirations may be derived and out of which much of the consolations of writhing humanity are deduced. We behold for instance in the *Nil Durpan*, in its English translation, in the two Editors that prosecuted it, in the Planter's Association that supplied the dibs, in Sir Mordaunt Wells who furnished the charge, nine-tenths of the verdict and the whole sentence, the shadows of a dawn that shall usher forth a brilliant day of political enfranchisement to the millions for whom England holds the Government of this country but in trust. We behold in the desperate conflict of races which outwardly threatens annihilation to the trampled progeny of Shem, the germs of a destiny which shall eventually trample in its turn upon faction and race and ride triumphantly into a House of Commons where the millions shall speak trumpet-tongued and the law of the land shall be of their choosing and dictation. We behold in the froth from the Bench and the fury from printing offices the scowling Nemesis of a cause too long neglected but which will burst forth with all the panoply of a new idea to confound its enemies and establish

itself unassailably in the hearts of the good and the large-minded. Indeed we are more pleased than otherwise at the course events have recently taken, since nothing short of an absolute bouleversement of existing states of thought and feeling have helped forward the revolution which is now looming luminously not in the far distance but at our very doors. We cannot reasonably expect that a great blessing shall steal amongst us without beat of drum or the *feu de joie* even of a two-penny bundle of crackers! If we seek great results we must be prepared for great sacrifices. We must hug to our breasts injustice and oppression, for without their active presence our case cannot be made out. If we must work by the sympathies of honest men, there must primarily exist that which will excite sympathy and appeal successfully to men's honest natures. Happily for our objects the concomitants are not wanting that should render our manifesto impressive. The systematic abuse, the Hickey's Gazette abuse—the 1789 abuse of which we are the unflinching subjects cannot fail to open the eyes of impartial men as to the real character of the sedition which aims at reducing the Indian population to the condition of serfism. The crimes with which we are daily charged by the representatives of a class which only recently was discovered red-handed in the perpetration of the very crimes for which they now have a mock innocent disgust and theatrical horror, are those which are inseparable from large populations of uneducated and necessitous men who prefer to live by their wits rather than by honest toil, and a conscientious use of the gifts of Providence. The native community was never guilty of the absurdity of denying that forgery and perjury are not amongst the general catalogue of crimes in Bengal no more than that the community of London can deny that in the highest walks of trade in that city there are occasionally black sheep who find relief from the consequence of a desperate life of iniquity and commercial turpitude at the point of a Cotti's Revolver! But what the native community seriously and substantially object to is this, that it ill beseems a judge of the highest Court in the Presidency to indulge in foul-mouthed rhapsodies regarding the innate tendencies to forgery and perjury in the Bengallee nation at large or to insult native grand jurors by charges which are purposely made to contain sweeping animadversions on their national character. If Sir Mordaunt Wells is really solicitous to uproot forgery and perjury from Bengal the process could be very successfully pursued without one tenth of the mock heroics with which the Judicial Don Quixote thinks fit to proclaim his chivalrous intentions to the world by horn and heraldry. The Don should remember that the same general law of human nature which leads even otherwise very timid men to mount a Railway car with the *Times* of yesterday in his pocket, containing a harrowing

account of a Railway catastrophe, impels the criminal to the same dangerous track from which some few of his colleagues may have been conveyed to the hulks. Sir Mordaunt does not certainly hope to destroy a time-honored profession by transporting half a dozen unfortunate wretches who could not sin prudently. The predecessors of the Political Puisne went to work by another and a surer route. They identified themselves with popular education and shortened their calendar by the help of the school master ! But Don Wells is too abstractedly occupied with the vanes of his windmill to hearken to the advice of sane men. His hobby is Botany Bay and it is as impossible to drag him away from his dear River Naffe where his windmill is at full work as to bestow the gift of reason on a rhinoceros ! He has probably small sympathy to spend on the subject of nigger education. All his leanings are preoccupied on the side of nigger transportation. He is evidently the destroyer, not the redeemer: We would have been quite content to take him for what he is worth if he had abstained from making a parade of his philanthropy, if only he had confined himself to the mechanical part of his office. Philanthropy with the black cap on is a cheap sort of virtue which every clown can exercise. But philanthropy amongst school boys, or at the council board or amongst examination papers is a commodity which sensible men assess by a different standard of value. Such was the philanthropy of Ryan and of Peel, of Colville and of Seton—It never oozed out of charges to the grand jury but flowed spontaneously with English vigour and sincerity on examination days and educational exhibitions—It joined discordant races and feelings, not cut into two what was originally one ! Sir Mordaunt Wells' philanthropy is decidedly of the latter sort since it has sown the dragons' teeth upon ground hitherto neutral. He has sacrificed the impartiality of the Judge to the zeal of the party man. He has aided and abetted the wildest conceits of a class which but for his intermeddling would have cooled down into orderly subjects—He has brought the supreme Court into disesteem—Would it be too much to say that he is directly chargeable with the rancorous feeling that now divides two of the most important sections of Her Majesty's lieges in Bengal !

Flogging as a Preventive of Crime.

[Reprinted from the Hindoo Patriot, September 12, 1861.]

The Legislative Council of India has resolved to revive those barbarous laws which were the scandal of a former century in Europe. Civilized countries are abolishing punishment by flogging whilst we are defining the length and diameter of the formidable instruments with which the backs of the criminal population are required to make their acquaintance for the benefit of society. The real motive of the philanthropy which seeks to lengthen the lives of the scum of the native population by relieving them from the pestilence of crowded jails at the cost of their skins is traceable to that spirit of universal economy which pervades the counsels of Government in every Department :— Jail making has been discovered to cost much and our lawgivers have resolved to balance the finances by lacerating the backs of a certain class of its subjects. We are strong advocates of economy in the distribution of the public revenues. But we do not acknowledge the economy of demoralizing a whole population for the sake of a few lacs of Rupees. When Napoleon abolished flogging in his vast army he understood the value of an amendment which gave him the Army of Italy ! In India where the pride of caste sustains the self-respect of the meanest in point of wealth, it is not very easy to frame rules which shall affect only the disreputable classes of society. The Flogging Bill will affect all classes and is therefore justly viewed with horror by a community which cannot bear the remotest reflections on their persons. Death is preferable to the degradation involved in a public infliction of the ratan and the feeling pervades every Hindoo from the Brahmin to the pariah. We do not see how correction can be achieved by branding the criminal with an indelible mark of infamy. He will undoubtedly retire from the scene of his disgrace to hatch revenge on the society of which his punishment made him a permanent outcast. Possibly he was an innocent man, the victim of circumstances or the scapegoat of the police. The infamy will cling to his children's children and influence the destinies of generations. It is to be regretted that the mutinies should have introduced newer views of native character calculated to induce a rebellion. A dogmatical school of philosophy have started up which has taken the place of those wise

and beneficent principles of Government which, more than physical force, have reared up the magnificent Empire of Hindoostan.

The experience of a century is condemned by politicians who affect to thoroughly understand the courses of native sympathy and native antipathy by the light of the Cawnpore massacre. The blind faith in the loyalty of the sepoys which brought out the mutinies of 1857-58 is superseded by an equally blind distrust in the people at large, and a bold bravado of their feelings and prejudices which if they do not excite active revolt will yet render government difficult. Corporal punishment was jealously excluded from the articles of the native Army for reasons which rendered that army an efficient help in the great campaigns through whose smoke and brimstone the East India Company seized the suzerainty of India. A proud and orderly people like the Hindoos need not be restrained from crime by pains and penalties which have disappeared from the criminal code of less civilized nations. Whilst reading over the debates in council on the flogging Bill, and more particularly the medical testimonies which Sir Charles Jackson adduced in proof of the fatal tendencies of flogging by a four feet ratan, we indulged in the uncharitable wish that the wounds of all those unfortunate men who underwent the horrid punishment might as a rule foster and lead to certain death. Not that we are peculiarly blood thirsty in our disposition or fond of beholding the agonies of dying men, but the strong conviction that death were a blessing in such a case, both to the person who had thus become infamous beyond remedy, and to the society to which he can only return as a scourge, has helped us to that charitable wish in which decidedly we are not singular. It now remains for the community at large to address their objections formally to the Viceroy who will doubtless withhold his assent from a bill which outrages common sense !

Mc. Arthur *vs.* Grant.

[Reprinted from the Hindoo Patriot, September 12, 1861.]

The Planters have changed their tactics. They were hitherto struggling in the mire and crying out feebly for help. A vigorous Government had set its heel upon them. Their occupation was gone and with it their oppression. The Indigo districts were breathing freely. They had been relieved from a heavy curse. The whole country was looking alive and healthy and every body was congratulating his neighbour on the fall of the Indigo Sphynx. It was the general impression that a great evil had been successfully met and throttled—that next after the Police a great drawback to peace and prosperity in the Mofussil had been removed. It was felt that a fundamental measure of justice had been finally vouchsafed to an oppressed population and that one of the blots which disfigured the history of British connection with Bengal had been scrubbed away. The Planters themselves had given in to the altered *regime*. Many of them had honestly forsworn Indigo and commenced landholding. It was even broadly stated that landholding was more profitable than Indigo. A few months more would have secured quiet assent to the idea. But the Political Judges who had manfully resisted the Black Acts and carried Magna Charta on their shoulders through the heat of the Legislative Council, could not suffer peace to be restored to Bengal at the cost of their constituents. The Government of Bengal is powerful in Kishenghar and in Jessore—but Her Majesty's Supreme Court constitutes a little bright spot within whose hallowed precincts Magna Charta yet flourished in all the voluptuous proportions of unequal rights and Cossitollah Jurors! That little spot is to the planter what Chander-nagore is to the fine gentleman who not unreasonably abominates Bailiffs and Small Cause Courts! The prodigal child might return to the bosom of his parent and pour his griefs into the maternal ears—the prodigal child after being beaten in his own Sham Chand has run directly with streaming eyes to his dear loving parent who has caught the wayward boy to her breast kissing off the scalding tears, bidding him be of good cheer for she will so confound his enemies that the world will see. The Supreme Court then is the arena in which the fight between the Planter and the Government has been transferred.

Justice Wells has already let the world see what should be the fate of that audacious mortal who dared to publish a true account of his dear boy's pranks in Indigopore. The Blues have risen with the cry of *deen deen!* They have turned the flank of the enemy and it is now sought to try the effect of a good round shot plump into the centre of the enemy's citadel. The next libel action in the Supreme Court will not therefore be against a printer or a missionary, but against the head of the Bengal Government. The audacity of the action is equalled only by its intense childishness. We might have pronounced confidently as to its result if the Supreme Court had not forfeited the confidence of impartial men. The libel is traced to certain official papers published amongst the Selections of the Bengal Government in which an affray attended with homicide is severely noticed by Mr. Lushington as having been commenced by the retainers of Mr. Macarthur, the Superintendent of the Meergunge Indigo Factory. The damages are laid at Rupees 10,000 to compensate probably for the heavy losses sustained by the Factory during the late strikes. The coarse intimidation through the medium of the Supreme Court which the Planters' Association is now pursuing is decidedly a rather novel means for suppressing ugly stories connected with Indigo planting in Bengal. Thoughtful men both in this country as well as in England will not fail to penetrate through the flimsy expedient. It is now no longer within the power of official or non-official men to suppress information on any question of public interest, much less prevent the state from publishing such papers as help to illuminate much vexed questions. Happily the Dalhousie Act throws its broad *Ægis* over public men with whom good faith is ever the guiding motive—We tremble for the consequence to good Government if Mr. Grant could not snap his fingers at the luminaries of the Supreme Court and hold his own in the teeth of Supreme Court law and justice!

Are the Adventurers Englishmen?

[Reprinted from the Hindoo Patriot, September 12, 1861.]

Amongst the most comical passages in by far the most successful judicial farce which has ever been enacted on the stage of the Supreme Court was portion of the evidence of the prosecutor. Mr. Walter Brett with the utmost naivete told an audience of both friends and foes, but equally wondering, that the view which the *Englishman* and the *Hurkaru* have taken of the Indigo question was most "natural" for them to take. We readily believe him—for the very reason supplied by him later in the evidence, namely, that the *Englishman* annually acquired from his Planter subscribers more than the sum which the *Nil Durpan* alleged was the price for the view, as well as for the one given by Mr. Forbes that since the *Hurkaru* came under his management many planters had become subscribers to it. Yet though the advocacy of the planting cause is thus natural to these leading journals, it is little creditable to them. England owes her position in the admiration of the world less to her material greatness than to the unflinching moral purpose of her sons. Englishmen are not accustomed to sacrifice truth and justice in support of a powerful interest. If they had been, slavery would to this day have remained an institution in the British Colonies, and it is hard to persuade ourselves that they are Englishmen who want to perpetuate it in defiance of the law in another name and another clime. But no—in point of fact they are not Englishmen. For the credit of the English nation, it is a relief to know that they are not. The so called *Englishman* is a Hungarian, and the *Bengal Hurkaru*, who may have been born in Scotland, from having long been a Bengal Planter, has least of the stern puritanism which distinguishes the generality of Scotchmen. In the whole history of journalism he is the only instance of a journalist glorying in his vices—the one editor ever since the Creation who has ever avowed and proclaimed his disreputability. The animal curiosity is worth stuffing in a Museum.

There are many others besides the *Englishman* and the *Hurkaru*, who priding themselves in the name of Englishmen uphold the Indigo system. We refuse to believe that their pride is warranted. Not that they were not born in England and of English parents, but it is possible to be born so and yet be Hottentots for all that. There is

nothing in the soil of England and little in English blood so sanctified as to entitle those born in the one and the partakers of the latter to the rank which the name of Englishman confers on its possessors. It is not the bare name the world reveres but the substance implied by it. For the convenience of, or the deficiency of, human speech we express many virtues by the word "Englishman." In the wide sense of "Englishman" it is simply a metonymy. It is the highest degree in morality. Mere birth of English parents does not imply birth of the moral life of England. We do not trust the Parish Register. We want better proof than that of the right of those to the order of "Englishman" who found their right to oppress the natives or aid and abet the oppression on *Magna Charta*. It will possibly cool their ardour for the distinction to know that they have for about thirty years opposed and prevented the introduction of the Black Acts, that they set themselves up to making political capital of the Mutinies and excited the people of England and the British soldiers in this country to unchristian vengeance upon not the actual rebels alone but the inoffensive people also, that for forty years they have carried on at the point of the bayonet a cultivation profitless to all save themselves.

A great many of the adventurers in India are continental Europeans broken in character as in substance, who under assumed English colors sail through piracy and bloodshed into the harbour of fortune. We could not conceive how so many men calling themselves Englishmen could oppose the Black Act which embodies the noble principle of English Jurisprudence of the equality of all before the eye of the law. Our researches deeper into the ethnology of the oppositionists convinced us that their assumption of the name of Englishmen is a base artifice to evade the enforcement of not the law as it should be but as it at present is. Our readers will remember a Calcutta pedagogue, who is also an amateur photographer and a volunteer politician, who considered himself injured by Baboo Rajendralal Mitra's bold but truthful assertion that he and such as he are the "sweepings" of Europe, and was one of the most active of the faction against the native orator. He resided without the Ditch, and, though anything but an Englishman, once eluded justice by eluding the jurisdiction of the Moffusil Courts by bullying the Magistrate into letting him off as an Englishman. Such cases are less rare in the far off Moffusil.

It used to be said that Englishmen on their way to the East left their consciences at the Cape. Formerly this was true of nearly all Anglo-Indians. But the generation of civil and military Anglo-Indians who saw no English female faces since they landed, who formed

illicit connections with native dancing girls, ate pillaw, chewed betels, smoked hookkahs, wore slippers and loose trowsers, learnt native songs, forgot God save the Queen, forgot the English language and knew more about the Koran than the Bible, has passed away, and to it has succeeded the flower of the educated middle and upper classes of English society who are distinguished by uncompromising English virtue without Indian vices. It is the non-official Englishmen and non-official would-be Englishmen in India who yet retain their primitive character for immorality and lawlessness to give the enemies of the English a handle to depreciate the noblest nation in the world. For the honor of their country, we call upon all Magistrates not to too easily credit the assumptions of all white men to British birth nor let British-born men escape that they themselves may be spared the inconvenience of committal. All patriotic Britons should league together to weed their society of the black sheep and prevent foreigners from sharing their own privileges to the detriment of justice.

We conjure our readers to judge whether the man who, asked if he believed that those who condemned the Indigo system did so conscientiously, replied that he believed there are no conscientious men who know anything of the subject who hold a different opinion from himself as to Indigo planting, carried the head and the heart of a country-man of William Wallace's to the witness box. Not that we in the least doubt the good faith of Mr. Forbes' evidence. We will not hesitate to believe a very demon upon his oath, and Mr. Forbes is not worse than many Britons. We merely submit it as an instance of the deteriorating influence of pursuits upon originally the best natures and understandings.

The latest corroboration of our opinion is found in the letter of the Bhagulpore correspondent of the *Phoenix* published in the issue of day before yesterday of that paper. The writer who is evidently an Englishman of education and right feeling and a man of correct observation, after bewailing the sad step taken by the Indigo Planters of prosecuting Mr. Long, a step which will widen the still-substisting estrangement between European and Native, proceeds: "That the seed of a dissension, sown in the most enlightened and peaceably disposed province of the Empire, will continue to bear root and branch that shall in time extend to the remotest districts, there is but every reason to believe; and fortunate shall we be, if like the Bengalee, the "Khotta" also, can discriminate between friends and foes—the European planter, and the European, and *not* a planter! This will certainly be no easy task in those Provinces, where the only specimens of

the *genus* European are the planters ; and where therefore the children of the soil can, and do form their likes and dislikes, and derive their notions (good or bad) of the great British people, from the said "specimens" alone."

That too is the opinion of the majority of the gentlemen of the Services and have before been expressed by their writers and statesmen more forcibly than a native orator or a native writer could do. It is because the statesmen and the administrators of the Services have tried to act however mildly upon that opinion that there has occurred almost as wide a breach between them and the Planters as between the latter and the natives. Hence the monotony of the Planting Journals is relieved by alternate abuse of the native and the official Englishman. Let the latter console himself with the reflection that he is bent upon his duty to himself and the millions of this land and that whatever sympathy he might feel for the former as his fellow countrymen has been forfeited by his ceasing to be one.

The Wolf in the Sheep's Skin.

[Reprinted from the Hindoo Patriot, September 19, 1861.]

It is to be regretted that society as at present constituted is unable to cope with certain irregularities which seem to grow upon it with the vitality of weeds and cover a vast area of what should be hallowed ground. Society is too lenient towards theoretical crime to be able successfully to combat abuses which require the strong arm and the fixed will to effectually put down. It is unfortunate that the toleration of blood-thirsty ideas has in India reached the measure of a nuisance, still more so that the business of their dissemination has fallen into hands whose dove-like purity had hitherto been the theme of poetical sermons and theological rhapsodies. The trade in unnatural abuse and illogical vaticinations has been pushed so far beyond its legitimate mark that it has infected even those whose peculiar vocation it is, or at least should be, to ventilate the doctrine of one universal brotherhood and peace and love amongst mankind as the offspring of a common parent. The apostles of the Saviour have abandoned their orbits and rushed off violently into courses where they must as a necessity handle temporal weapons in order to maintain their position and their prestige. We regret such a condition both on our own account as on account of the gentlemen who *will* sport a political favour on their lawn. We would not willingly use the cudgels against even the units of a class whom we essentially reverence. Yet the most fastidious advocate of peace will scarcely raise so much as the end of a little finger against us if we turn upon the mire the false servant of the House of God who quotes or rather misquotes verses from the scriptures to prove that the tyrant is justified in his tyranny—that the oppressor is the sanctified agent of a high destiny. The immaculacy of the cloth will scarcely protect from indignant recrimination the propounder of a faith which degrades the Bible into the Koran and transplants the fatalism of the *Sackhya* to a book which emphatically proclaims the triumph of the Lord through an unconditional free will! Indeed the elaborate paper on the Indigo question which the Revd. Mr. Pearce has been at infinite pains to prepare and sharpen as a sort of theological apology for an opposite manufacture, cuts clean through the most fundamental and cherished doctrines of the Christian

faith and is an apology virtually for the wildest Anglo-Saxon in his widest aberrations from social propriety and most brutal offences against Civil law and the natural right of his neighbours. In point of length it does not yield to Mr. James Hill's famous letter to the Government of Bengal, a few paragraphs only of which we could afford time or space to notice. In point of style it is visibly its inferior. But it is only in the items of reason and sense that the thorough man of business came out markedly inadventagous contrast with the thorough religious mountebank. The most outrageous of Mr. Hill's facts and sentiments had the palliation at least of a disastrous insolvency to justify their use in a political squabble. But what excuse or palliation had the Revd. Mr. Pearce to break out into extravagancies which would be unbeseeming in a layman and are scandalous in a priest. If Mr. Pearce is insensible to the charms of the philanthropy which led the missionary conference to band with such an infamous body as the British Indian Association or such an infamous individual as the Editor of the *Hindoo Patriot*, for the abolition of slavery in Bengal, we cannot undertake to supply him with the necessary degree of charity which unquestionably even his Bible has failed to do, which shall enable him to read the word of God in a better light than that evidently vouchsafed to his pious soul. The stray sheep of the Missionary Conference has no sympathy to spare for heathen nations who have not already surrendered their faith to him at discretion. Above all, his mind "naturally recoiled from such co-partnership" as that of the British Indian Association or the Editor of the *Hindoo Patriot*. The Bible is aptly quoted here by the pious *Paire*, "my soul come not thou into their secret: unto their assembly, mine honour, be not thou united." He might have extended the quotation and added to its point by something like the following, "But my soul come thou dancingly into the secrets of the factory godowns: unto the assembly of Sham Chand and Ramkanto, mine honour and mine bread and bread and butter, be ye united!"

That a minister of the Christian Church should sympathise with the ruin of his countrymen does indeed fall within the natural incidence of things. But that he should publicly give expression to sentiments in dislavour and malignant abuse of a population amongst whom his vocation lay, is a phase of clerical breeding to which we had yet to be formally introduced. "My soul come not into their secret" can scarcely be said honestly by a clergyman who was paid expressly for the purpose of diving deeply into the most hidden springs of the heathen mind in order to replace the rubbish that there lay by the doctrines of a faith whose apostle he was. If for once the quotation

were admitted as a true condition of the relationship between the missionary and the heathen, Mr. Pearce's occupation would be at an end and the instruction and education of the Hindoos would degenerate into schism. The most violent member of the Planter's Association never said anything half so Hun-like as that glib *bon mot* so glibly quoted from the Christian Testament. It was left to a clergyman to add scriptural sanction to the atrocious theories which have started into existence ever since natural law and equity were of course made to prevail over prescriptive wrong. We do bow to the awful verdict since it is pronounced by a gentleman who is proved (by himself) to be the only sane man in the Missionary Conference! Mr. Pearce deploras that the Indigo Commission was ever assembled. Indeed the insanity of Mr. Grant's Government is nowhere so strongly manifested as in that foolish act which destroyed the prestige of the Anglo-Saxon in the mofussil for the paltry object of demolishing slavery in Bengal. As if the misfortunes of twenty thousands or even fifty thousands of heathen men were a sufficient argument for jeopardising the expanding resources of a body which did not worship graven images but acknowledged the divinity only of Cash balances with beef steaks and roasted legs of mutton! We further agree with Mr. Pearce in denouncing the wicked and uncalled for interference of the missionary body in an affair which affected them no more than it did our old friend Pin or the man in the Alquada Light House! It decidedly was no business of theirs to pry into suffering humanity. Wilberforce was a hypocrite and Howard a noodle. The world would not surely have to run into the ring of Jupiter if a few thousand negroes were annually sold in South America or a few thousand convicts murdered by a villainous system of jail discipline. The missionary is merely required to manufacture a given number of converts. He might do the job or he might not do it. His is by no means anything like Indigo job. It mattered little whether he was benevolent, or whether he was warm-hearted. Mr. Pearce would give them only the powers and combinations of a machine for the performance of a stated description of work and his entity would there stop to be revived for the purpose of devouring the dinners of his Planter friends and writing long-winded apologies for their misdeeds. It were well if the Revd. nonentity had confined himself to the subject matter of his profession. However unique his views on the question of his duties, they would have failed to interest any but his employers. But the pious man would fain shine forth as a theological Sir Mordaunt Wells, and though politics comes more naturally to a Judge than to a divine, yet the example from the bench bore down all modesty on the pulpit, and the missionary who

only in the preceding paragraph had been furiously rating his coadjutors for putting their feet upon unhallowed ground, flashed out into critique on the character and genuineness of the Indigo Report, a document which even the Planters themselves had not found heart to assail. The native witnesses before the Indigo Commission receive the following compliment from the gentleman who hopes to convert them to a new faith by the rather novel sermons of indiscriminate slander.

"It must be conceded that the evidence of the native ryots cannot be reckoned at a greater value when given before the Commissioners than it would have been valued at had they appeared as witnesses in an ordinary case in the courts of the country. What such evidence is worth every Government officer and all who frequent the Courts very well know. Here then a large deduction in the matter of wrong is to be made, and not to make it certainly lays one open, and most justly so, to the charge of credulity."

The brazen malignity and audacious clap-trap of the foregoing only heighten our contempt for a man who has reduced Christianity to a sordid fatalism and is the apostle of a faith which though difficult to understand it is not impossible to recognize! Young Bengal has too deeply interested himself in the liberation of the Indigo slave to escape the cool impertinence of the Indigo divine. The magnificent lament which we subjoin too plainly discovers the animus by which the writer is affected to need any comments from us, further than that Young Bengal is not the ungrateful monster he is there painted. Though he has little gratitude certainly to spare for such men as the Revd. libeller who would undoubtedly shut up all the schools and colleges in India the first day he was made Governor-General and indulge in sundry other little acts of coercion and repression by no means calculated to serve as feeders to Young Bengal's gratitude.

"It were well indeed, if the evils resulting from the late public enquiry were confined to the Planters and ryots; it is far from being so. The English name has been greatly tarnished throughout the length and breadth of the country. They have supplied to young Bengal, previously too much disaffected towards Europeans, abundant and most plausible matter to indulge their ungrateful propensity, an opportunity which has not been disregarded, as the state of feeling among the native population in Calcutta sadly manifests. Alas! indeed, what are we coming to, when the proverbially mild and timid Hindu is seen to be so acted on as to be induced to proceed to the extraordinary step of publicly combining to attack a Judge of the

Supreme Court ? The Native Press, said to be no contemptible power, has not been idle at this crisis ; it is also filling the land with the same poison. Millions who hardly ever heard of anything but the power and prestige of the ruling race, now by its means hear of nothing but their misdeeds, and thus are taught too effectually to hate and despise their rulers. This dangerous state of things cannot be too much deprecated and deplored. Much has been said of late of the importance of our being acquainted with native sentiment and feeling. True, but it is equally important, nay a great deal more so, that we be careful not to contribute in any degree by indiscreet words or acts to the production or increase of ill-will among them."

The reader will note how consistently the Revd. Mr. Pearce adheres in his paper to the caution set up in the concluding part of the foregoing paragraph !

The following passage contains by far the most brilliant theological prodigy that has ever irradiated the world since the days of the Inquisition or St. Bartholomew's massacre. We extract it without note or comment for we cannot bring ourselves to break the charm of a discovery on which Mr. Pearce hopes to build his fame as a Political Clergyman or rather Clerical Politician. It is a remarkable example of the application of Religion to Government. It is perhaps the one great idea which has given us the five columns of close print—the cream of the *audi alteram partem*. We will not be so uncharitable as to dissolve the dream of the Reverend suitor of Political fame by ripping open the grand theory by which he hopes to attain immortality. If *he* has not the gift of Christian charity *we* assuredly have an ample supply. Yet with all our store we can scarcely command ourselves sufficiently not to tell him that we have at last discovered the *real wolf in the sheep's skin* !

"In conclusion the writer cannot help observing that the aspect of the word of God towards efforts for improving the *physical* condition of a heathen people has been very much, perhaps entirely, overlooked. He would ask what do the Scriptures know of the political and social rights of heathen nations ? Where are the injunctions to Christian people to enlighten them on these matters, or to attempt the removal of those material evils from which they universally suffer ? Bondage, oppression and endless sorrows, are indeed often detailed when such nations or people are adverted to, or are predicted as coming upon them in the course of the judgments of Heaven for their idolatries. But to what book, chapter and verse we shall turn for any expression of sympathy with them in their sorrows while they remain in an

idolatrous state? On the contrary, the spirit of the Scriptures seems to be expressed in the following passages : ' He feeded on ashes : a deceived heart hath turned him aside that he cannot deliver his soul nor say, is there not a lie on my right hand ?' Isa. XL. 20. " Their sorrows shall be multiplied that hasten after another god. Ps. XVI 4. ' A drought is upon her waters, and they shall be dried up ; for it is the land of graven images and they are mad upon their idols.' Jer. I 38. " There is no peace, saith the Lord unto the wicked' Isa. lxxviii 22. The Bible everywhere regards idolatry as treason and rebellion, and deals with its subjects as earthly governments deal with theirs who rise up against them. The aspect of Scripture, therefore, towards such is one dark, dire, threatening which bodes nothing but evil ; and the history of the world is in accordance with this interpretation : heathen nations that have not repented have invariably come to ruin."



The Holidays.

[Reprinted from the Hindoo Patriot, September 26, 1861.]

The holidays of holidays are fast approaching. Strong emotions and ardent feelings pass all classes of the Indian community. Hindoo and Mahomedan, Christian and Jew, alike await with trembling anxiety that interesting epoch of their existence at which the millenium shall be partly realised in Hindoostan. The merchant shall bury his cash books on which debtor and creditor frown upon each other through a sickening array of figures within the profoundest depths of his record box, forgetting awhile the trembling calculations of profit and loss. Shouldering his manton with the glee of the school boy rousing the wild buffalo from his solitary wilds or blazing away bravely against the Royal Bengal whose heavy growl resounds gloomily through the Soondurbans. The scholar has toiled too harassingly through the long summer days and the dreary winter nights, lavishing his soul upon musty volumes which promise not in every case the seventh heaven, not to feel a devouring wish to stretch his legs and snap his fingers at some adjacent sanitarium the bracing wind and refreshing scenery of which shall drive out the dyspepsia from his gaunt stomach and arm him with a good store of happy associations on which to feed during the next eleven months of nightly rumination. The knocked up official from whom the budget has snatched away five hours of excellent sleep, working him like a spent charger by spur and by which reducing his existence into a perpetual problem of addition, subtraction and explanation, for the latter is now becoming as essential a part of his vocation and the more legitimate and avowed portion of his duty, reckons with the smile of the run-a-way American slave the long long days during which he shall be released from the desk cracking his thumb at the finance commissions and dreary jokes at the ladies in fancy fairs, patronizing sky races and compressing the whole catalogue of pleasures and amusements and frolic and fun within those happy ten days. Behold the Eurasian Keranee looking half a foot bigger than usual, bustling upon the Railway platform with his lady upon his arm who tosses up her head as she passes the native Baboos whom she instinctively knows to be the thralls of her grand spouse, whose head hangs by the tip of his little finger. Behold also the poor native

clerk with his bundle under his arm squeezing through the smallest possible opening between the legs of the stalwart European guard who is belabouring mercilessly that streaming mass of third class passengers. He has a long way before him but his only anxiety now is to jump into a carriage. Alas ! he has not seen his family since the last twelve months, and a sacred joy irradiates his soul as he contemplates the approaching re-union. Blessed be the Doorgah Poojah which covers the land with a mantle of joy. Blessed be the superstition that offers a haven of rest to even the most unresting. If the object of religion be to establish peace and love among the races of man, then the Doorgah Poojah has fully attained that end. Herein the idolatry of the mild Hindoo has defeated the spiritualities of the most artistic religion. Let those beware who would lay the axe at the root of institutions which have served through centuries of dire social convulsion and political misrule to preserve the beacon of love and charity amongst fifty millions of men. Their festivals are the happy reminiscences of a once proud nationality which have enabled the Hindoos to maintain their dignity even in the worst days of their slavery and preserved them from degenerating into a vicious and abandoned people. It is a pity that Governments do not study metaphysics or honor its principles in the practice of their policy. Had the British Government done so we would have been spared the mercies of the holiday commission who have reduced a highly sentimental people to a common measure of utility and legislated upon a basis the least calculated to strengthen the foundations of Government. The public have decidedly gained nothing by a few days of commercial activity the absence of which had proved no bar to the construction of princely fortunes in the good old days of the holidays, the Government has certainly lost considerably in the confidence and affection of its subjects. Is it yet too late to back out of an error ? The English community are clamouring for the full 14 holidays. We say give them the indulgence and restore also the holidays we have lost. We could almost guarantee the measure will breed a financial saving to all concerned !

The Lieutenant Governor on the Reports of the Rent Commissioner.

[Reprinted from the Hindoo Patriot, October 3, 1861.]

If anything was wanting to complete the utter discomfiture of the class which from the commencement of the Indigo dispute had set itself in virulent opposition to Mr. Grant and his policy, it has been amply supplied by the Lieutenant Governor's able resume of the reports of the Special Commissioners published in our last issue. The profound logic with which the reports are analysed and the inevitable inferences which are deduced from them with such masterly success must needs carry willing conviction to even the most biased that the abuses, insinuations and filthy gasconades, with which the head of the Bengal Government was greeted by men who affected to understand better than him the science of Government as well as the science of everything good and excellent, were but the outpourings of defeated malice and the froth and fury of frustrated snobism. The clear and straightforward manner in which the Reports of both Mr. Montessor and Mr. Morris are marshalled, the high reasoning and unmitigated common sense with which their contents are turned and sifted, dissected and decomposed, the crushing conclusions which are based upon them, all tend to invest the state paper in question with a value and an interest not purely local and spasmodic but which will tell well in England in the contest which will ere long finally decide the fate of Indigo. It is proved beyond the remotest possibility of a doubt that the rent panic was a *ruse de guerre*, that the general repudiation of rents was but a general repudiation of extortion, of the thumbscrews, of false *Kobooliuts* and forged *Dakhilas*. Even Mr. Morris, stray paragraphs of whose reports were made so much of in the circles devoted to Indigo, denounce the Planters' Rent books. Even Mr. Montessor, whose nomination to the Commission was received with a special smile by the Landholders' Association and with loud clappings of hands by their organs and their talking men, cannot conceal that ugly tale of the forgeries. Out it comes as from a gun. Bang! bang! it astonishes everybody. One Tushildar had omitted to credit the rents, another was nowhere to be found, a third was detected in the act of making false interpolations in his books. One planter had

settled amicably with his ryots, another did not want the aid of the special Commissioner, a third would on no account unloose the dogs of the law against his dear misguided people. Altogether a more despicable case of falsehood and wanton distortion of the truth could not be forged by the most unscrupulous advocate of Indigo at any cost. The Lieutenant Governor strongly notices the charge of combination preferred against their ryots by Indigo Planters who had purchased Zemindaries at a loss in order to produce Indigo at a profit. No such combination could really exist, since rents were no where repudiated. As we have already said all the repudiation was confined to illegal exactions urged under color of Zemindary rights in bar of precedents, and under circumstances which no honest man could for a moment respect without an appeal to constituted authority. It would seem that the Planter Zemindars had for years neglected their rents to such an extent that it became a most embarrassing question what was the rent that could be legally demanded in revenge for the Indigo strike. The Bengal ryot is peculiarly a respecter of Zemindary rights. Nothing affects him so seriously as the question of rent. He will stint himself of commonest necessities in order to make up the amount of his *jumma*. He will wait cringingly upon his despot in order to obtain a *bona fide* release. The genuineness of his *Dakhilas* is always a live sore spot in his mind. He is sensible to the misery of being diddled. He will travel twenty miles in order to be assured of his perfect safety. He would bribe the Gomashta to be doubly assured of it. One is surprised to behold the caution and the tact with which he keeps his title deeds and his rent receipts so neat and so tidy that they strangely contrast with the condition of his other havings. The snugest corner of his strongest box well lined and stuffed with multifarious layers of the finest rags contains his *Magna Charta*. It is therefore not unaccountable that he resisted the payment of an enhanced rent without some guarantee that it was a true demand and a legal support of his *pottah*. His repudiation was not the result of a fraudulent evasion of a just demand but resistance to a swindle in some instances and revengeful oppression in others. The Lieutenant-Governor has succeeded in clearly establishing that the lawlessness ascribed to the Indigo districts was a myth. Out of 188 appealed cases in which Indigo Planters and their servants were prosecutors in Zillah Jessore between the 1st of May 1860 and the 30th of April 1861, the sentences in 71 were reversed and in 12 were modified. The question may be fairly asked who were the greater law-breakers? But we do not press it, for the Lieut. Governor has made too clean a smash of Planter pretensions to tempt us to the use of the sledge hammer. We are too generous to batter a fallen foe.

Mr. Grant most logically accounts for the more rampant hostility to Indigo in Pubna and in Jessore, the seats of Morris' enquiry, than in Nuddea. In the two former districts the Indigo dispute was at its acme at the date of the Rent Commissioner's operations. In the latter the paroxysm had been over. Mr. Morris entered upon his enquiries at places where the Planters had only recently lost their ground and the exultation of freedom naturally led to lax manners. Hence the rabidness of which he was the witness and the castigator. It does not however favor the charge of general lawlessness which the deputation to the Governor-General had preferred against Mr. Grant's government. That charge has completely fallen to the ground like all others which emanated from that veracious body the Landholders and Planters' Association !

Who are the greater Criminals?

[Reprinted from the Hindoo Patriot, October 3, 1861.]

There are truisms which yet require demonstration. There are demonstrations which are in themselves truisms. Of this nature is the subject of our present article. Who are the greater Criminals ? Reason says, those who live in one perpetual glass of drink, whose Church is the gaming house for in it are deposited their last and brightest hopes, who thrive without religion, being sturdy believers only in themselves. Of such are the masses of the European mob. Of such are the *canaille* of London, of such are the offsprings of the *canaille* of London who darken the colonies with their crimes. The mild Hindoo fades and flickers by the side of the robust Anglo-Saxon who takes society by storm and blows up the law by gunpowder. In the same proportion that the European excels the native in bone and sinew and in the mental attributes of concentration and inventiveness, does he excel him in the power of mischief. We state a truism when we concede to superior bodily strength and to mental vigour the palm of superiority also in crime. And yet notwithstanding the palpable solecism the native is made the scape-goat of the moral world by men who persist in allowing him precedence only in vice. That it is an unnatural precedence officiously thrust on him it is our present object to prove. Not that the moral world will sensibly benefit by the defence of any class of criminals, much less of a class which, as in Bengal, stands distinct from the main population having been sorted and winnowed out by a more powerful conservator of social morality than either laws or Justices of the Peace. But there is such a revengeful pleasure in thrusting a *tu quoque* upon political controversialists who paint themselves and their partizans in all the gaudy colors of the rainbow reserving all the pitch and the tar for their antagonists, that it suggests that as a duty which viewed by the ordinary lights of human courtesy and cosmopolitan feeling would be odious and intolerable.

It is declared—charitably declared—that the Head-quarters of crime is Hindoostan in Asia and Bengal in Hindoostan. Possibly the Christian men and impartial Judicatories who found upon this broad statement as much of one-sided vilification and indiscriminate invective as would arm half a dozen Jacobin clubs with the sinews of war for a

twelve month, are earnest in their wish to see the evil remedied. Possibly, more probably, it is their aim to raise political capital by establishing a panic. In the former case it is no more than necessary to explain to them that the romance of the crusades has passed away into the womb of time and that the destiny of a modern Peter the Hermit scarcely admits of a hopeful guess. It is now simply ridiculous, it is a disgusting bombast to open a crusade in the old style. We have bounded over eight centuries and the translation has decidedly altered the phase of pre-civilized conceits. Sir Mordaunt Wells can no more hope to uproot crime by the exercise of his lungs and the display of a fire-eating animus than he can hold the earth to its axis by planting his foot upon the revolving planet. His flourish of trumpets betrays only the vacuum in his head, the jingle of the bells. "Hollow brass sounds the most." From one extravagancy the vain man is led into another and a third until nothing is left for him but to run the whole circle of absurdities. From setting himself up as the avenger extraordinary of forgery and perjury Sir Mordaunt inevitably fell into the lap of conclusions as supremely ridiculous as any even of the wildest of the school-men. No sensible person speculates dogmatically on the increase or decrease of crime by a mere reference to the calendar, for that is not always a correct barometer of the criminal atmosphere. The calendar may be remarkably light, yet crime may stalk over the country with giant strides. The Police makes the calendar. It may be unusually active, or it may be unusually dull. It may set its nose upon the ground and track the criminal to his remotest den, or it may stuff its ears with cotton and snore away its best opportunities. In either case the calendar will scarcely represent the full measure of crime. Whilst the pettiest larceny may not elude the vigilance of the extravagant thief-catcher, the most formidable ruffians may crack their fingers at their sluggard pursuer. Sir Charles Jackson in his recent charge to the Grand Jury refuses to take any credit like his boisterous colleague from the appearance of the calendar. It is clearly established by him, and the terrors of the Supreme Court with its terrorist puisne have not in any way stopped the progress of crime. It would be as unreasonable that the severity of Justice Wells has crippled the operations of black criminals, as that his politics has strengthened the audacity and the numbers of white criminals, though there are malicious men, who speculate upon the latter with a show of logic which it is not always possible to master. One fact is indisputable, the loopholes of the English law are more generally at the service of the European criminal than at that of the native. That may be one reason why the proportion of European criminals is larger as compared to the population than native criminals. But it by no means

is the main reason. If the logic could be narrowed to that, we should in that case be abandoning the metaphysics of crime.

The terrorist Puisne of the Supreme Court might arrogate to himself the prestige and the attributes of a judicial wizard at the flourish of whose wand crime shall stand back appalled, distracted, paralysed. But outside the boundaries of a pompous imagination the stick is unfortunately powerless, it is an unromantic stick, the prop of a fat pouch or gouty toes. When the fit is upon him the criminal scarcely stops between the plan and the execution to waste his energies on a contemplation of the Supreme Court. He has enough thoughts upon his hands to hamper himself with any on Sir Mordaunt Wells :

“ When it were done, ’twere done,

It were well ’twere done quickly ?”

That is the style of argument he patronises and no sentimentality about Judge and Jury. Mr. Townsend writes out from England to inform Calcutta cockneys that there were eighteen murders in London during August last and he borrows from Dr. Farn the sickening fact that 270 children were murdered last year in the same great city besides those supposed to be murdered. Now there is decidedly no lack of judges or serjeants in the English metropolis, yet is its moral condition a hundred times worse than that of Calcutta. It would be difficult to compile from the calendar of a year such a startling array of horrid crimes as are daily perpetrated in London. A wife aged seventy murdered her husband aged eighty years, for the sole object of getting rid of a burden. As charity should always begin at home, it were well if Sir Mordaunt turned his hand at weeding the mother country of such atrocious crimes as the foregoing, before tracking forgery and perjury along the boundless sea of Bengallee immortality. The dismal tales of crime recorded in the English newspapers afford such unmistakable evidence of the superior finish of the criminal mind in that country over that of the Bengallee that we regard with wonder the audacity which pelts stones from glass houses against the native of India unmindful of the defenceless state of the garrison which thus wantonly provokes terrible retaliation. Abandoning even the atmosphere of London which may unfortunately for all that we can tell be a breeder of crime under the peculiar influence of its fogs, we return to Calcutta and compare the criminal statistics of the two races Bengallee and English. Does the comparison deceive us ? No. All the heinous crimes lie upon the head of the European, all the petty theft upon that of the native. If a forgery or burglary is noted against Ramdoss or Julim Sing, they are more than met by the string of higher crimes set

down against Smith and Jones. The Bengallee woman seldom figure before the Supreme Court, but Anna Castle and her friends are not troubled with any such modesty. She can forge with the best of the male population and take her turn of duty at jail manufacture with the nerve and spirit of a man. Behold the managing partner of a considerable firm in Calcutta extracting money from the sill of his other partner on the eve of his leaving the firm and defending the dishonest act by counsel in the Supreme Court. Behold his friend following and deposing upon oath before the same Court to statements which were established by better evidence to be outrageous myths which none but Bengallees of the lowest professional type can utter upon solemn affirmation. If this is not perjury we ask to know what is? and yet the *Englishman* quotes *Hickey's Gazette* and Macaulay and Wellington to prove that Bengallees do tell lies. We do not reckon such bygone authority. Our authority is the *Englishman* of the 27th ultimo. If we could be capable of half the malice which inspires our enemies and our traducers we could cast into their teeth records of crime which would make the hair stand on end to recount, and all perpetrated by Englishmen, many of them with as good an education as those to whom we address our remarks, and holding possibly a far higher position in society. But our religion forbids the utterance of that which affords pain to any man or class of men. We know Christian men are undeterred by any such restraints. Our philosophy too is of a firmer type. Though we deprecate the existence of a large amount of crime in European Society, yet we are immeasurably above the sordid prejudice of generalising upon them, or branding a whole nation of estimable men with vice the very presence of which proves the existence of virtues. We have good sense enough to distinguish between the honest man and the murderer. We could wish our critics were blessed with a similar power of mind!

A Supplement to the foregoing.

[Reprinted from the Hindoo Patriot, October 3, 1831.]

The jest books are more edifying reading than people are apt to suppose. Many of the jests embody in the portable form of epigram a Shakesperean knowledge of human nature. One of these speaks of a cynical gentleman who was wont to make the charitable remark that all men were dishonest. He was told that as no man could pretend to a knowledge of any man's heart but his own nor be positive regarding any man but himself, the observation amounted to a statement on oath regarding his own heart—in fact it was valuable simply as a personal confession. Are such charitable gentlemen—or rather men—unknown in India? Do not those disowned children of Europe who are so ready to swear to all manner of crimes in the Natives really reveal themselves? It is a remarkable characteristic of the class, that those who may be reasonably supposed to be the most ignorant of India and her people are the most authoritative in their knowledge of the recesses of the Native mind. Men of the acutest as well as most grasping intellect after studying the subject for life have declared that like Newton they had collected a few pebbles on the beach of its deep. Natives ourselves and being on the spot, we must confess our knowledge of our country to be comparatively limited. Whatever causes we might assign for it after the fact, we certainly were not prepared for the mutiny at the hour. Burke's speeches evince an intuitive knowledge of the subject. Yet even intuition availed him little. His knowledge must in one sense be admitted to have been if not superficial at least confined to the surface of the subject. Even intuition could not give him the key to the *hearts* of the Natives of India. He therefore contented himself with the hasty and careless assumption that those hearts and the hearts of Englishmen nay of men in general are alike. Burke's countrymen in India of this age are wiser than him. They reject his conclusion with indignation. Mill in the elaborate preface to his History of India attempts to prove that his having never been in India is no disqualification for his task—indeed that it is a positive qualification. The class of Anglo-Indians to whom we allude seem to hold that their ignorance of India gives them the better right to be dogmatic on the subject. The men who compose that

class on landing at Chandpal Ghaut presume to teach the Natives the latter's psychology. That their presumption is at all warranted is simply impossible.

Yet are we far from intimating that they do not teach anything. They teach their own psychology. By their incessant enunciations of the criminal propensity of the Natives, they reveal their own. They have no right to give our countrymen a character. It would be foolish. It would be absurd. And yet it is undeniable that the burden of their song is forgery, perjury and falsehood. We explain the phenomenon by the analogy of *delirium tremens*. The foundations of all ravings are correct—it is only the arrangement of parts which is incoherent. There cannot therefore possibly be the least doubt that forgery, perjury and falsehood are of common practice by somebody. The question now is, by whom? Not by the natives, for the ignorance of the men we allude to of our national character and indeed of our every thing incapacitates them from forming any approximately correct opinion on it. In a state of delirium men not unfrequently rake up past recollections and distant subjects. It may therefore be supposed that the raving harangues and writings of the European adventurers on forgery and perjury refer to the habits of some nation of the ancient or modern world. An account of which, read in some happy moment, may have left on their minds an extraordinary impression. But the single fact of the Adventurers being generally guiltless of more letters than what little of it is absolutely necessary to the harangues and the articles precludes the suggestion! Their entire knowledge is confined to their knowledge of themselves. We therefore (to use Mr. Walter Brett's expression) "naturally" conclude that the Adventurers do nothing more or less than unconsciously confess their own ways in their silly malice against our countrymen.

The Doorgah Poojah is over.

[Reprinted from the Hindoo Patriot, October 17, 1861.]

The sound of the tom tom has died on the jarred ear. Balmy sleep in her laudable endeavour to restore tired Nature to her former condition is exacting from songsters and dancing women and their audience alike for the long watching the compensation of an equally long hybernation. There is in Bengallee as in every society an unfortunate section who cannot afford the necessary hybernation in its integrity. Executive officers, whose love of enjoyment or deference to the wishes of friends or both led them to overstep in fear and trembling the scant leave of a niggardly Government, have awakened before nature's time, and are preparing excuses and to join their posts. Indeed, all who have joined their families from great distances are either packing their trunks or have already proceeded, to return next year or, it may be, never! Trade is trying to overcome the mesmerism under which she labored and resume her old course. With the Doorgah Poojah the world of Bengal came to a temporary dead lock and now the transition. One is reminded of Russia when the long cold is succeeded by the summer, when man and beast and all Nature wakes to life, when birds fly in all directions, men walk out, beasts run, the sky clears up its light, and the rivers recover their motion.—And in their leisure moments throughout the rest of the year the sighs of all true hearted Bengallees will be wafted for the Doorgah Poojah.

The Doorgah Poojah proper is short, but the Doorgah Poojah holiday is long. The former is past, the latter not yet. Yet in those three days are intensified all the attributes of the entire Doorgah Poojah, proper or other. Those days with their uninterrupted high temperature joy and excitement left the enjoyers no breathing moment, no opportunity to reflect on their condition. But those days over, it is time for the reflection impossible then. Before many days, every body will be called on to his accustomed avocations, and then the time will not be for that moralizing—then and until the Doorgah Poojah next year, the Doorgah Poojah will be thought of, when it will be thought of, only as a yearning. Whether however our Bengallee readers will moralize on the Doorgah Poojah or not if we let slip this opportunity of making a few remarks on it we shall not have another for a twelve month.

After this exordium, the foreigner and the querulous native will probably ask what is the Doorgah Poojah? The Doorgah Poojah is a fairy dream, an enchantment, a season of rest to daily life, a session of joy to the care-worn soul and excitement to the dull monotony of the Bengallee's career. It is the year's great Sabbath in which probably the first Brahmin Almanac makers rested after their arduous labors and thence commanded all true Hindoos to follow them. It is the Christmas of the Bengallees when inexorable business and every day duties take furlough, when schools and offices close, when the wanderers from home reunite in it, and share its usual, and the Doorgah Poojah's unusual pleasures, when those who have a natural capacity for enjoyment drown themselves and all thought of the past and the future in a sea of enjoyment, and those who have not are nevertheless carried on, willing or not, by the Niagara of conventional merry-making. So great and extraordinary is the influence of the advent of the goddess that during her stay with us the impossibility is attained. Necessity, through whom providence appears in a great measure if not wholly to rule the universe becomes unnecessary and forgotten. Misery and happiness contemporary with one another is the necessary condition of this world. The Doorgah Poojah during its reign would seem to reverse the universal law, for there is perhaps no Bengallee, except the miserable declaimers whom we shall hereafter notice, who does not contrive somehow or other to make himself happy. In the chain of bliss which stretches from one end of Bengal to the other there is hardly a single break. Ryot and Zemindar, mahajan and artizan, keranee and amlah are alike impregnated with the joy of the season. The misery of the most miserable man as if by instinct observes the Doorgah Poojah as its Sabbath. No doubt all men are not equally blessed by fortune, and comparatively few can afford 'he means to celebrate the Doorgah Poojah by getting up an idol etc. Yet nobody omits to celebrate it as best he can by other unmistakable signs of merry-making. Two facts will be appreciated by all. Every man, woman and child, without exception, and by whatever means, wears new clothes. Though all the year round we carry our thoughts of the *Hindoo Patriot* to our sleep, even we were for days oblivious of all about it. That single fact ought we think to be conclusive on the point.

Yet there are vinegar-faced misanthropes who desire to deprive the Bengallee of this support from his caste-ridden, untravelling existence, without providing a substitute. Fortunately for him, there is a God in Heaven, and He has wisely denied those imbecile braggarts adequate power to carry out their wicked intention. But really we pity the frame of mind which can see any material evil or, as they do,

nothing but evil in the Doorgah Poojah. As these miserable declaimers are likely to gain numbers by their verbosity, in pity for the youthful generation it is as well to examine their denunciation.

The Doorgah Poojah is superstition! We would refer the anti-Doorgah-Poojahites to their Dictionary. If they fancy they observe superstition in the Doorgah Poojah they are grossly ignorant of the meaning of the word. Is eating and feasting and dressing and merry-making superstition? Then we are all guilty of it every day. We know the worship of the Doorgah however wrong or foolish it may be, is by no means superstition. There is a great deal of superstition in the daily life of the Hindoo but none in the Doorgah Poojah. Those who charge the Doorgah Poojah with superstition confound superstition with idolatry. There is unquestionably idolatry in the Doorgah Poojah but in the present decline of the empire of Hindoo belief it generally forms its least important part. In the course of time customs in every country lose their original significance, nay are often diverted into contrary purposes. The Doorgah Poojah in like manner, has suffered great mutations. Originally instituted as an austere penance it eschewed all appearance of gaiety which might intrude as an insult to that austerity. The succeeding generations who adopted it, not feeling the religious necessity for it which its founder felt, must gradually have discontinued it had it not occurred to some of the most inventive of them to make it the occasion for more wordly enjoyment. In the beginning the religious part was the whole. The timid reformers of a later date infused into it a little profane enjoyment to make it supportable. As by degrees the original object became more and more lost sight of, more and more of profane enjoyment encroached upon it, till at last in our days the original principal has become the accessory, and the accessories the principal. The Doorgah Poojah has been so reformed that the greatest hater of Hindooism may enjoy it without hypocrisy. Indeed the greatest haters of Hindooism do enjoy it as heartily as any fool who believes that devotion to the warrior goddess is a passport to Heaven. Young Bengal would repel with indignation any charge of superstition or idolatry, but if his means allow him he celebrates the Doorgah Poojah like all poorer Hindoos. Nay, such is the attraction of the Doorgah Poojah, that the Mahomedans of Bengal freely partake of the profane advantages offered by it while they abominate its religious rites.—More anon.

The Old Year.

[Reprinted from the Hindoo Patriot, January 6, 1862.]

Amid the din of war in the New World, the bustle of warlike preparations in the European continent and "ringing changes" of revolution in the Indian Peninsula, the old year closed. It has left memories of events which will mark an epoch in the world's history. For India this single year did the work of a decade. Happily the work was the triumph of peace and progress. During the term of its existence perfect tranquillity reigned throughout the country and if an occasional raid or foray by such insignificant savages as the Sikkimites, the Wazerees, the Kookees, and Abors of Assam, disturbed the general calm, it only served to call into something like playful recreation the British Lion with the buzzing insects at its feet. The repose which the last year thus brought to our rulers from the fever of excitement which the ceaseless struggle for bare existence during the preceding years naturally produced, was so employed as to redound to their just credit and to the unmistakable benefit of the myriad millions over whom England under a benign Providence holds her beneficent sway.

Foremost among the events of the past year we reckon the constitutional changes decreed by the Imperial Legislature. These changes were based on principles which had formed the staple of agitation of years past, and were therefore hailed as the victorious results of those pitched battles which the non-official public of India, both European and Native, fought so strenuously and ceaselessly on behalf of Constitutionalism. By the concessions of the new Constitution, the germs of the federalization of the Empire have been sown, the introduction of the non-official element in the deliberations of the Legislature has been sanctioned, and an important advance has been made for the conciliation of outside public opinion. Many incongruities and errors of the past have been swept away. The Judge Legislators have been unseated, and the chances of those unseemly sights of the highest Judges in the realm enacting in the Council Chamber the parts of factious agitators in the interest of the ruling class to the serious prejudice of the subject millions have been at once neutralized. The by-laws and standing orders for the practical working of the Constitution

have been nearly completed, and if rumour may be trusted, before the New Year grows a fortnight old, the Viceroy's Council will be inaugurated.

The last year saw the enactment by the Imperial Parliament of two other measures, which will exercise an abiding influence for good over the Indian population. The subject of enquiry, discussion, resolution, and report for the last quarter of a century, the Amalgamation of the Supreme and Sadler Courts, was at last decreed. It was also conceived in a spirit that challenged universal approval and admiration. The claim of the Native to a seat on the bench of the High Court was graciously acknowledged and we hope to see it ere long practically recognized. The other measure, viz. the reorganization of the Civil Service, though its practical advantages may be of slow development, will yet ultimately exercise the most direct influence on the destiny of the people. It is to the credit of the Indian Minister, who designed it, that while breaking down the ancient monopoly of the Civil Service, it is calculated still to maintain and foster the old *esprit de corps* which has moulded the Covenanted Servants of the Indian Government into one compact brotherhood, which is replete with historical associations and glories that can never die, and which has infused into them an almost family regard and love for the people over whom they have been placed to rule. Its exclusiveness was certainly invidious and sometimes detrimental to the public interests, and the measure which has destroyed that exclusiveness is a sure advance in the right direction. In one respect that measure is of incalculable importance to the people of this country. It has cleared the path to Native advancement and in a manner annulled the rule which still requires the Native of India to enter the higher walks of the public service by the door of competition *via* London. If this provision of the measure may not be speedily realized on account of the violence of prejudice and bitterness of feeling which now unhappily reign among the ruling class, we cannot believe that in the progress of enlightenment and the due development of the Native policy originated and strengthened by Lord Canning, an old and unmeaning jealousy of race will bar Native advancement. It would be also doing injustice to England to suppose that she will year after year and decade after decade falsify her promises and decrees of State. If the spirit in which the representatives of the people of Great Britain in Parliament assembled received and sanctioned the measures enumerated above, and in which they noticed the claims of the Natives of India to consideration and justice, continues to govern them and their successors, we have little cause to distrust or to despond. One thing is needful. Let the people of India be true to themselves, let them

deserve, and show that they deserve the honor and emolument they aspire after, and it will be then time to consider how long their claims will be ignored. •

Turning to the operations during the last year of the local Legislature and the local Governments we have ample cause for satisfaction. It is true that the course of deliberations in the Legislative Council was not smooth, that there was rather at close intervals manifestation of a spirit among our Senators hardly compatible with sound and impartial legislation ; that there was felt in regard to particular measures too much of outside pressure and influence ; but the general out come of these discordant elements and influences has not been so unsatisfactory or disastrous as was at one time apprehended. The Breach of Faith Bill which the timorous and perfidious councils of an otherwise wide-awake Government dictated suffered a just defeat. The Flogging Bill, a measure based on altogether arbitrary assumptions, though passed by the Council, was not sealed with the sanction of the Viceroy. The Contempt of Court Clause in the Criminal Procedure Bill and the rules for Trial by Jury were triumphantly carried by Sir Bartle Frere and Mr. Sconce by an exposition of reasons and analogies as unanswerable in their logic as lofty in their scope. If the dignity of the Council was occasionally compromised in personal questions such as were raised by Mr. Hills' petition against certain Kishnaghur Ryots, and Sir Charles Jackson's motion for papers relating to the Ootacamund European Convict's Jail, it was done by the Judge-Legislators who have paid dearly for their factions "independence," in other respects the labors of the Legislative Council during the last year were as important as they were calculated to be beneficial in their influence. The long meditated Paper Currency Bill became law. The Criminal Procedure Bill which had occupied for years past the consideration of some of the ablest and most enlightened juris-consults of England and of India was debated and embodied into law after receiving such improvements as later experience could suggest. * * * Measures of great administrative importance requiring the sanction of the Legislature, were also carried out during the last year, the chief among which we reckon the new Police Bill and the Small Cause Courts Bill. The first-mentioned measure, judiciously carried out, will deal a death-blow to a long-standing evil, while the latter, so far as its practical effect has been observed, seems to have proved a great engine of injustice and oppression to the people.

The Finances during the last year for the first time after the depression caused by the Mutinies assumed a cheering aspect. Under

such an able and watchful custodian of Exchequer as Mr. Laing, assisted by a Military Finance Commission, composed of men of the highest ability, and with a single-minded devotedness to the public interest, it was eagerly hoped on all sides that the deficit, which Mr. Wilson had pronounced was a chronic disease of the Indian Exchequer, would be speedily redressed, and that hope was not destined to be disappointed. Although Mr. Laing's Budget ultimately suffered on account of an unexpected falling-off in Opium revenue, his calculations in the main proved correct. If the reduction in the Military Expenditure was not fully carried out, it was entirely owing to the obstructive influence of the Horse Guards. Nearly ten thousand European troops were throughout the year maintained in this country in excess of the number previously determined and sanctioned as the maximum European strength of the Indian Army, and it is strange that while this extravagant waste of money under the pressure of Horse Guards is daily forced upon public attention, no step is taken by the tax-payers to put a stop to it. On the other hand the pressure of taxation is increasing and threatens to increase further. The last year disclosed in the working of the Income Tax a mass of injustice, oppression, misery and heart-burning, which though freely acknowledged by Government still no creditable measure was taken to repress. To the Income Tax was supplemented the License tax and a further addition in the shape of a Tobacco tax was held *in terrorem*. When these taxes come into full operation, we cannot imagine what effect they will produce on the minds of the people. There is already we fear a spirit of secret discontent abroad in some of the populous districts of Bengal, where the renewed reign of Indigo terror, the rancour of which has been not a little increased by the lax justice of the District Authorities, has fostered the *statu quo ante* of Indigo-dom. In the North Western Provinces, so far as may be learnt from the local prints, the feeling is but yet half-subdued. Bombay was the only province which gave any "trouble" to the collection of the Income Tax. With these great facts staring us in the face, we feel great misgivings on the subject of taxation. Already the people have caught an idea that the Queen's Government is synonymous with taxation, and it cannot be good policy to add strength or plausibility to that idea. The councils of Lord Canning have been characterized by the greatest wisdom, and we trust that while he has successfully weathered the storm, he will leave to his successor a full chart of the shoals and sandbanks of which the vessel of the State should steadily steer clear.

The preceding year saw the Amalgamation of the Indian Army, but to the last belong the details adopted for the execution of the

measure. It is not for us here to discuss the policy or the principle of that measure. But we who have attentively watched its operation cannot but deplore the Resolution which gave it birth. It has shattered as splendid a body of officers as ever took to the profession of arms and an army of soldiers, whose courage, heroism, devotedness, and fidelity have never been surpassed either in history or by contemporaries. As regards the Native Army, it has uprooted old attachments and affections, and has imposed a gulf of distance between the European Officer and the Native Sepoy which will widen with the increase of years and, as we apprehend, eventually culminate in that absence of sympathy between them two, before which no common soldierly feeling can exist or a mutuality of interest grow up. While on all sides there is a just desire expressed for the reconciliation of the interests of the European and the Native, and the promotion of a right understanding of each other, the manifest tendency of the Amalgamation measures has been to separate each from the other, to discover each other's feelings and interests, and to lessen the chances and opportunities of appreciating each other well. The Amalgamation is however a painful fact, but there is yet time to correct the mischiefs of that blunder.

In the midst of these revolutionary measures, a Providential calamity swept over an important portion of the Empire and distracted the attention of the authorities. The North Western Provinces, but lately the seat of mutiny, plunder, arson and anarchy, was now the centre of a drought, the like of which was not seen for a quarter of a century past. Its area and intensity were alike appalling, and the Government with a parental solicitude for its famishing subjects, came forward to second with commendable liberality the humane efforts of the sympathizing public, who banded together to organize measures of relief. The stream of benevolence however flowed with uncommon vigour from England, where the accounts of distress among the people in Northern India were received with the warmest sympathy. England, ever renowned for her sympathy with suffering humanity, nobly vindicated her name, and her generosity to people whose fellow-countrymen had but lately risen up in arms against her to shake off her yoke, justifies the hope that now that she has assumed the direct government of India, she will not do wilful injustice to its teeming millions. But in the inscrutable wisdom of Providence a heavenly visitation is never an unmixed evil. The Famine opened the eyes of Government to the defects in the landed system which clogged the springs of industry and repressed energy. The searching enquiry and eloquent voice of Col. Baird Smith, deputed to enquire into the causes of the

Famine and suggest remedies against its recurrence, cleared up all doubts and impressed on their minds the truth about it. An effective auxiliary in the shape of a Manchester cry, produced by the Cotton crisis at hand, greatly helped in the solution of the problem. But the question instead of being confined to the North Western Provinces, now embraced the whole Empire, and a Resolution was passed declaring the British subject from the confines of Peshawar to the borders of the Cape Comorin free to buy up his homestead or his estate, as it might happen. The land-holder in the North Western Provinces, hitherto the victim of a rack-renting system, was now at liberty to purchase the fee-simple of his land by paying down the amount of twenty years' assessment of the last settlement, and the amount considering the interim improvement from various causes, would hardly represent the value of 10 years' purchase. But we will now not discuss the large question involved in the general redemption of the land-tax. However opinions may differ as to the expediency of that Resolution, few will question the policy and wisdom of the sister Resolution for the Sale of Waste Lands. That Resolution has opened up prospects to capital and industry, which will never fail of its beneficial effects on the population at large and in future.

Coming nearer home we have to congratulate the Government of Bengal on the issue of the Indigo question in England. However contemporary writers in India, generally writing under the influence of the men whose interest it is to prop up the rotten system of old, may denounce Mr. Grant and decry his measures, the British Public generally received his acts in a worthy spirit, and the Parliament unanimously endorsed the opinion expressed by Her Majesty's Government. What opinion that has been the reader of this journal is well aware. As the Native address presented to him at the close of the year declares, it has been the lot of few governors to effect such a social revolution with so little cost of money or blood. Compared to the magnitude of the object gained, the opposition he has met with is but trite. There however remains a good deal yet to be done. During the last year the Indigo difficulty underwent a transition. The Planters got up a false rent cry, to which the Government of India, bullied into a temporary conviction, yielded, but the official enquiry instituted subsequently proved that Indigo was the root of the whole matter of the alleged withdrawal of rent. Lord Canning was however for a time so duped that he allowed Mr. Larmour to insult Mr. Grant in his own presence—to allow the lion to be bearded in his own den. The vacillation which the Supreme Government then betrayed did not pass unnoticed or effectless. It immediately told upon the

Lieutenant-Governor and local officers, and if rumour may be trusted, the last year did not close without seeing Indigo tyranny increase with redoubled rigour, and the Ryots enthralled in a still more galling yoke. But all hope is not lost. The same hand that broke the fetters first can again break them through, though his opportunities are unhappily very short.

Closely connected with Indigo is the history of the *Nil Durpan* trial. That subject has been discussed in these columns threadbare, and need not bear repetition. But it will serve to illustrate to the future historian the character of the party spirit which embittered for the greater part of last year all intercourse between the Native and the European, and all those who befriended the Native. A worthy and devoted missionary, whose life-long labor it had been to do good to the people, and to promote love and harmony between the two races, was sacrificed and confined in the Common Jail for libelling the Indigo Planters.

* * * Whatever the verdict of the future historian, we had however ample compensation in the fact that in England the Land of final arbitrement, the conduct of the Indigo Planters was universally condemned, that Sir Mordaunt Wells, the convicting Judge, was equally censured, that unanimous sympathy and admiration greeted Mr. Long from all sides, and that the importance of knowing and enforcing Native opinion was as unanimously acknowledged and insisted upon. That was a sufficient victory to the apparent victim.

The meeting held at the mansion of the Rajah Radhakant Bahadur for the purpose of petitioning the Indian Secretary against unjudicial conduct of Sir Mordaunt Wells on the bench was a fitting corollary to the above. Sir Mordaunt's charge to the Jury in the case of Mr. Long was alone sufficient to stamp his true character. And this united protest of the Native Community against his repeated violation of the dignity of the bench, his habitual misuse of the constitutional privilege of speech, his frequent display of race-prejudice and political bias in his judicial harangues was too solemn to pass unnoticed or ineffectually. It provoked much angry discussion, but so far as we have yet been informed, the result would decidedly be in favour of judicial propriety and impartiality.

We have not space left to notice other events of the year. We may however sum them up by saying that if the year 1861 will be known in history as a year of revolution, it will be not the less known that that revolution implied reform and progress. Every department of the State vied with each other in activity and onward advance. Time-honored abuses were either cured or in a fair way to be cured. A

remarkable change in the policy of our rulers, even among worn-out traditionists, was patent throughout. The day was past by for the levelling policy of old, and a laudable desire for enlisting on the side of good government the influence of wealth and position was manifested. Sir Charles Wood declared for local self-government, and Lord Canning, strong in his Native policy, earnestly called upon his Lieutenants to give the experiment a fair trial. A system of Honorary Magistracy was inaugurated from Peshwar to Chittagong and the germs of Municipal Government were laid. Those on whom the honor was conferred did not lag behind to prove themselves worthy of it. Lord Canning was justly proud of this proteges, and if the experiment be carried out in the spirit it was begun in, we need have no apprehensions as to its ultimate success. On the other hand the relations of the British Government with the Native Princes were strengthened with new bonds of sympathy and attachment. The inauguration of the most exalted order of the Star of India was a fitting sequel to the Adoption Resolution of Lord Canning. If ever there was the prospect of continued peace within, the policy of Lord Canning has fairly secured it.

We cannot close our retrospect of the Old Year without recording our deep sense of the loss which we have sustained in the death of some of the highest and the best in the land. Foremost in the category stands the name of her who fitly represented here the Empress of India. Cut off on the very eve of her return to the bosom of her own country, her demise cast universal gloom over the country. Turning to the class of our administrators, we have lost the last surviving links which connected the days of Malcolm and Elphinstone with our own. Sir Henry Mark Cubbon and Sir Richmond Shakespeare were the foremost among our "politicals," and their death is justly deplored by the people over whom their sway extended. The loss of Col. Baird Smith is but too fresh in the public mind to need recapitulation, and of him it might be well said that we could better spare a better man. In our own ranks the King of Terrors was not the less busy. He snatched away in the hey-day of life Rajah Issur Chunder Sing, the Honorary Secretary to the British Indian Association. The loss has caused a chasm in Native Society which it will be difficult to repair. It is said that congenial spirits love to dwell together. Perhaps few could surpass in friendly attachment and regard Rajah Issur Chunder Sing and Baboo Hurrish Chunder Mookerjee, the Editor of the *Hindoo Patriot*. And within a few days of each other both resigned the pilgrimage of sublunary life. India now deplores the loss which the death of Hurrish inflicted. A grateful community has come

forward to commemorate his services, and we may say that if 1861 had been barren of other events, the death of Hurrish alone would have stamped its melancholy importance upon the page of Indian History.

Such was the year just passed ; and let us now wish our readers, our contemporaries, and our friends both in this and in other countries a Happy—Happy New Year. The prospects of the New Year are clear and bright. Solid foundations for progress have been laid by Lord Canning, and mad must be the man who would attempt to recede from the onward march. The discord and jealousy of race have happily ceased much, and a better feeling on the whole now prevails among all classes. The public mind is now justly directed to the attainment of political privileges which the legislation of the last year promised. The truth and force of the old adage, that union is strength, is now fully felt. Barring Indigo, there are also now fewer causes of dissension in the new than were in the old year. We trust and hope that the experience of the past will have convinced the general European Community of the fatuity of a crusade against the Native for the sake of a dozen or two unscrupulous Indigo Planters, and that they will sink old jealousies and differences, for which both were more or less to blame, and go hand in hand together to wrest from the Government those reforms in the administration, which will redound to the progress, prosperity and happiness of all.

They hate us youth!

[Reprinted from the Hindoo Patriot, January 6, 1892.]

Generally speaking, the tone of the Anglo-Indian Press, as regards the natives of this country, is intolerably bitter. Turn which way you will, a howl, not of honest contempt, but of ill-suppressed hatred, is sure to meet your ears! We are constantly accused of impudence, of vanity, of ingratitude, of political impiety,—in short, of everything that is bad and reprehensible. We are impudent, because we are beginning to manifest a decided tendency to give to things their real names; to call spades spades; we are vain, because we are beginning to believe that, though born in regions unwashed by the four seas that gird Britain, we nevertheless possess the attributes common to Humanity, and as a matter of course, are entitled to some consideration as men; we are ungrateful (the unkindest cut of all!) because we forget the past history of our birth-land, and do not in passionate fits of ever-recurring gratitude throw our elves at the feet of our Saviours! We are accused of political impiety because unlike the “*pious Æneas*” of the Latin Poet, we grumble to carry the paternal *Auchises* on our shoulders, and sometimes even go so far as to hint that he should walk by our side.

Now—if we had candid antagonists to deal with, we think we could easily convince them that though by no means free from faults—and what man is?—we are not so hopelessly bad as the Anglo-Indian Press would fain persuade its readers to believe that we are. We admit with, as we say in our own language, “a free throat,” that the Anglo-Saxons as a nation, are very far ahead of us in the race of Civilization; but we would at the same time confess that our philosophy distinctly teaches us that the Anglo-Saxon is ahead of us, not because like the “swift-footed” *Achilles*, the gods have lent to his limbs a greater degree of strength than to those of other mortals, but because he has had a better training, more healthful exercise, and a longer period to make thoroughly the might that slumbers in the heart and arms of man—the noblest work of God! We repudiate the expression “Race Superiority.” It has no meaning; or if it has any meaning, that meaning is impious! It strikes at the very root of the Mosaic account of Creation, with a doubly sharper axe than the disguised sneers of

Gibbon or the open and defiant attacks of Tom Paine. If Adam was the first man of men since born, and Eve the first of women ; if it be true, that these two form the source from which the vast tide of humanity has flowed, branching out into innumerable arms to fertilize even the most distant corners of the earth ;—what becomes of all the “ bosh ” about “ Race-Superiority ” and “ Race-distinction ”? Such language in the mouths of those who call themselves Christians, would be unworthy of serious notice, did not its impiety shock all right-thinking men.

We have cheerfully admitted the superiority of the Anglo-Saxon : he is far ahead of us in the race of Civilization. The breeze that has filled his sails with favorable constancy, we have not yet caught. His ship proudly walks the waters like a thing of life—we are lagging behind. But are we to be laughed at and derided because we are struggling to reach the point where we also may borrow a like onward impulse ? When a grown-up lad ridicules or ill-treats his younger and weaker companion people call him a “ Bully.” If the Anglo-Indian Press is ambitious to win for those whose organ it pretends to be, that honorable *sobriquet*, let it abuse on, and we may fairly promise it the utmost measure of success.

There are those among us, who look upon this state of things with surprise. They call to mind the generation of Englishmen, who, in past years, walked among our fathers without betraying the least symptoms of hatred or contumely. They call to mind Sir William Jones, Colebrooke, Wilson and others, and ask how it is that the successors of such men should be so unsympathetic ? The question is easily answered.

As regards Indian Literature, Indian history, Indian antiquities, the present race of Anglo-Indians * * are lamentably ignorant. They look around them and see men who live and dress differently, who speak English with a different accent, and they despise and hate them. If they knew what the fathers of these men did in their days, they would soon learn to pity the modern degradation of our people ; and pity, we all know, is akin to love. Sir William Jones, Colebrooke, Wilson read our magnificent poetry, our profound philosophy ; studied the wonderful structure of our primitive language ; and they respected our fathers and looked upon us hopefully at least with melancholy interest, as you would look on the heir of a ruined Noble. But to the great unwashed abroad, we are simply niggers—without a past ; perhaps, without a future. They do not know us. They do not choose to know us.

No doubt we have grave national vices. So have the Greeks ; so have the Italians ; so have the English themselves. But the Anglo-Indian Press may rest assured that no denunciations, such as it delights to hurl at us, will ever cure us.

The Anglo-Indian Press, we are bound to confess, is not true to its mission. It has shamefully abandoned the course chalked out for it by the moral requirements of this great empire, for the paltry gratification of winning the good graces of men whom we cannot resist the temptation to call—vulgar. It has sold its birth-right for a mess of pottage. It is not the great Teacher, routing out error, and planting truth ; it is not the friend gently remonstrating, lovingly pointing out short-comings ; but it is the reviler ; the utterer of obscene and disgusting things, the bully, ever striving to terrify by its threats and curses. It is not Ariel, ever breathing the airiest melodies ; it is Caliban full of rabid and filthy words ! Alas for the Anglo-Indian Press !

Death of Prince Albert.

[Reprinted from the Hindoo Patriot, January 13, 1862.]

Although the Government has not yet received any official intelligence of the demise of the illustrious Prince Consort of Great Britain, whose premature disappearance from the scene of earthly career is now lamented in the four quarters of the globe, wherever the British flag waves or the foot-prints of an Englishman are traced, we fear the special message of our morning contemporaries in this instance is but too sternly true. The past year saw the King of Terrors busy in high places almost all the world over and particularly among the crowned heads of Europe, and if it has left its melancholy stamp on the page of European history, its impress on that of British history is not the less melancholy. Scarcely eight weeks have elapsed we had the painful duty of offering our condolence to Her Gracious Majesty's representative in this country for the heavy affliction which it pleased Heaven to inflict upon him, little dreaming however that within an interval of two mortal months we should have to discharge an equally painful duty towards her own gracious self. The illustrious Prince who has now been gathered to his fathers was descended from the ancient stock of German Royalty, and passed his youth in industrious studies, which subsequently won him no mean rank among the savants of Europe and enabled him to wield no ordinary influence on the advancement of Art and Science. In 1840 he became united with the Queen of Modern Rome, over whose dominions the Sun never sets, and the union produced uninterrupted domestic happiness and prosperity which passed almost into a proverb. Although under the British Constitution Prince Albert could not take any public share in domestic politics, yet it was no secret that his influence on the Foreign policy of England was immense. This is not the place to recount the services which he rendered to the cause of Science, but we may generally remark that there was not a contemporary Prince who surpassed him in his zeal for Science and in his attachment for scientific men. To him the civilized world was indebted for that triumph of international peace, which was signalized at the Crystal Palace of London in 1851. It is much to be lamented that he was not spared to celebrate the revival of that triumph again in the current year. It

is in vain however to mourn over the dispensation of Providence. God's will be done ! We now hope and pray that Her Gracious Majesty may be sustained with the strength of becoming resignation in the serious affliction with which the King of Kings has visited upon her. It would not we believe be treading upon the sacred ground of private grief, if the people of India expressed their commiseration with their Royal Mistress in a respectful address of Condolence. The enlightened Begum of Bhopal might with propriety head such an Address among her sister Princesses of India. It is meet that some such expression of Indian sorrow should be laid before Her Majesty.

Excelsior.

[Reprinted from the *Bengalee*, January 6, 1863]

This day we present ourselves to the public in a new hat, gloves and an altogether more masculine form than before. We have passed the successive stages of infancy and of boyhood in eight short months. If our growth has been rapid we owe it to the excellent nursing of our dear friends and protectors, to all and each of whom we wish a happy new year. We hope to deserve a return of the compliment.

The *Bengalee* will henceforth be printed and published at his own press. Perhaps it is a presumption in so young a gentleman to commence house-keeping and set up his own carriage. There are malicious people enough to snarl at him. He has grown however in spite of their cold water and hopes to outlive their jealousy. He is proud of and grateful for the encouragement shewn to him by a public distinguished for generosity and a right perception of merit. The principles on which he hopes to build his fortune are those of honesty and straightforwardness. His sincerity has procured him many enemies. He has had no ambition however to be a favorite with those who cannot bear the probe. With the French satirist he is pledged to

“Call a spade a spade and Charles Rolet a knave.”

If he has ever indulged in caustic observations against men or classes, he has done so in the rigorous discharge of a public duty. He has not spared his countrymen from a feeling of mock patriotism. It is not a fundamental part of his creed to uphold shams in deference to men or to manners. That radicalism as it is manifested in a certain section of his race is a more dangerous sham than superstition, is a conviction he cannot well allay in the face of existing circumstances. He has therefore persistently attempted to stem the tide of “whole hog” reform. Call him a trimmer or even a coward. But he has no stomach for wasting eloquence at the foot of Mount Athos. If he cannot appear as a martyr, he does not certainly relish the idea of figuring as a fool.

In politics his ground is more safe and perhaps satisfactory. As a friend of order he is necessarily in the ranks of the Government party. Without believing that Government can do no wrong he can believe that the Government is guided by wiser counsels than those which

issue from the Associations or their fiddlers. The Indian authorities have certainly no temptation to be selfish. The Associations have many. Public opinion in the East as represented by a shipful of Anglo-Saxons who naturally monopolise its representation, is so violently adverse to the welfare of the aborigines that any action on it is simply impracticable. The Government has therefore no other course open to it save that of legislating upon sure principles. It is despotic to a certain extent; that is, it is disregarding of newspaper criticism. But it dares outrage law and justice no more than the meanest of its subjects. It is despotic only in the sense in which Miltiades was a tyrant. The mere verbal stigma clings to it. If any one act of the Governor General or of the Maharaja of Victoria Street, as Sir Charles Wood is playfully called, can be pointed out, which has not a great moral truth for its basis or which has outraged the feelings of the people of India, the *Bengalee* will unhesitatingly join the opposition faction and render his feeble aid in plucking the feathers of a hated minister. But whilst the contrary is the fact and millions rise from their beds with a prayer for their benefactor, it is not disreputable to follow the banners of an autocrat whose chief function consists in demolishing the oppressor.

In conclusion we will trouble the reader with a word about our finances. It is perhaps the most material part of our address, and in deference to custom we have reserved it for the place usually assigned to a postscript. We have taken the liberty of raising the rate of subscription to the *Bengalee* from Rs. 8 to Rs. 10 per annum from the first of the current month. Those of our supporters who have already paid in advance will continue to be supplied with the paper at the former rate until their advances shall have been covered. Those who have not paid, will be charged at the old rate up to December 1862 and at the new rate from the present year. We are led to hope that the slight increase on only the yearly rate of subscription (for the monthly and half-yearly rates remain as before) will not be objected to, seeing that we have risen to the size and dimensions of all those of our contemporaries who charge at the rate now fixed by us. It will be our constant aim to give our readers a fair return for their money. Our motto shall be "excelsior."

The year we have buried.

[Reprinted from the Bengalee, January 8, 1863.]

Another three hundred and sixty-five days dragged through the scarcely perceptible divisions of time, through hours and through minutes, through seconds and through half seconds, fleeting to some and tedious to many, have disappeared from the calendar. The aspect of the past is solemn and funereal. We endeavour to drown melancholy recollections in gay greetings of a happy new year. We exchange presents and exchange dinners, we laugh and we gambol, visit fancy fairs and torture our senses to look blessed. But the dread hour glass of the eternal scythesman scores our progress to the grave and with malicious periphrasis mocks us with our merriment. What a year have we survived ! Emphatically the year of peace, yet war scarcely ever witnessed greater changes. It commenced with a brilliant programme. From the Mountains to the Cape the country presented one unbroken picture of quiet content and prosperity. The bloody sword of Janus remained sheathed. Her temple was closed, apparently for ever. Wars and rumours of war had ceased to distract the Indian politician, or subvert the arrangements of peace. The Empire had rallied and recovered from the disasters of the mutinies and awaited with eager expectancy grand civil revolutions. It had retrieved and rearranged its finances under the direction of able earnest men with large ideas and liberal statesmanship. The deficit, hitherto a standing Indian institution which had defied every Financial manœuvre and sent to his grave an eminent English Financier, had been successfully met and extinguished. Canning the just, against whom a violent Indian cabal had raised an opposition if not formidable, at least annoying, had emerged from his unpopularity and become an object of adoration to the patriots who had petitioned for his recall. Even Mr. Grant, Indigo Grant, the hated Lieutenant Governor of Bengal, had been relieved from insanity in the eyes of the Landholders' Association and was talked of with respect and reverence by such men as Mr. Peterson and Mr. Maitland. The tone of the year was subdued and softened as regarded Indian administrators and parties, through the virus of political antipathy and animosity was kept alive by strong demonstrations against Sir Charles Wood. The Secretary of State for India had too deeply outraged the self love of his exiled countrymen

in the East by maintaining an Imperial policy towards the Indian subjects of the Crown, not to become an object of intense hatred to men who naturally claimed precedence in a soil in which they filled the position of the dominant race.

In March 1862, Lord Canning, the first viceroy in India of Queen Victoria, resigned his magnificent charge. The servant of a corporation when he set his foot upon the steps of Government House, events transpired which raised him to the proudest place under his Sovereign. He commenced his government under apparently the happiest auspices. The policy of his predecessor at once vigorous and unscrupulous had emptied every throne in Hindoostan. On one pretext or another every native prince in the country who could found a gun or maintain a standing army or exhibit a solvent treasury, was reduced to vassalage or the worse condition of a pensioner. An independent native stronghold was a sore spot in the political diagram of a statesman who vented a new maxim in morality for the special retreat of his grasping ambition. The despot who perpetrated every political wrong on the singular plea that the higher morality cancels the lower, necessarily despised good faith and valued treaties as waste paper. A monstrous army and the bull-dog courage of the British soldiery alone enabled him to defy the revenge of his victims. He left the empire however on the mouth of a volcano and his successor put his foot into an eruption. It was fortunate that the son of George Canning inherited the genius of his father. Under the guidance of a less capable helmsman the vessel of the state would have been too surely wrecked and possibly foundered. But the Governor General of India at the crisis of the mutinies proved himself not an ordinary man. He stood the shock of the dreadful visitation with unblanched cheeks and nerves of iron. Heedless of the babel around him he coolly took the trumpet from paralyzed heads, and evoked order out of chaos. In his individual person he epitomised the history of British India. Like Clive he won the empire, like Cornwallis he settled it, like Bentinck he consolidated it. Not one of his brilliant predecessors achieved what Lord Canning achieved. Many of them were greater in war and greater still in peace. But the first Viceroy of the Queen in India, had a task before him unprecedented in the colonial history of any nation. Napier in a small way in Scinde what Lord Canning had to do on a gigantic scale in Hindoostan. His genius may well stand comparison with that of the illustrious Akbar. But he achieved equally great results under less favorable circumstances. The desert-born son of the fugitive Humayoon was an Emperor; Lord Canning was only a servant's servant. In addition to the work of conquest and of

Government, the harassing duty of explanation was accumulated on his hands. He could not move a regiment or confer an appointment without the full pressure of an annoying responsibility. Having perfected in Oude a grand fiscal revolution which raised his name to the talismanic reverence of an Indian saint, he had to write a lengthy reply to a reprimand. His moral convictions were so far in advance of contemporary ethics that even the English population of India, by courtesy the most moral amongst the heathens around them, could not appreciate readily his Roman honesty. It took them exactly four years and eight months to discover that Lord Canning possessed talent. During the whole of that period their Watch dogs barked furiously at the lion they could not approach. Before he laid down his office, he had the satisfaction however, of receiving a flaming address from the very gentlemen who had loudly prayed for his recall. The blessings of the native populations to whom he had acted as a father and protector at all times, were already on his head.

Such was the Governor General who steamed away from Baboo's Ghat on the evening of the 12th March 1862 amidst the cheers and the tears of assembled multitudes, in the full flush of health and with a magnificent future before him. If India grieved at the loss of one who had proved himself so worthy to rule, it rejoiced on the other hand at the presence in England of a friend whose mature judgment and intimate acquaintance with local politics, feelings and requirements would at all times offer Her Majesty's Government a true criterion by which to settle Indian questions.

The funeral pall alas ! covers the knowledge, the intelligence, and the statesmanship, from which India hoped to derive so rich a harvest. By the side of his illustrious father in Westminster Abbey lie the bones of John Earl Canning embalmed in the tears of his grateful country. His spirit resteth in heaven !

The princes and the people of India would have been disconsolate for the loss, if the successor of their smitten favorite had not given clear indications of the greatness and the ability expected from Her Majesty's Viceroy. Lord Elgin landed in Calcutta not altogether a stranger. He had brought rescue to the empire during the panic days. His name was constantly on the surface of England's colonial politics. He had won renown in Canada and struck terror into Peking. His fame as an administrator was not inferior to his fame as a diplomatist. In the case of the convict Rudd he proved that he had a will. Waylaid at Church by a phalanx of city politicians, he refused to betray his duty for a compliment. The country heard the tale and

village coteries settled the future of the new Viceroy in a satisfactory manner. Nor were they deceived. Up to this moment the Government of India has maintained the dignified position at which Lord Canning had left it. In addition, Lord Elgin's grace and accomplishments have made it popular.

The *personnel* of the Lieutenant Governorship of Bengal was also altered during the past year. The honorable Mr. Grant after having completed the ruin of Indigo and the liberation of the Indian ryot retired from his high office amidst the blessings of the serfs to whom he had presented freedom. He may well repose from his toil after having rescued a nation from slavery. His was no ordinary task. Alone and unassisted by even the sympathies of his subordinates, in many cases actively thwarted by them, he achieved his duty in the face of the strongest opposition ever set up against a public man or public measures. Lampooned and mobbed by the Press and the Associations, bearded and abused in the Audience Chamber of the Governor General, logical Grant moved not a muscle nor betrayed the smallest symptom of pain or indecision, but poured his sledge hammer minutes upon disputants who tore their beards and gnashed their teeth in the impotent fury of utter defeat. His mantle has fallen upon worthy shoulders. The Hon'ble Mr. Beadon is a tried official. Not many years ago facetiously termed the maid of all work of Lord Dalhousie's Government, his versatile talents and indefatigable industry made him a valuable laborer in the commissions which marked the administration of that nobleman. Comparatively young in the service, his abilities raised him to the topmost place in it without a grumble from his seniors. At the close of the past year he had completed a tour through the Eastern districts which materially altered his politics. Before he undertook it he was half a colonist. He is now an Imperialist!

Next in importance to the changes in the Government are the changes in the constitution of that Government.

The Councils Act corrected a radical defect in the machinery of the local administration. By introducing the non-official element into official deliberations, the Government has satisfied the most ardent cravings of a progressive people. Though necessarily the measure has been protected at the outset by the most stringent safeguards against demagogism, it yet promises by habituating independent European and Native gentlemen of rank and status, to the task of administration to form the nucleus of an Indian Parliament. The federalization of the empire has been effected after years of persistent

agitation. In the Department of justice a root and branch reform has been successfully achieved. The High Court with its large powers and well selected *personnel* has afforded satisfaction to all classes of the community. The election to its bench of a native gentleman of eminent ability and virtue, who performed the duties of a pleader with the honesty and good conscience of a judge and, for his high argumentative powers, was known at school as the Phocion of his class, has added poetical lustre to an institution emphatically the empire of a blind deity.

There is scarcely anything new to tell of finance except that the Bank of Bengal has been transformed into a government Bank for the circulation of a government currency. We have closely imitated the English treasury even to the keeping of our accounts. The license Tax withdrawn, the Income Tax partially remitted and the tobacco Tax strangled, with the cash balances well supplied, the budget well scored, and Sir Charles Trevelyan, appointed financier to the Government of India, are gladsome tidings to a population not yet completely out of a fright. A permanent settlement conceded and the contract bill condemned have raised them to the fifth heaven of contentment. The war in America and the distress in Lancashire are the only black spots in the otherwise cheering record of the past year. Whilst the humiliation of Garibaldi and the flight of King Otho have disturbed the political serenity of Europe, there has been peace in India with the exception of the affrays in the Jynteah Hills. The Powder magazines exhibit heavy balances. May their need cease to exist!

The Bethune Female School.

[Reprinted from the Bengalee, January 13, 1863.]

An interesting correspondence between the Honorary Secretary to the Bethune Female School and the Secretary to the Government of Bengal has been published officially. The outside world has been admitted into the secrets of an institution hitherto guarded with rigorous jealousy from the public eye. It seemed as if the Committee was afraid to let in the light upon transactions marked by a singular absence of dash and even common ability. That the splendid school-house in Cornwallis Square, which is one of the architectural sights and models of Calcutta, should be permitted to uprear its Corinthian colonnades as a monument of native incapacity, is extremely to be regretted. It is to be regretted the more that they are indicative in a greater degree of native irresolution and insincerity than of native incapacity. The school is still a pariah school—a place which respectability endeavours to shun though it affects to encourage it. The papers before us disclose a scandalous tale. Calcutta with its population of ten millions sends to the Bethune School only 93 female children of the average age of five years and eight months who receive instruction up to an average age of only six years and eleven months. The course of instruction pursued is the most wretched that can be imagined. The students of an English ragged school are infinitely better provided with mental pabulum than those of the huge Indian sham on which 7,000 rupees are annually spent in the belief that the money is helping forward the cause of female education in the East. Our vexation is the greater that this result has been attained by a committee composed of the heads of native society presided over by the Lieutenant Governor of Bengal and served by a Secretary who is proudly pointed at as the most practical native reformer of the day. We admit that serious obstacles exist in the way of the gentlemen who have volunteered to lead the nation to the right path. Native society is not yet sufficiently blessed with male education to understand or appreciate the value of female enlightenment. There are still amongst us men, and their number far exceeds that of the better order, who indulge in the wildest fancies regarding the ruin to domestic peace involved in the elevation of the women of Bengal to the horrid position

of blue-stockings. It is not certainly their fault that they apprehend from the wholesale education and impregnation with independent ideas of the drudges who now cheerfully perform every menial office, consequences the most disastrous. The masses of the native population have not as yet arrived at that stage of piercing rationality which enables the philosopher to balance present evil by prospective good. To the majority of Hindoos education means only an enlargement of the capacity to earn money. The grey-headed patriarch sends his grandchild to school after much misgiving. The step is recommended only by the chance of the child's future facility to please his European employers. It is well and painfully known to the old man that the strange power is like a double-edged sword. If it leads to the creation of a fortune, it helps also to demolish the faith in the monkey gods and shrauds. The first consideration is too alluring to leave much judgment for the last. Besides, as hope is a more vivifying principle than fear, it is fondly believed that the paternal influence would swamp that of the school master, whilst the money drawn would be practically realised. This is the secret of the prosperity of the English schools for native boys. Unfortunately no such motive element sublies the theory of female education. In its case, the gloomy forebodings which disturb primarily the quiet bosom of lake Camarina, are not met by any one of the visions and inducements which serve to render male education popular in Bengal. In Hindoo society, the female, when she is not a drudge, is a state prisoner. She is rigidly debarred from Society in the sense in which Society is understood and relished by English ladies. She does not talk to half her husband's relatives, and not much even to her husband, in the majority of native houses. The veil is the habitual head-dress of the well-behaved Hindoo lady of youthful years. The more dull and bashful she is the greater is her value in the eyes of her friends. Smartness in conversation is a crime second only to that of the last offence in a woman. Under such a domestic system it is not surprising that education ceases to be a need. The Committee of the Bethune School has had to create a need—to galvanize the nation and impart motion to feelings and usages hitherto suffering from chronic paralysis. But their task was fully done for them by the English Schools. The credit of even the wretched success of the institution over which they preside would have been theirs, if they had attempted to break the prejudices of their countrymen by themselves breaking through them. Not one of the gentlemen, however, whose names are on the list before us, had the public spirit to set such an example. Three members of the Committee, we observe, belong to one of the oldest and most numerously provided families in Calcutta. We do not know whether the

Bethune School is used by them as an instrument of female education. We are convinced it is not. Possibly it encourages the Zenana system of which nobody is likely to hear anything. It is a convenient shield which educated native gentlemen of weak nerves find it of use in setting up against the scorn of their English friends. As far as we know, the Zenana system is a sham, which, without resulting in the intellectual improvement of the native ladies, results undoubtedly in making them excellent seamstresses. This however is not the end for which English philanthropists are striving. How far the Bethune Female School has operated to realise that end, it is not for us to say. The report before us furnishes a scandalous reply. Three-fourths of the girls who attend the school belong to the lowest caste. Hindoo society is not likely to benefit much by the wisdom acquired by them at the average age of six years and eleven months through gallery lessons on things imparted during an average period of one year and three months. If it is necessary to make the school aristocratic in order to draw to it the girlhood of the higher classes, it should be done. As it now continues to exist, it is a drag upon the state and a bye-word to the nation !

Mr. Murdoch on the Rent Question.

[Reprinted from the Bengalee, January 20, 1863.]

The rent question in Bengal has attained to that position of beautiful complication which encourages pamphlet-writing and throws society into the vortex of controversial literature. If such a question had arisen on the surface of English politics, the world would have been deluged with economical treatises calculated not a little to disturb the existing theories of rent and of agricultural wages and profits. In India, however, where the literary element is jealously kept down by a public mortally afraid of bores, it has given birth to only a law judgment, half a dozen newspaper articles not much distinguished by ability or thought and one pamphlet. The last, which is now before us, is a successful approach at the real bearings of the question it affects to grasp. It is addressed to the Governor General and is very calmly and impartially written. Mr. Murdoch commences with describing Bengal as the least contented of the Provinces under British rule in India. He traces the discontent to the growing intelligence and spirit of independence of the people, to the multiplication of the Courts of Justice and the smash of the lattial system. At first sight this undoubtedly looks like a paradox. The circumstances which ought to most tend to render a people contented and happy, have operated to make them sullen and dissatisfied. The theory of causation was nowhere placed in more hazardous predicament than in that created by Mr. Murdoch. Yet he is essentially correct in his statement. Bengal has progressed so remarkably and shot so far ahead of its neighbours that settlements and institutions which answer every purpose of social and economical existence in Madras, in Bombay and in the North Western Provinces, do not half meet the wants and the cravings of the people who with English luxuries have imbibed strong English ideas. The Bengalees, as a nation, are decidedly better gifted with the intellectual accessories which enable a people to appreciate and advantageously wield political power than the races which are faintly endeavouring to imitate them on a small scale. The peasantry of Bengal exhibited during the rough crisis of the Indigo revolt qualities which bring them under parallels of the most favorable comparison with the nationalities pre-eminent for political combination and endurance. They have proved their mettle in a manner which has extorted the admiration of their enemies. By a people less endowed

with reason the faculties which enable human beings to maintain the institutions of liberty are possessed in an imperfect degree or attended by accessories which lead to bloody revolutions. The Bengal ryots have attained freedom through purely constitutional means and have secured therefore the sympathies of enlightened men. They have risen in spite of a system which was intended to crush them. For this result they have to thank primarily the Government of Bengal and secondarily the Government of India. It has encouraged Mr. Murdoch to address the Governor General on the subject of their landed rights. That Bengal has prospered in spite of her landed system is a truth acknowledged by all not hopelessly committed to the Zemindarry interest. We are not inimical to that interest for reasons of an Imperial nature. But we certainly deprecate the doubtful position of the primitive titles of the soil. Had the Bengal ryot possessed a more recognised hold upon the fruits of his industry than he at present has, the commerce of the country would not have exhibited the snail pace increase deduced from the export returns. A landed aristocracy such as we now have is at all times a tower of strength to the government and a rallying point of civilization. But the lower members of the body-politic should be contented and comfortable in order to free us from chartism. The Rent law of 1859 has achieved a great deal in the way of elevating a class previously subjected to the worst indignities. But it leaves the prospects of a considerable and most important portion of the rural population open to the action of ruinous verdicts. The recent decision of the Chief Justice of the High Court in regard to the position of occupancy ryots has spread consternation into districts which had only just settled down from a terrible excitement. Mr. Murdoch's pamphlet comes opportunely to the help of the unfortunate men whom even the benevolent framers of Act X have not been able to protect from grinding oppression. If the principle of the permanent settlement be admitted to be correct, there is hardly any excuse left for depriving the industrious poor of its benefit whilst the lazy non-resident proprietor of mismanaged acres is indulged with every facility for luxurious dissipation. The Government of India is emergently called upon to interfere in an affair which cannot be satisfactorily settled through the law Courts. The permanent settlement can be respected only when the interests of large bodies of subjects entitled to a definite recognition of their *status* do not class with those of the Zemindars. No Government can ever be permanently pledged to a wrong. We trust the intelligent Bengal ryot will find relief at the hands of his rulers.

The Civil Service Bureaucracy.

[Reprinted from the *Bengalee*, January 27, 1863.]

The *Bombay Saturday Review* and the *Times of India* are at deadly issue on the question whether the time has not arrived for consigning the Indian Civil Service to the tomb of the Capulets. The question has been raised more than once during the last quarter of a century. Still the Indian Civil Service cracks its fingers in the face of its enemies and defies their malice and their philippics. It owes its triumph however to a cause not easily intelligible to those whose business it is to denounce a bureaucracy. It is not that the Indian Civil Service is immaculate or highly educated, or above incapacity. On the contrary it inherits fully the vices of a human corporation. The Indian Civil Servant is proud and unbending, at times foolish and often hopelessly sold to subaltern direction. Yet he personifies a vigorous prestige, belongs to a clan and represents traditions which are essential to the government of a people like that of India. The Hindoo and Mahomedan populations are singular in their love for aristocratic institutions. They cannot bear parvenues. From the genuine Lord they can take insult without murmuring; from the Lord in borrowed dignity they cannot even accept benefits. Perhaps this is an unnatural state of feeling. In their case nevertheless it is a habit confirmed into second nature. The born Civil Servant with all his imperfections cannot descend to meanness. The improvised Civil Servant must by the terms of his promotion be mean and mischievous. We speak of the Civil Service as a body when we say, that it cannot perpetrate an intentional wrong. The Civilian, risen from the ranks, has many slights and injuries to revenge. The natives of India understand fully their position under a class of recognised aristocrats. They have merely transferred their reverence from the Omrah of the Mogul Court to the Omrah of the British administration. Essentially dynastic in their sympathies, they can ill appreciate a sovereign without a hereditary body of nobles to serve her. The Peerage of India is identical with the Civil Service. Living on the same magnificent scale as the native nobility, the Civilian readily enters into the class of recognised leaders. In addition to wealth, he wields power and his assimilation to the character of the feudal lord becomes complete. It will at all times be a dangerous experiment to replace such an institution by one

raggedly plebian. The new men will be viewed first with suspicion and finally with contempt. Not possessing the dignity and traditional eminence of a guild, they will necessarily be discovered in less time than would satisfy the end of an experiment. The competition Civilian though invested with the same advantages of authority and standing as his Haileybury brethren has not yet succeeded in attaining the same position of splendid glory. There are differences in the habits and modes of thought of the two classes which cannot be reduced by hard cramming. We merely state a fact without going to the odious length of a comparison. The old civilian is an honored resident of a wide district. The new civilian is feared, not loved, and therefore not much respected. An interloper in a service hitherto hereditary the natives of India who cannot dis sever honorable service from hereditary service, naturally regard with indifference the career of an ambitious student. The new race will undoubtedly work more satisfactorily at their desks and in their Courts but they will fail to impart tone to Indian society or mobility to Indian progress. They now form a middle rank in the estimation of the people, between covenanted and uncovenanted. They are *Chota Sahebs* in a country where every European ranges under that category. Drawn mainly from the classes which supply the bulk of Indigo and Tea planters, their politics and their creed are not unnaturally of the same tenor. Their oaths may protect us from wrong ; but they cannot actively benefit us. Nevertheless a competition civil service is a safer institution than a flat uncovenanted service. In the former there is hope that the stray elements will combine and form a tradition and a policy not much inferior to those which they have replaced. A few will undoubtedly rise to the height of a grand destiny and furnish models to the rest. All this is clearly possible. Above all, when native gentlemen of ancient lineage and cultivated minds are admitted into the hierarchy we can anticipate the worthy influences which the service will command and the good it will be the means of achieving. We are therefore anxious to preserve in tact an institution against which only the most senseless radicalism has anything at all to say under which India has prospered and which will be the means of still further enlarging her destiny.

Philosophy of Bengalee Opposition.

[Reprinted from the Bengalee, January 27, 1862.]

We, that is to say the intelligent, rightly informed, actively sentient representatives of Indian thought, opinion and combativeness, labor under a difficulty which interferes vitally with our belief of, and indignation at, the thousand and one petty tyrannies whose accounts are hourly conveyed to us by correspondents all singularly troubled with bile and nervous irritability. A great portion of these accounts, coming from all parts of the country, we are compelled to keep back from the want of that degree of legal evidence in their support which is necessary to shield the journalist from the consequences of the Libel Law as understood, interpreted and applied, more specially, by Sir Mordaunt Wells. Besides, Bengalee journalism has of late been so violently assailed and run down upon by a large portion of the English Press in India, and has been so persistently if not maliciously represented as the embodiment of insurrectionary anti-English, insolent native depravity, that we have need of all our ingenuity, tact and wide-awakeness to keep our columns free from matter in justification of which we cannot adduce conclusive proof. It is not that we are afraid of the thunders of contemporaries who, themselves abiding in brittle glass-houses, fling stones at their neighbours, or that it is not in our power to brave even the law of Sir Mordaunt Wells in the rigid execution of our public duty. But as it is a good plan to see the rather than to irritate, and to enforce assent under the shade of the olive branch, we do not deem ourselves called upon to ventilate *canards* for establishing a reputation for patriotism, or to announce that our mission is one of universal advocacy of everything Hindoo, even Hindoo coughing and Hindoo belching. As one of the national organs our sympathies lie undoubtedly on the side of our countrymen rather than in the opposite booth. But if we are patriotic, it is not our need to be uncharitable. In India there are two interests. There is firstly the government interest, which rightly employed is identical with the interests of justice and native interests—for the native communities of the Peninsula are, by the nature of their relationships with the ruling body, precluded from demanding any higher advantages than those conceded by the action of a strict, impartial justice—and secondly there is the non-official English interest, claiming special immunities

and considerations by right of conquest, superior intelligence, energy and power of combination. This gives birth to a condition of antagonism by no means unnatural. An antagonism of interests, between the weak and the strong, between the loud of voice and the low of voice, between the wolf who carries the fatal argument of teeth and of paw and the lamb who can only bleat, is admittedly a very hazardous one to the last party. Our position would have been so hazardous if the Government had been administered by an Austrian General instead of by an English Peer. Fortunately we are at one with the ruling authorities, and our antagonism is productive of benefit to them as well as to us. It is injurious only to the interest which assumes that India is a family preserve to the fifth-rate men of England—not even of the classes which supply the Civil Service—which claims the privilege of obtaining land under conditions only slightly removed from those of an absolute gift, which clamours for a contract law calculated to enslave the native population, and demands impunity from the criminal jurisdiction of the established courts of the country. It will be seen, that in the face of these excessive arrogations, the native press has scarcely any other course open to it save that of unmitigated opposition. It is not that we do not perceive the indecency and questionable taste of invading English opinion in India on every class of subjects ; it is not that we sincerely regret our stern relationships with a section of British Indian society from whom the country, if it has suffered much, has gained more. But our position is one of necessity and not of choice. We have really been forced to it by circumstances quite beyond our control. If the English Press will persist in damning us on every plea and pretext, we do not well see how the native press can fawn upon and flatter it without losing self-respect and betraying the interest committed to its care. Many of the questions which arise to the surface of Indian politics we can agree with our English friends. But the estrangement maintained by them attaches to such questions foreign considerations which materially alter their bearings. In the case for instance of the murderer Rudd, what could have been more agreeable to our feelings and our judgment than to join the English community in their prayer for the mitigation of the awful sentence passed on the criminal. But the Anglo-Indian Press has so persistently done battle for the cause of Anglo Saxon impunity that it became impossible for us to pander to even the semblance of a right to treat killing as no murder. In pursuing our policy we were guilty of demanding blood ; but on the heads of our opponents lies its onus !

Taking sights at Justice.

[Reprinted from the Bengalee, February 3, 1893.]

Denis Hely, the rioter, the arraigned murderer, the fugitive, the prisoner, is now again a gentleman. Nor even an Irish man was subjected to such varied phases of fortune. The Tipperary bravo is at all times a hero. Look at the man Hayes ! What a demigod he is in the bogs ! Even English detectives have failed to bag him, the murderer of a sneaking bailiff. But Denis Hely denounced, pursued, dogged to the wilds of Assam, a price set upon his head, bagged, safely lodged in prison, and produced before Judge and Jury, returns to the bosom of society an honorable man, *un homme celebre*, a lion ! Every eye is turned upon the young Irishman as he enters the theatre or the ballroom ; he has created sympathy and friends, has risen to one species of distinction, and we should not be surprised if he next carried off an heiress instead of dull flesh. The trial lasted three days during which the Jury was regularly locked up. Awful logic ! The logic of Spence's stale meat and washy beer would unsettle the convictions of better men than the men who ordinarily compose a Jury. The Judge was duly informed of the shortcomings of the cuisine and of the comfits. The Judge could only yawn and exchange sympathy. The Jurors could bear the trial, their trial, no longer. The foreman was a brave man, a man not daunted by the gowns and the maces. Who could stand another day's stale meat and washy beer, aggravated by another long speech from the bar and a longer discourse from the bench ? Seizing opportunity by the forelock, the foreman of the Jury interrupted the proceedings by a singular request. The case for the prosecution had been closed. The enemies of Denis Hely had done their best or rather their worst to procure his conviction. A mass of evidence had been arrayed against the European who was and could be no other than the Superintendent of the Morellgunge Estates. All the witnesses were singularly unanimous in their descriptions of the dress and appearance of the man. Two native females who had been forcibly abducted by him and carried away in the same boat with him, one of them only just reduced through his means to the blasting condition of a widow, had discovered through even their tears and their fright that the fiend who had directed the operations of the murderous

gang was a European. The nephew of the murdered man swore to the identity of the person whose rifle had sent his uncle to his grave. The police burkundaues who were too weak to prevent the outrage—we cannot call it an affray which in the guns of a treacherous night party were at work against unarmed men, hastily roused from their slumbers—but who did not run away from the scene of strife, swore to the same fact. In fine all that human evidence could advance and prove in regard to the guilt and identity of the prisoner was tendered. The prisoner had himself furnished a *prima facie* argument against his innocence by refusing to give his name to the Deputy Magistrate who had proceeded to investigate the case and by flying from justice to a locality where he had evidently no other object save that of escape and concealment. What could more strongly sustain a prosecution for felony than these. One side of the question was therefore before the Jury in a light on which darkness could by no possibility fall except by default of the indictment. The other side the Jury did not require. That body had already formed their opinion without the prisoner's defence or even the charge of the presiding Judge. In a most important case demanding a rare discrimination of evidence taken fourteen months after the perpetration of the deed of violence, from ryots who could not write and from women who never before had stepped beyond the enclosure of the Zenana, jurors put in their verdict without any instructions from the Judge. Of course Cossitollah is above legal or logical inspiration. Cossitollah has learnt to write addresses to officials and petitions to Parliament, to spout eloquence in the Dalhousie Institute and march in uniform from the Town Hall to Park Street. All this Cossitollah can do and it was therefore unnecessary for it to await the conclusion of the trial *secundum artem*. In the case under notice perhaps it was not to blame. The men who framed the indictment had over-shot themselves. If Denis Hely had been tried for affray and arson instead of for murder he could not have left the dock with flying colors. It is difficult at all times to catch the murderer red-handed. It was difficult to prove Hely a murderer in the midst of a volley of musquetry in the grey twilight of a foggy morning. We wonder what could have led to his committal on so hazy a charge. A disastrous failure of justice is the result. The Advocate General must indeed have had a strange motive for pushing the prosecution on a count which he knew could not well stand under the peculiar circumstances of the case. The public might well demand to know why the most salient points of the prosecution were left out of the indictment. It is manifest that Denis Hely was not only present but actively assisted in the attack on the ryots of Baraikally. The

awful nature of that attack, with bullets whizzing about the ears of men who, from the manner in which they caught their death, were evidently ignorant of the dreadful character of the missiles, leaves little doubt upon the mind that it could have been planned and perpetrated except by a European. Bengalees are yet too mortally afraid of death and of the sight of death, to use gunpowder in their little differences with each other. The deadly musquet is a pure European instrument and not even trained Sepoys can use it effectively without vigilant European superintendence. The mutiny of the Bengal Army very satisfactorily illustrated this fact. It is useless therefore to urge that the murderers of Rohimollah and his relatives were not headed by a *sahib*. The evidence internal and external is too strong against such a conclusion to make it acceptable. And yet this murder-seeking European escapes punishment. One of his tools has swung from the gallows-tree! He was not tried by the High Court of Calcutta! We would beg the Hon'ble Mr. Eden to place the two trials in his note book to be used at the next Indigo Commission. He cannot at least be taunted with using facts which occurred before he was born! Honest men stare at each other and ask, what next? The strange humour of the Advocate General in framing a simple indictment for murder against Denis Hely, pressing the Jury to separate all other facts from this, and declare whether the gun of the prisoner sent the bullet which made the wife of Rohimoolah a widow, is suggestive of serious thoughts. The Jurors were required to do that which they could not conscientiously do, unless they could borrow the faith of Lieut. Jackson and endorse the verdict of an astrologer. They were too glad to decline doing that which they could not conscientiously do, and the prisoner left the felon's dock—an honorable man. We have nothing certainly to say to his good fortune; yet we denounce this novel mode of conducting trials for affray, arson and murder which placed at his service a very capacious loop-hole.

But the trial of Denis Hely will, we trust, not be without its good effect. The magnates of the metropolis not excepting the Governor General of India, have been treated to a chapter of Mofussil crime which throws into the shade the romance of ruffianism. If after the appalling disclosures made by the witnesses for the prosecution, of the condition of life and liberty within thirty miles of the boasted headquarters of British power, justice and civilisation, efficient remedies are not adopted for sustaining British prestige in every district of Bengal, we would be justified in making the most odious comparisons between British peace and Native anarchy. How much worse could indeed have been the condition of Oude before its annexation, than that of

Baraikally on the borders of the Morellgunge estate. And yet politicians were not wanting to look fierce and stand aghast at tales of murder and violence in the misgoverned districts of the ill-advised grandson of Nusseer Oodeen Hyder. We would beg the same honest gentlemen, if any of that pious band be still alive to look fierce and stand aghast a second time, for the benefit of the unfortunate subjects of the grand daughter of George III of England, exposed to murder, conflagration and captivity in the oldest district of British India. So shall their philanthropy rise superior to the suspicion of avarice and the charity exhibited towards an alien population, be made to terminate at least, if it did not by a distressing short-sightedness, commence—at home !

Mr. Wauchope in a hobble.

[Reprinted from the Bengalee February 10, 1863.]

The Small Cause Court appears to obtain no small amount of work from the zealous Commissioner of the Calcutta Police. Not long ago it compelled him to render damages to an Ayah on whose character papers he had put in offensive remarks. It now compels him to pay damages to a native Baboo whose property he had injured. The former outrage was committed in his private capacity. The latter was undertaken in the interest of his public duty. If Mr. Wauchope had filled a subordinate position, the public could have tolerated proceedings which were sure to be condemned by superior authority. The vigor of the Dacoity Commissioner, however, is a nuisance in Calcutta. It sets examples to inferiors who seldom miss an opportunity of enacting bye-plays in the servant's Hall. The whole of the Calcutta Police from the Deputy Superintendent to the Chowkidar of yesterday must needs imitate the tone and bearing of their chief to a degree scarcely agreeable to lieges possessing strong ideas of constitutional liberty. The little despotism in Wellington Square to which we pointedly alluded in a late issue was a bitter print of the excellent lessons on Police government which Mr. Wauchope gives to his myrmidons. We do not know whether the illegal and irritating bar to the admission of native gentlemen into the Square of health and exercise at a most convenient hour has been withdrawn. We should not be surprised if, under the guidance of an official who makes his will superior to law, the oppressive race policism is still triumphant. In the case of the native gentleman who has just taught the Police Commissioner a lesson, the scandalous use, or rather abuse of Police authority made, justifies the severest censures of the Press. The Baboo had obtained at a public auction from the Deputy Collector of the 24-Pergunnahs an ezarah (anglice, lease) of certain lands belonging to Government and adjoining the Esplanade. These lands belonged to the division of *Punchano gram* in the 24-Pergunnahs, and had been farmed out to the highest bidder under instructions from the Government of Bengal. The lessee had therefore a clear *prima facie* right to the property for which he had been paying into the treasury of the Collector a high rate of rent. It cannot be supposed that he was making a charitable present to the state to enable it to extinguish the deficit in its budget!

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Possibly Mr. Wauchope's police instincts attached some such meaning to the act. Not even the orders of the Government of Bengal could upset the will of the Commissioner of the Calcutta Police. The native gentleman was ordered to remove the huts and other erections which he had built upon his property by a certain date. Any nervous native gentleman not well informed on the subject of individual rights would have at once proceeded to do the bidding of such a formidable personage as the chief of all the Calcutta constables and Chowkidars. The meanest of the latter has the power to throw a peaceful neighbourhood into progressive fits of terror by simply presenting himself in a gloomy mysterious manner. Fancy, then, the position of a poor Bengalee brought face to face with the Fouché of Calcutta and charged with the atrocious crime of encroaching and squatting upon Government land. He would have been happy to lose all and everything to get rid of his terrible visitor, but the natural longing of the human mind for some measure of justice led him to an attorney. Calcutta overflows with law and legal advice, and it would have argued small brains in the Bengalee gentleman not to try at each gate for assistance before giving up a patent right. The Law, it appeared, was decidedly against Mr. Wauchope, whatever may have been the prestige of his *baton*, and the Commissioner of Police was by the beautiful action of English justice compelled to pay damages for the huts he had illegally and despotically removed from private ground. The conflict between the Revenue and the executive authorities in this case is simply disgraceful to the latter. The Deputy Collector of the Twenty-four pergunnahs who had granted the farm was entitled by official, if not individual, courtesy to a recognition of his authority on the part of the Calcutta Police, at least, *prima facie*. There is nothing upon the records of the case in the Small Cause Court to show that a reference had been made to that functionary by Mr. Wauchope touching the grounds on which the lease had been conferred upon the person whose rights he was about to invade. The Revenue officer was undoubtedly better acquainted with his duty than to give away lands over which he had no control. He at least possessed greater intelligence in such matters than the chief of the city *Kotwalli*. We can fancy why such a very simple preliminary was—not overlooked, but—wilfully neglected.

The Commissioner of Police was above corresponding with a native official. He deemed himself too omnipotent an authority in Calcutta and its Suburbs to bow to the necessity of writing superfluous letters. He carried out his will in the teeth of everybody else's, retaining his nine points against any odds. The verdict of the Judge of the Small

Cause Court has not unruffled him. He has claimed a new trial. We wonder what other evidence he will put in, after the proclamation of 1793 and the musty rusty unrecognised map of Calcutta of a still prior date. We hope it will not be a sunnud from the Great Mogul or an ancient law of an ancient King which Sir Charles Napier so despised. We will watch this new trial with much interest and let our readers know its issue.

Prince Golaum Mahomed's Ball.

[Reprinted from the Bengalee, February 10, 1863.]

If a printing press had been an Enfield Rifle and a newspaper leader a bullet, the Prince Golaum, the son of "Citizen Tippoo" and grandson of "Hyder the Freebooter," would, by this time, have been in his grave or at least undergoing the anxious scrutiny of a dozen good men and true assembled to declare the cause of his death. The ball entering right through his chest would have taken an upward course opening a passage through his skull and ascending the third heaven in quest of "Citizen Tippoo" or of his illustrious progenitor "Hyder the Freebooter." Within the memory of the oldest reader of news, such a superior flash of billingsgate as that thrown up in a beautiful jet by a morning contemporary distinguished by neither good sense nor feeling had not appeared in the horizon of Calcutta periodical or diurnal literature. The writer probably meant it as a stunner. He confidently expected to create by it a sensation in Government House and a howling in Russapagla. But Prince Golaum Mahomed being as immeasurably superior to, and above, the Editor of the *Englishman* as the Queen of Great Britain and Ireland was to the lunatic who fired at her Majesty from a crowd, the malicious light suffered inglorious eclipse, and the constituency so feelingly appealed to showed its want of sympathy for a man very accountably refused an invitation card to an entertainment not designed for fourth-rate men, by following the Governor General and the first Lady in the land to the princely residence of the grandson of Hyder Ali of Mysore. We do not deprecate the use or even parade of historical knowledge by persons who have to live by their wits. But we cannot repress a smile at contemptuous allusion to the antecedents of Princely families by men of only ordinary position in society. That Hyder Ali was a freebooter is certainly no disgrace to a grandson who inherits through his means a princely name. Neither is it dishonor to the founder of an empire that he attained power and prestige and dominion by means which it is not given to many to make the ladder to a grand destiny. Rome never needed any apology for Romulus, nor England for William the Usurper. It is only the unsuccessful freebooter who becomes a fit object for the gallows and wordly obloquy. Citizen Tippoo was perhaps a tyrant. So was also Henry VIII of England. It would be indeed hard if the

Editor of the *Englishman* refused joining a Ball in Government House because Lord Elgin was the Viceroy of a Queen whose great great somebody or nearer predecessor was a voluptuary. We can picture to ourselves the dismay of the Governor General if he should be so unreasonably and disastrously cut by the most influential leader of public opinion in India. But what cares Prince Golaum Mahomed for a politician whose success lies only in the department of Billingsgate. It is natural that the favorite of Sir Charles Wood should be assailed by the organs whose notes are everlastingly strung against the just Minister. It is natural also that the leading drum should omit no opportunity of roaring at a prince at whose good fortune it had sounded every little and great note at its disposal. Many expect that the grandson of Hyder Ali would punish his traducer through the medium of the High Court. He can certainly do so. But we much mistake the dignity of an oriental nobleman if he should condescend to notice in such a way an attack suggested by a full knowledge of impunity. The best reply to this malicious and maniacal tirade has been furnished by the presence of Lord Elgin at the Ball of the son of Citizen Tippoo and grandson of Hyder the Freebooter !

The Ward's Institute.

[Reprinted from the *Bengaloe*, March 3, 1863.]

This formidable hot-bed of lipping millionaires has been lately subjected to much scandal, official as well as anonymous, and we grieve to hear that the evidence of an eminent Civil Assistant Surgeon has been invoked in support of the blasphemy. The Ward's Institute owes its birth to one of those essentially English fits of morality which occasionally disturb the common sense of the first people in the world and reduce them to some measure of ridicule. In this country where the spectacle was until recently presented of a Christian Government administering the revenues of heathen pagodas, there is no amount of absurdity which does not mingle freely with the functions proper of a wide administration. No transaction of any importance can occur without the state putting in its little finger into the little pie. The State assumes the attributes of Providence and affects to be omniscient and omnipresent. Not content with taking under its broad wings the shattered fortunes of every intestate spendthrift, it dabbles also with the education and intellectual heritages of his heirs. In the discharge of this latter duty—we should more properly call it a function—it displays an obtuseness in regard to the real interests of the young gentleman whose destinies are so unceremoniously attempted to be modelled, which is exceedingly unfortunate. In the first place it is a cardinal mistake to allow young men or even boys of large expectations to congregate for any purpose, much less for the purpose of education. The natural result of the herding together of such persons in an exclusive school is the formation of the wildest habits of extravagance and the tendency to view with dismay the unaristocratic road to knowledge. The desire for amusement swallows up every other ambition and the easy character of the associations by which the young lads are surrounded oppose powerfully the teaching of the schoolmaster. The Wards' institution offers alluring company to many who but for such companionship would have gladly betaken themselves to study. One vicious inmate is naturally enabled to wield supreme authority over associates whom it is not difficult to delude with the conceit that vice is aristocratic. Those born to splendid fortunes are not bound to regard morality with the

instincts of the mob. It is their business of life to drain every pleasure. The curse on our first progenitor does not surely apply to heirs at law of enormous incomes. They enjoy Eden by right of birth and may taste fearlessly of any forbidden fruit. Such are the feelings which animate the little wards and it is not difficult to work upon them to their moral ruin. All the evils of public education are in their case intensified by the system which educates them separately from those born to laborious existence. The moral strength which these latter are compelled to put forth by the necessities of their position offers at all times a wholesome example to their more fortunate friends. It owes them into a fitting veneration for unaristocratic worth and insensibly operates in forming their characters on a satisfactory model. Witness the Peerage of England. What glory and stimulus does it not derive from the universities where the race of intellect is not confined to blood! The miller's son outstrips the descendant of the Plantagenets and carries the latter bound to his chariot wheels. He imposes law and fashion upon his school mates and drags the prestige into the transactions of after life. It is under such a system of intellectual republicanism that the British aristocracy has been wedded with the British commonalty, presenting a healthy nation to the world—strong, valiant, wise and intensely patriotic. The Ward's institution in Bengal fosters on the other hand conceits and weaknesses whose action upon Indian Society is positively injurious. No amount of dissipated folly to which the infant heir to a large fortune can be exposed in the bosom of his family and surrounded by those who possess a natural claim to his respect and obedience, can exceed that to which he may be led by young men of similar expectations with himself, under a system which provides apparently the feeblest checks to the growth and perfection of luxurious habits. Even if a venerable old gentleman with fatherly tendencies could be found to take charge of the young lads, instead of a dashing young man least fitted to excite affection or even respect, we question if the objections on the score of company could be balanced by any superior advantages of training or education. The result has shown that the spirit imbibed in the Ward's Institution is anything but soft and forbearing, and a few of the young wonders have even been snatched from their bereaved mothers by *delirium tremens*. It is not to be wondered at therefore that the second calamity to which the widow of rich Zemindar in Bengal can be subjected, is the loss of her child by the help of the Court of Wards. Anxious mothers accordingly move heaven and earth to avoid this additional stab and the relict of the Rajah of Degaputty is at present engaged in such an enterprise. The stricken lady is entitled to public sympathy if the report of Mr. Magistrate Alexander

be based upon fact. We are glad that the Government of Bengal has appointed honorary visitors to the Ward's Institution consisting of both native and European gentlemen, but the measure does not still afford sufficient protection against the evils to which we have adverted. It should be either more conservative or more radical.

The Cotton Fraud Bill in Bombay.

[Reprinted from the *Bengalee*, March 10, 1863.]

The rage for sharp legislation has travelled from Calcutta to Bombay. It is said that the Indian cholera first germinated in the swamps of Jessore, the district which gave birth also to the Indigo riots, the Coercion Act and the Contract Bills. Thence the malady spread over the whole peninsula establishing itself finally as the terror of Europe. Like the cholera the virus of ringing legislation supplied by Bengal has penetrated into the Western Presidency, where it threatens to devour the cotton trade and the honest and dishonest men engaged in it at one gigantic gulp. An attempt is being made to reduce that trade to exceptional legislation. Sharp and summary is the order in council, and we have a bill which for anti-villainousness may take its stand beside the Lord's prayer. If the world could be reclaimed from sin by means of the Indian Councils we would certainly have sung full chorus to the thousand and one beautiful legislative melodies which spring from official and non-official redeemers of men. But unhappily for this generation of the age of iron, vigorous law-making has a terrible result which annihilates not only the work latest done but also the work long done. If pure cotton be the object of the cotton fraud Bill which now agitates society in the Western Presidency, we humbly take leave to say that the end can be sooner and more satisfactorily gained out of council than in it. Instead of murdering logic in cold blood in the presence of Sir Bartle Frere who is too weak or too soft to prevent such felony, the friends of virgin cotton will better display their wisdom and consult their interest by combining with their whole moral and pecuniary weight to render bad cotton unsaleable. When dealers find it their interest to provide the best descriptions no human reason can exist why they should taint the market with articles of an inferior quality. Human nature, even Indian human nature, is not so monstrously depraved as to do evil for the sake of evil. The Bombay Cotton lords have only to pay handsomely for the real stuff to get the real stuff. But when they adhere to prices at which it is impossible to grow good cotton, much less sell it profitably, who is to blame if the margin be created by stones, wood and water? Having encouraged the necessity for adulteration they cannot now cry out for its

punishment. It is the old story of Indigo planting in Bengal transferred bodily into the Cotton market in Bombay; when the bargain does not pay, there must occur either a strike or a general run upon expedients for deceiving. The philosophy of the Cotton Fraud Bill is this, that dealers should export nothing save good cotton. It is a very worthy aim. We shall be glad to see it realised not only in regard to cotton but to every other transaction between man and man. But the legislator forgets that there are degrees of human happiness, that there exist classes which would be thankful for husks and leavings, that the rich man's abomination is the poor man's luxury. Under such an exceptional state of human affairs it would be barbarous to declare that fine gentleman should not wear false diamonds or sport gilt chains or that aged dowagers must not blaze out in all the perfections of paint, hairdressers, ringlets and dentist's teeth. It is easy to discover the shams, and society is none the loser for them. On the contrary we should say, it is infinitely the happier. In the same manner the least exercise of human wits can enable the buyer to ascertain the real character of his bargain and the law affords only a premium to oppression by siding with one party to the transaction. We do sincerely hope that the Infant Council of Bombay will not mark the opening of its career by such arrant folly as that involved in the Cotton Fraud Bill.

Mr. Laing's Pamphlet.

[Reprinted from the Bengalee, March 24, 1863.]

Mr. Samuel Laing has commenced to enlighten the English public upon Indian questions. We do not doubt his ability to do so. But we are seriously afraid for his inclination. His experience of Indian questions, as he himself admits, is neither long nor varied. But he has had the benefit of other people's experience. The English public will naturally ask those other people to write out their experiences, declining to accept them through a filter. Mr. Laing is great at figures. But neither India nor England is likely to get much out of the question of £. s. and d. He understands great principles. But it is not his cue to carry them to their legitimate, full grown latitudes. Thus for instance it is something to hear from a gentleman who omits no opportunity of parading before his readers his close intimate understanding and sympathy with Lord Canning, that the policy of Lord Dalhousie which like Aram's rod swallowed up every little principedom in Hindoostan which showed a full treasury or broad fertile plains, was essential to the happiness and prosperity of India. If the predicate is correct and well established, then the policy of Lord Canning which ratified the right of adoption and set the axe at the root of annexation, must be a vicious one and calculated to damage the peace and prosperity of India in the ratio in which the policy of Lord Dalhousie benefited that cause. But Mr. Laing who cannot commence an argument without whispering confidentially into the ears of all present that Lord Canning judged and fell like him, would run distracted if the heresy was imputed to him. Probably he did not see the full swing of his logic. Otherwise he would have started from its shadow upon the wall and screwed down his patriotic fire in favor of the *primus mobile* of the Indian mutinies. No Indian journalist blamed the Indian Government for including within the red line the empire of the Khalsa, for the very satisfactory reason that the Khalsa provoked a war the risk whereof rested on its head. The war would have ended either in victory or in defeat. It ended in the disastrous rout at Goojerat. The English Army which bivouaced upon a victory could do nothing better than permanently seize a conquest. But what defence has Mr. Laing to offer for the robbery of the jewels of the Ranee of Nagpur or the spoliation of Oude? We fancy, only the greater

morality principle, whose extended application would justify also the confiscation of the Estates of lazy Zemindars and their assignment with fixtures, arable lands, hamlets, wells etc. to the energetic Anglo-Saxon who would grow no end of cotton upon them, establish Sham Chand if not schools, make old England ring with colonial glory and realise Mr. Laing's ideal of princely nobles and independent gentry, inferior tenantry and peasant proprietors and village communities.

Mr. Laing's ideal of government for India is an independent arbitrary local executive with a Secretary of State discussing philosophy, not details, at the India House. If the Governors-General for India could be procured on indent from a patent manufactory in heaven, nothing would have pleased us more than to see Mr. Laing's ideal realised. But unfortunately Governors-General are human and a population of a hundred and thirty millions of British subjects may well demand to be provided with a safe guarantee against the possible infliction upon them of the tender mercies of a Hastings or a Dalhousie—men in whom the thirst of empire superseded and annihilated the traditional honor and honesty of the English Statesman. Mr. Laing whose strong mind beams through every paragraph of his able paper should have been the last to forget that grand principles are inseparably connected with details, that the person who endeavours to lay down principles without becoming primarily familiar with details, invariably lands upon absurdities—that the peculiar character of the English rule in India renders details of greater importance than principles, for the latter the masses of the population do not understand, the former they watch with the strictest jealousy. The conclusions of the Ex-Finance Minister for India on the subject of public opinion in this country are of the wildest description. We will lay them before our readers in our next issue with our own views on the subject.

Sir James Outram.

[Reprinted from the Bengalee, March 31, 1863.]

The electric wires have flashed to India the melancholy intelligence that Sir James Outram has ceased to exist. Another noble spirit has mingled with the Angels around Jehova's throne. Our best friends are being gathered to the tomb at a rate which should by human calculation drive us to despair. Unless the loss be replaced by similar men, men governed by the same holy spirit of justice and humanity and animated by the same divine sense of honor and social and political duty, the destiny of India will be sad indeed. In Sir James Outram the country has lost a friend tried in the crucible of great events. The dawn of his political career was signalised by virtues, the presence of which in the superior members of the Indian Government would have saved us from many a bloody war and destructive conquest. The youthful political Agent who opposed the shield of morality to the sword of rapine, chasing the Ameers on the plain of Meeanee, consistently ended his days by denouncing the mad feelings which at one time made the majority of Englishmen in India worship not God but Molloch. Unalarmed by the presence of danger, the Bayard of the East was the loudest in his advocacy of mercy when danger had passed away. The feeling of revenge must ever be characterised as a cowardly feeling, for it lays its foundations and rears its skeleton on a state of mind not easily separable from that which favors the worst flight and abandonment of duty in view of menacing danger. The two states are so closely linked to one another that it is impossible to recognise in them any but a cognate basis. The destroyer must be in too contemptible a fear for his neck to overcome the innate feeling of the human breast which makes a healthy man start with horror at the sight of a murdered corpse. All the usual considerations which prompt to brotherliness between man and man must remain suspended under the pressure of an absorbing alarm or the memory of an alarm in order to enable one to annihilate a prostrate foe. The highest courage sublimates the virtue of mercy as the rankest cowardice peeps through the mask of a terrible revenge. Under this analysis of the cry which deafened the country after the suppression of the Sepoy revolt, the chivalry of Sir James Outram is rendered conspicuous. As formidable in war as mild in peace the departed veteran, deservedly known as the Bayard of the

East, realised the ideal of a great Indian administrator. Ever guided by principle in his official acts, and spurning the teachings of passion, not for a day was the name of Outram mingled with the dark deeds, which reduce some portions of the history of British India to the level of the history of Pizarro's career in America. On the contrary his memorable pamphlet war with the conqueror of Scinde will go down to posterity as an honorable record of the political rectitude of an official surrounded by every temptation and example to sacrifice the moral sentiments to the luscious theory of dominion, expediency and national glory, but who spurned them. In the burning words of his reply to the address from his countrymen, "If to anything in myself I owe such success as I may have attained, it is mainly to this that throughout my career I have loved the people of India, regarded their country as my home and made their weal my first object," he made philanthropy the God of his policy. If the loss to the people of India by the death of Sir James Outram is great, the loss to the army in India by that melancholy event is greater. The soldier's friend in the widest sense of that term, his active mind incessantly watched the moral condition of the European Private, with a zeal and a benevolence which has borne fruit in a thousand practical ways. The Outram Institutes, in Fort William and Dum-Dum have stopped the work of the Judge Advocate General in the two stations. They have weaned the soldier from the arrack shop, given him rational occupation for the day and ennobling food for meditation at night, opened to him a page in existence far different from that besmeared with blood and brandy in the Regimental Bazar. In fine, acting upon the finest sensibilities of the human mind, the illustrious hero whose death has spread a gloom over England and over India, to whom living a grateful country accorded the highest honors usually reserved only for the dead, sent the dove of peace into the arsenal of war, to elevate the soldier from the block of the butcher to the pedestal of the Patriot. May his soul rest in peace in the bosom of the God whom he never forgot in the Senate or in the battle-field.

Mr. Laing's Pamphlet again.

[Reprinted from the Bengalee, March 31, 1863.]

We have already shewn what are the delicious compounds of which Mr. Samuel Laing's idea of Indian good government is made up. After laying his broad Aryan shield over the reputation of Lord Dalhousie, after supporting as political and moral necessities, the political crimes and moral infatuations of the most unpopular, because the least principled, Governor General that ever came out to India, after contending for a system of Indian administration that would reduce control in England to a school of German philosophy, metaphysical, transcendental, powerless of action but overflowing with speculation, advice and blarney, he tells the English people with the authority of an Ex-Finance minister and the cool, calculating, undismayed conscience of a party writer that the non-official Englishman is a victim in India! That his poor plaintiff bleat as he is led out to execution, is drowned in the deafening noise of drum and cymbal collected by native public opinion; that the ruling classes almost invariably side with this insolent local uproar. It is an alarming fact certainly, and Manchester should lose no time in boarding the Prime Minister with this fresh indictment against his favorite gun in Victoria Square. But Mr. Laing with all the genius of a charlatan could not avoid the misfortune of falling into a palpable contradiction. We are in the first place furnished with the rationale of this official protection and endorsement of native public opinion. It was necessary for a vigorous pamphleteer who commenced his essay with antiquity and Arianism, with the science of language and evidences of physiology, to give a definite, tangible, easily understood, philosophico-political reason for the states predicted by him. If he had bluntly asserted that official opinion in India sympathised with native opinion; however true the fact, the thinkers for the English upper ten thousand would have refused to accept it. It was therefore incumbent upon one ambitious of the post of first authority and lecturer-in-chief on Indian questions, to find out or manufacture springs of action, to drag into light the hidden animus of national, sectional or official demonstrations, to, in fact, leave nothing to the thought, speculation or imagination of his readers, but supply them fully with the materials calculated to induce hero worship and procure him a wide place in their wildest admiration. We

have therefore a closely argued, beautifully reticulated, handsomely finished diagram of cause and effect, a genealogical tree of logic, ravishing to the eye, but alas ! frail and brittle to the touch. See how the least puff of wind sways it to and fro and scatters its golden leaves. Firstly there is a pitiable picture of the poor, prostrate, friendless population of India, whose very helplessness attracts the sympathy of the ruler, raises a fortification around them, constructs a political shibboleth of omnipotent power, and places them above the necessity of canvassing for public opinion. In the same breath, and before the rattle of the strong tongue has subsided, we are informed that native public opinion in India swamps by its volume and ferocious rush the light blue flag which waves over a remote factory emblematical of the weakness, isolation, want of sympathy, struggling existence—humble and fear-stricken—of the handful of Anglo-Saxons toiling to develop the resources of a barbarous, lying, deceitful, lazy, ungrateful country. Either the governing body in India is blessed with healthier powers of moral perception than have evidently been vouchsafed to the very disinterested lecturer on England's mission in the East, or the voice of the vast millions of India awes it into a silence and a slavery inconsistent with the root idea of British dominion in this country. But Mr. Laing fully understands the nature of the public opinion to which he sacrificed the Import duties ! to which he yet panders in England ; and for the propagation and prestige of which he has published his theory of England's Mission in the East ; the public opinion which persists in calling native gentlemen niggers, which systematically ignores or ridicules the native Press, which fills long broad columns with the filthiest libels against native princes and encircles the heads of the vilest European criminals with the crown of martyrdom ! We have not yet done with Mr. Laing, though our space compels us to leave him for the present to the dignified contempt of honorable, honest, anti-humbug thinkers on England's mission in the East !

The Agricultural Exhibitions in Bengal.

[Reprinted from the Bengalee, April 7, 1863.]

The late Lieutenant Governor of Bengal broke the bonds of the ryot and made him free. The present Lieutenant Governor of Bengal is earnestly at work to raise him to a higher platform and make him prosperous. The tendency of Government is now pro-ryotwarry. With half the population of the Agricultural districts bound up interleaved with the folios of the factory accounts, it was not possible to encourage agricultural excellence by exhibitions. The ryot could only exhibit Indigo—well stained with blood! It was beyond his power to produce anything else, even if half Belvedere were offered as a prize for the industry. The first difficulty had therefore to be cleared away; and the Indigo Commission effectually performed the preliminary work. The factory book-keeping was annihilated; and Indigo, marked with blood, disappeared from the commerce of the country. It has now become easy to apply to Bengal the means and machinery by which English Agriculture has been made to centuple in fifty years. Ground has been broken and the highest improvements may be soon expected to follow. The Lieutenant Governor has turned the sod and the country awaits with breathless anxiety the result of his experiment. January 1864 will witness the first Agricultural show yet instituted in Bengal. The Agricultural Society as the exponent of the interest which it is Mr. Beadon's wish to promote has been requested to aid the Government in the grand scheme. The President of that society, a distinguished Civil Servant holding one of the highest appointments connected with the fiscal administration of the country, a practical botanist of no mean ability, and remarkable for his philanthropic feelings and tendencies, has applied himself vigorously to the work.

A magnificent day is dawning upon the country. We already behold in the long distance a vision whose faintest reality will transform the rank paddy fields of Banglee into broad farms and smiling gardens. As yet we live only upon the bounty of nature;—not a hand is moved nor a spade thrust into the ground for stimulating the latent fertility of the land. It is impossible to estimate the amount of agricultural wealth which remains concealed from the lay eye. With

gravel pits and hard chalk for a soil, what has not science done to reward the labor of the British husbandman? The energy and toil which enabled an English agriculturist to raise turnips upon saw dust, would rear a gold mine on the warm mellow fields of Bengal. It is to be regretted that during a century of British occupation the Bengal ryot has learned only to grow Indigo at a heavy loss and sugar-cane at a nominal profit. English development with the exception of tea in the remote hills where the feet of civilised man treadeth not, is a term not clearly explicable by the export returns. British enterprise has caused the Soonderbuns to be cultivated, and increased the sum total of Indian produce. But has it improved the breed of vegetable or of animal production? The labors of Young and of Mechi have revolutionised the breeding capacities of the English farm-yards. But the science of adding one pound of growth to a bulb and ten pounds of flesh to cattle, is unknown in Bengal. We rejoice that the intelligent foresight and enthusiastic enterprise of the Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal have detected this ignorance and laid the foundation for such a knowledge. The growing population of the country and the progressive increase in the price of food render the knowledge a problem of Government. But a more serious duty must be performed before the full measure of prosperity anticipated from Agricultural Exhibitions and state encouragement of and rewards to Agricultural labor and enterprise, will be realised. The bulk of the agricultural classes are not rich resident Zemindars, but industrious, well to do under-tenants. Their rights, and agrarian status must be clearly defined by sound legislation instead of being left to the political economy of the Chief Justice of the High Court. The security of under tenures is the corner stone not only of the improvement of the soil of Bengal, but also of its civilisation. No ryot will multiply labor or invest capital for the benefit of the lazy lord of the manor. If the general prosperity of the country be the object of Mr. Beadon's Agricultural Exhibition and not a mere clap trap for catching the applause of the English public, then the primary and paralysing difficulty against agricultural improvement in Bengal must be removed.

Another knight in the lists against Sir Charles Wood.

[Reprinted from the Bengalee, April 7, 1863.]

In order that the East, or rather the city of Calcutta, may not easily forget that there was a merchant prince or princeling in it, latterly changed into an Indigo broker and to numerous other trades, callings and professions; who sat at the Indigo Commission and published a protest against the judgment of his colleagues at which even his friends stared and endeavoured to look patriotically and patronisingly, Mr. W. F. Fergusson has printed an enormous long letter in England addressed to Lord Stanley conveying his feeble tilt against the Indian minister who lately earned the sympathy, support and admiration not only of the million headed population of India but also of the respectable and intelligent sections of the nobility, clergy and laity of England. The letter is addressed to Lord Stanley in the light perhaps of an appeal to a bigger boy, once the chief of the play ground, but who has been superseded by a rival. It is doubtless fondly hoped that the Ex-Secretary for India will soon be in a position to avenge the wrongs of Mr. Fergusson and his party, and political sympathy is therefore being timeously created in his breast by those little arts against which Kings and statesmen are said not to be proof. We much mistake however the calibre of Lord Stanley's intellect if he can be caught by the chaff spread before him or if he can subscribe to any one item of the logic and facts embodied in the letter to him. Mr. Fergusson, too old an Indian not to understand the value of a good cry, begins his epistle with an essay on cotton in which is duly repeated every stale statistics, belief, fear and anticipation in regard to that staple; how the Yankees will stand after the war and how India will take up the ground of the Yankees. With true Anglo-Indian instinct also he indulges in a covert grumble at the extinction of slavery, makes political use of the clap trap about education, and falls savagely upon the moral nature and characteristics of the people of India. We have a distressing account of the various modes and methods in which good cotton is mixed with bad and then sold in the Bazar; Durrant, the eminent silk broker, is referred to for experiences regarding adulterations of silk; a horrifying picture is drawn of native manufactured Indigo, Lacdye and Sugar; even Crosse and Blackwell's labels, do not, it is made to appear, escape universal

fabrication and silver rupees a painful drilling with a needle, to satisfy the inordinate lust of the natives for gain by fraudulent means. The catalogue is wound up by the sage remark that "in fact, fraud seems to be natural and preferred and its detection is followed by no reprobation on the part of the native public, nor is any shame evinced by the actors." If a fraction of what Mr. Fergusson has conjured up were true as a normal condition, if the agriculturist and trading classes in India had pursued fraud as a rule and a system and honesty were with them only an exception or a police necessity, then there should apparently have been an end to all cotton and lac dye and sugar and linseed in India, and simultaneously with their smash, that of merchant princes and princelings and Indigo brokers and Association Secretaries and whitewashed dabblers in commercial politics. But India still continues to bear the pagoda tree from which only those gather Dead Sea apples who take refuge in the Insolvent Court as systematically as they accuse her sons of mixing good cotton with bad, forging Crosse and Blackwell's labels drilling holes in silver rupees with a needle, in order to get rich. The criminal native population have learnt, it is true, many tricks from the criminal European adventurer in the country. But it is scarcely honest in the master to denounce the pupil. Mr. Fergusson is convinced that "native judges rarely give a decision for damages or a loss by the failure of a contractor." How can they, when the failure occurs in the majority of cases from loss through the Insolvent Court? He also believes that a native "rather likes to be in jail!" Very satisfactory news to be sure to those who wish to invest money in the country. He raves in the usual strain about a contract law, dashes his head against Act X, has a dig at Sir William Dennison and concludes with certain modest propositions anent Waste lands, a contract law, a permanent settlement, redemption of the Land Revenue etc., etc., to all which our remark is, don't you wish you may get it!!

The British Indian Association on the Municipal Bill.

[Reprinted from the Bengalee, April 7, 1868.]

Natives are said to delight in pigstyes and filth. The British Indian Association which consists entirely of natives, must necessarily delight in pigstyes and filth. Pigstyes and filth are the great institutions which it is the aim of the new Municipal Bill to disturb and annihilate and the British Indian Association naturally puts forward its great, big, oily belly to stop the march of the broom and the basket, and render pigstyes and filth perpetual and perennial. Such is the burden of the cry with which the English Press has almost unanimously fallen upon the address of that important political body to the Legislative Council of Bengal on the subject of the Hon'ble Mr. Eden's Municipal Bill—assailing it with tooth and nail and discovering pandyism and “little learning” beneath the quiet surface of the mild constitutional appeal. We can tell the secret of the hulla bulloo. We can guess it with half an eye, clap our nose plump upon the scent, and drag forth the *hinc illæ lachrimæ* from which the tirades well up into the columns of the daily and weekly lecturers on the properties of native pigstyes and filth. The British Indian Association has perpetrated the heresy of suspecting the wisdom of an English majority. If the British Indian Association had done nothing else but that ; if it had sung chorus to every sentence in the Municipal Bill, if it had gulped the ten per cent. House Tax with a blessing, if it had supported enthusiastically all the schemes for making the Engineer of the Drainage Works a millionaire, if it had consented to the sale of Calcutta for the aggrandisement of the gentlemen who, it is notorious, are building splendid residences for themselves and their tenants with somebody's money, if it had drunk to dyspepsia the water from the pipes with which it is the intention of the Municipal Missionaries to destroy every vestige of caste in the Metropolis, and reduce the Hindoo to an ordinary human being, with a mouth to eat all that comes in its way and a stomach to digest things *au naturel* ; in fine if it had consented to every part and particle of the proposed Municipal Law, without taking off its eye from that suspicious item of European unofficial, independent, irresponsible majority looming in the distance as our possible sole Municipal Agency, still the British Indian Association would have been impertinent, pretentious

fat, oily and the patron general of pigstyes and filth. That single heresy would have sufficed to send the Association to Smithfield and subject it to a slow fire. It has presumed in the fulness of its political audacity to revive the ancient schism of equality between black and white—between Windsor Soap and Mustard Oil! Maddening claim! No wonder England and Hungary rave, rant, bray, kick the dust and are well nigh suffocated. We know one remedy for the fit. Try Holloway's Pills.

Poland.

[Reprinted from the Bengalee, April 14, 1863.]

That the tyrant in the end cuts his own throat is a retributive law seldom yet unfulfilled. The tyrant of all the Russias is just at present passing, in Poland, through such an interesting process. The throat of Russian despotism, under the patriot's knife in that once enslaved country, is not likely to escape dissection. All the vast resources of the Czar have failed to relieve it from its threatened danger ; and if England and France and Austria but do their duty, Poland will rise again to a bright political destiny. The fate of the country still trembles, however, in the balance. Though the insurrection has spread far and wide, though the national spirit, never broken, has been again thoroughly aroused, though the neck of the revolt still towers majestically over the Russian columns, and General Microslawski, the Garibaldi of Poland, has headed the patriots, still the utmost fears are entertained for the success of a movement for whose immediate and total suppression an overwhelming Russian Army is on the march. Czar Alexander tears his beard with anger and has commanded his Generals to trample out the rebellion in ten days at any cost. The Russian Army in the meantime is perpetrating the full amount of barbarous ruffianism. The castles of the Polish nobility have been invaded sacked without the plea even of resistance, and unarmed and aged men have been shot down, and bayoneted. Such of the wounded insurgents as fell into its hands have had their eyes put out and their fingers broken. These are atrocities which kindle the fire of sympathetic revenge in the breast even of the mild Hindoo, and shall Europe stand by and witness them perpetrated by a power whom so recently she humbled to the dust and stretched at the feet of the Ottoman ? If we have interpreted correctly the signs of the times, if there be any meaning in the deep execration with which the scandalous compact of Prussia to hunt down for Russia its brave rebel subjects has been received in every Court and every political coterie of civilized Europe, if the emphatic burst of indignation which rose tempestuously in the British Parliament when Mr. Hennessy appealed to the representatives of the British nation on behalf of a people struggling manfully against a tyranny which sought to render every home in

Poland desolate through the means of an odious conscription, can be taken as the sense of the first European nation from the Premier to the latest returned lisping Borough-man, then the Bear may shake his tusks and roll his eyes with all the fury of his savage nature—his victim is saved! Never was the British Parliament so unanimous in its enthusiasm against a tyrant as on the occasion alluded to. The most independent people in the world could understand and subjectively realise, by gauge and measure, the depth and bitterness of the affliction which drove Poland to arms, not at the instigation, as Mr. Disraeli said, of sentimental politicians luxuriously spending their time in the hotels of London or of Paris and “stimulating their unfortunate countrymen to fruitless insurrection and to useless revolt,” but by the sheer force and pressure of a despotism which had exceeded the bounds of the highest sustaining patience. Lord Palmerston relied upon the intelligence and benevolent feelings of an Emperor who had granted liberty to the serf, and was labouring to establish in his dominions a jurisprudence called from the most enlightened legislation of the world for an amelioration of the destiny of the Poles. He said :—

“Now I cannot conceive that a Sovereign gifted with the qualities which I believe are possessed by the Emperor of Russia should not see that, in the contest in which he is now unfortunately engaged with the Polish nation, military success would be a great and signal calamity. (Cheers). Why, what would be the effect of military success—what would be the result if, by the action of his troops, by the overpowering force of 100,000 men who have been sent to Poland, he were entirely to suppress and put down this extensive insurrection? Why, he would have a country in which the desert plains would be bathed in blood—in which would be nothing seen but the smoking ashes of ruined villages and towns. (Hear, hear). Is that an object which any Sovereign can wish to arrive at, and deem it an advantage to him to obtain a success of that kind? Sir, if the Emperor of Russia saw his own interest—and we give him credit for being an enlightened man—he would think the course best calculated for his own advantage—the course best adapted to secure the permanence of his own authority, as well as to promote the happiness of his people—would be to put an end to that revolt by an act of generous amnesty.”

The above embodies the policy which saved India to England. It falls with a crushing weight upon the chimera of those Indian statesmen whose credit it is to retain India by the sword. The first statesman in Europe, the leader of Britain's civilisation, the custodian of England's glory, derides the value of physical force as a

means of government. The maxim should be treasured up in every British breast, for the Nestor of the nation has uttered philosophy the neglect of which will lead to disaster. The apostles of brute force must gradually back out of their idolatry of the bayonet, the most dangerous as it is the most wicked of all idolatries. The incidents of the British insurrection are a lesson to other than Russian and Prussian Despots. The moral effect of England's public opinion is believed by the Prime Minister of Great Britain to be equal to an armed intervention. The nation may justly be proud of its position which can avert the stroke of tyranny by a frown. We fear however that the Emperor of Russia will yet require the cold steel for a moral text. Lord Palmerston is pledged to war, should advice and remonstrance fail.

The Cotton Fraud Bill.

[Reprinted from the Bengalee, April 14, 1863.]

The Council of Sir Bartle Frere is resolved to become famous. It persists in attracting attention in India and will not be long before it finds notice in England. Though its celebrity will be of a very questionable kind, it nevertheless shall escape the blight of namelessness. That is a sufficient inducement, perhaps to be up and doing—doing mischief rather than doing nothing. The gentlemen who compose Sir Bartle's Council, are too upright and conscientious in their notions of duty, firstly, to themselves, and secondly to the country, to eat silently the bread of ease. It is necessary for the cool repose of their souls that they should endeavour to make some return to their constituency for the credits of the Civil Paymaster. It matters little whether or not legislation is wanted. They want legislation. They are called upon to shew a given number of Acts for a given number of rupees per annum. The Acts and the rupees must be balanced in weight, whatever may be their relative value. The Acts may fall with a withering effect upon the industry of the country, breed a new calamity, upset commercial arrangements and traditions, upset even the ordinary laws of political and moral economy, spread doubt and consternation amongst classes not gifted with very clear perceptions of the philosophy or practice of laws or law making, and reduce an industrious and intelligent population to a fraudulent and lazy population ; still the Acts must bear a full numerical proportion to the rupees, or Sir Bartle Frere's Council will be unable to procure sleep. In principle, the Cotton Fraud Bill is as unobjectionable as any other Bill for suppressing lying or cheating, or robbing or garotting. It is not difficult to convince any body that society is in need of stringent legislation for the protection of the simple against the fraudulent, the honest against the dishonest, the fool against the knave. It is decidedly a very generous aim and object ; and as regards the governing element, a very necessary and imperative aim and object. When society consented to give up individual will and action to the management and safe keeping of a constituted recognised body, it certainly believed that that recognised body would protect it from fraud and lying and robbery and garotting, in the same, or rather, in a more efficient manner than its members could protect themselves by the exercise of individual wits, power and

foresight. This is the fundamental or root condition of the compact under which governments were created and endowed with authority and strength. To fulfil the compact, governments must be individualised and must act with the feelings and instincts of single men, so that no single member of the commonwealth may complain that his peculiar rights and wants have remained unprotected or been overlooked. The dealer in rice and the exporter of jute have as much occasion for the earnest, unselfish solicitude of the state for the supply of genuine bales, as the exporter of cotton. If legislation be specially contrived for the benefit of the latter, the former will have an undoubted right to demand similar protection. It is not convenient however to pass laws for the behoof of each one of the thousand trades and interests which compose the commerce and the wealth of a country, and the legislator therefore, confines himself to general laws leaving the trades and interests to rear their own peculiar safeguards. On this healthy principle the Cotton Fraud Bill is nothing less than an outrage upon private rights and the majority of the cotton merchants of Bombay have therefore very intelligently denounced it. In the face of this overwhelming opposition we cannot well see how Sir Bartle Frere can act any otherwise than by stopping the further progress of the Bill. The patronising smile of Manchester will be a wretched compensation for the wreck of popularity and the execration with which his act will be received in India. Since writing the above, news has been brought to Calcutta that the Bill has passed. We hope Lord Elgin will make a free use of his veto.

The Royal Marriage.

[Reprinted from the Bengalee, April 21, 1863.]

Sixty-eight years ago there was celebrated in England a royal marriage which ended in a prosecution. A Prince of Wales who had emptied the glass of pleasure and romped with every maid of honor in his mother's court, was to be experimented upon by a wife. The bride was a daughter of the aunt of the bridegroom, and such wedding comforts followed as may have been expected from the union of a son and a niece of George III. The page of history which records their loves, or rather their hatreds, is dark and gloomy. But we have shaded it completely under the blaze of a Royal marriage in 1863. The events of the 10th of March of this year may well restore to the old the fire of youth. Never in sober England was such a day witnessed as marked the union of Albert Edward with the Princess Alexandra of Denmark. Though a royal wedding, contracted and held under sanction of Parliament, a love match under the village elm could not be happier. One week before the festival the English people lost all heart for business. Lord and liegeman were bent upon one grand idea—how to render the wedding the most splendid work of civilised gaiety. The highest resources of the English brain and of the English purse were taxed to give the Princess of Wales such a reception as would exceed the most gorgeous passages of ancient pageantry. We have read of the splendid turnout in the “field of the cloth of gold,” at which a despot of France and a despot of England exchanged visits. But the splendour of London on the 10th of March eclipsed the memory of that brilliant meeting by the difference between English wealth and English taste in the 16th and the 19th centuries. It is not our intention, nor it is in our power to compress within the limits of this article a picture of the fete which made England mad for a season. As much money was spent during that interval as would have sufficed to build Calcutta. The cool calculating Hindoo will be surprised to hear that a hundred guineas were in some instances paid for a room over the streets to enable a gentleman and his family to witness the bridal procession at their ease. Ten thousand temporary balconies were erected and decorated as if by the wand of the magician for the convenience of anxious spectators afraid of being smothered in the folds of the great unwashed. London presented one mass of human bodies through which decent pedestrianism was impracticable, and in the streets, gentlemen in their carriages progressed at the rate of two miles in five

hours ! The illuminations did not leave the smallest handle for adverse criticism. They converted night into day as successfully as the fog had reversed the programme in the morning and afternoon. The enthusiasm of the nation had risen to that height which is attainable only by loyalty stimulated by the pressure of the festive feelings of the human mind. There was chivalry in the deafening cheer which rose madly into the air as the Prince kissed his bride in the presence of the vast multitudes assembled to witness the reception of the daughter of Denmark on the soil of Albion. The procession, was attended with all the pomp and the pageant of a military show. The muster of Volunteers was overwhelming. Upwards of ten thousand occupied Hyde Park, and contributed not a little to the press on all sides. The city Police unable to cope with the surging crowd quietly gave up their posts and fell into the ranks of the spectators. The result was a tremendous tramp in which ten or twelve unfortunate women and children were trodden to death and the very wheels of the Princess Alexandra's carriage were invaded by the mob for the purposes of a nearer and clearer view of England's future Queen. A boy, it is said, was jammed in between the spokes of one of these wheels and the Princess with her own fair hands assisted in releasing the urchin from his perilous situation. Such a cool humane act in the midst of a tremendous excitement called forth loud bursts of applause, and the following letters from the Queen and the Prince of Wales in regard to the unfortunate creatures who were trampled to death, have intensified the affection of vast regions of subjects towards a dynasty which loses no opportunity of exhibiting the kindest traits of humanity.

" MY DEAR LORD,

I am commanded by the Queen to express the great grief and concern with which Her Majesty has read the account in the newspapers of the lamented loss of life which occurred in the streets of the City on Tuesday night. The Queen desires that her sincere sympathy with the families of the sufferers should be made known, and it is Her Majesty's wish that an inquiry should be made into their circumstances. I have to request that your Lordship will be so good as to cause this inquiry to be made without delay, and that you will inform me of the result, in order that it may be submitted to Her Majesty.

I have the honor to be,

My dear Lord,

Your faithful servant,

G. GREY.

" *The Right Hon. the Lord MAYOR, M.P.*"

Osborne, March 16, 1863."

MY LORD,

I have received the command of the Prince of Wales to express to your Lordship the deep concern His Royal Highness has experienced on becoming acquainted with the afflicting circumstances and loss of life which occurred in the City on the night of the illuminations. His Royal Highness would be the last person in the country not to feel, as well as to evince by every means in his power sympathy on such an occasion, especially after the magnificent reception given to the Prince and Princess of Wales on their passage through the City, and the demonstrations of loyalty and affection which meet them on every side. It will be an alleviation to his Royal Highness's distress to contribute in any way towards relieving the distress of those who have suffered when rejoicing only was the object, and his Royal Highness would therefore feel obliged by any further information your Lordship would be good enough to furnish him with, through me, connected with the chief sufferers.

I have etc.,

"W. KNOLLYS, *Lieut.-General.*"

"*The Right Hon. the Lord MAYOR, M.P.*"

The Queen witnessed the marriage of her boy from the window of her pew dressed in deep mourning. We are proud to observe the name of Prince Duleep Sing amongst the distinguished members of the bridal party. Clad in the gorgeous costume of the East, resplendent with diamonds and pearls, the descendant of Runjeet Sing took his place amongst the magnates of the land with a dignity well befitting his royal lineage. His wedding gift to the Princess was graciously used by her in carrying a bouquet of orange flowers to the altar. The present consisted of the following :—

"A bouquet-holder of carved crystal, with pearls and corals introduced ; on the stem is a band of emeralds and diamonds, and a jewelled coronet ; the foot is formed of a ball of crystal with rubies and diamonds. By turning the ball the foot springs open into four supports, on each of which is a plume and cipher ; attached to the holder is a chain of gold and pearls, and a hoop ring of eight pearls. (LONDON AND RYDER)."

Each one of the Princes of India will we doubt not send a wedding gift to their future Emperor. The customs of the East so happily accord with this pleasing duty, that they need only to be informed that

their gifts will not be rejected, to enthusiastically set about preparing them. The most valuable of the presents of the Queen to her daughter-in-law consisted of oriental articles. What will be the expression of Bengalee loyalty ? The Baboos fed Brahmins and distributed largess to the poor yesterday in the name of the bridegroom and the bride. May power, virtue and happiness be their eternal lot !

The Epidemic.

[Reprinted from the Bengalee, April 21, 1883.]

The Epidemic commission has disclosed hideous details. By the utmost stretch of mournful fancy we could have scarcely realised the fearful amount of mortality that has actually occurred in the districts lately visited by the malarious fever. Whole villages have been depopulated by the terrible scourge, and the surviving few whose destiny it has been to burn and count the dead and weep over departed friends and relatives, move about more like the phantoms of humanity than its actual material representatives, so wasted and powerless have they become by the effects of the insidious poison over which their constitutions barely triumphed. Dr. Elliott reports that "out of a population of 1,93,951 no less than 38,713 have ceased to exist; and in the affected villages of Nuddea, 60 per cent. of the population have died." It is impossible to read their statistics without a silent tear stealing down our cheeks. The will of God has been done it is true; and mustering all the latent piety of our nature we can perhaps banish the desolation which the record of death spreads over our hearts, yet the sting of the unfulfilled responsibility rankles deeply, that no efforts were made by either the Government or the people of Bengal to stay the arm of fate or afford some measure of relief against a visitation which, an improved medical science tells us, was not altogether beyond remedy from man. For three years successively the fever made its appearance with the punctuality of the solar system, and yet governors and governed lay asleep at their posts, or simply stared at the monster as it stalked away from village to village with its long strings of human victims. At the fourth year of its invasion attention has been aroused. But the Government of Bengal apparently deems the duty of meeting the enemy in the field, hardly allied or german to its normal function of publishing bi-weekly lists of appointments and promotions and performing the regulated amount of foolscap work. If the Jynteas had burst the frontier, licked Colonel Dunsford and massacred ten thousand British subjects in the face of the authorities, a grand army would at once have been collected, enormous quantities of stores, military and commissariat, purchased without a thought for the budget, every military and medical talent concentrated upon the scene of war, and the telegraph wires worn into shreds by the constancy and the measure

of the orders and instructions for suppressing the revolt. But 38,000 men are silently carried off by a stroke of fever in three months, and the Bengal Government scarcely chooses to lose breath, considers its duties fulfilled by appointing a commission and is prepared to give away in charity only such an amount as may equal private subscriptions for carrying into effect the recommendations for the sanitation of devastated districts, but within the sober limit of Rs. 40,000 ! The Government could not trust itself to a wider margin. It was afraid lest the private charity of Bengal should reach a point at which it would be inconvenient to raise its public charity. It suspected that the occasion which demanded the contributions of the wealthy, being one calculated to excite the highest sympathies of the Hindoo mind, an enormous sum might be raised which it would be difficult to adopt as a criterion of state benevolence. We trust our countrymen will meet the crisis with their wonted liberality without reference to Government action. The interests of humanity demand an elevation above cold official calculations. We shall revert to Mr. Eden's letter to the British Indian Association, in our next issue, for we have a world of things to say to the issues raised in it.

The New Grievance.

[Reprinted from the Bengalee, April 28, 1863.]

Leaving it to the weather-wise to discover causes and devise remedies, we beg to announce, for the information of the authorities and the sympathy of all loyal subjects, that the inhabitants of Ariadaw, Duckinshore, Belghoria and other villages under the jurisdiction of Thanna Ariadaw, six miles north of Calcutta, and of Bhowanipur, Kallighat, Burrisa and other villages south of the metropolis, are compelled to forego the allurements and the renovation of sleep, after a hard day's toil at the desk, in the godown, or at the factory, for nights successively, owing to reasons which though exceedingly selfish and earth-earthly nevertheless by universal assent hold a paramount place in civilised minds. Though the idea of a man keeping anxious vigils for the protection of his gold be unromantic, mean and miserly, though it is associated with the worst pictures of ancient and modern poesy, though it is symbolical of all that is flat and unheroic in the human mind, still, in a country, in which an organised government exists and flourishes under the best models, in which individual action against wrong has long been superseded by state action, which has found respite from war and pillage and has strenuously for a century been engaged in perfecting the modes and the appliances for the realisation of the highest civil liberty and protection, honest citizens may be excused for entertaining a moral dread, amounting almost to a frenzy, for the gentlemen of the crow-bar and skeleton keys who infest civilised localities. If they deny themselves the comforts of a luxurious stretch on a pillow under the influence of a nervous palpitation of the heart induced by a too well founded apprehension of a burglarious visit to their cash box or their clothes press, their prudence must be venerated, whatever may be the nature of the feelings reserved for sleeping authorities whose existence is identified with a certain measure of security on behalf of a community heavily assessed to the Chowkedary tax. It is impossible however for honest men to maintain a prolonged piquet duty; and as the inhabitants of the villages we have named are seriously in want of sleep, we call upon the Magistrate of the 24-Pergunnahs to administer his bolus without further loss of time. Indeed the accounts that have reached

us are appalling. Half a dozen burglaries are nightly perpetrated in each one of these villages. In some instances resistance to the robbers has been attended with danger to life. In Ariadaw and the adjoining localities an impression has taken hold of the public mind that the Police is at the bottom of these outrages. Their audacity and their frequency have favored this impression, and the bearing of the native Darogah does not at all help to dispel it. Complaints are treated with derision. They are declared to arise from a popular phobia. The Darogah chooses to disbelieve a population, and maintains a revolting equanimity in the face of the most piteous solicitations for help. It is not his business perhaps to prevent burglaries. The work is not sufficiently dignified for a man who marches about at the head of a formidable gang of police chowkedars. It does not pay to catch a contemptible thief after a night's watching. It is not proper besides that the ease and the comfort of the chief police officer of a wide district should be disturbed and interfered with by a parcel of cowardly villagers who faint at the sight of a crow-bar. The fashionable reading of Government now-a-days is, that the subject should pay taxes and rates and supply his own police, conservancy, board of health and every requisite of civilised existence. The great energies of the state are concentrated on the budget, and Government officials must be left alone to find out their way through its intricate windings. Self Government is undoubtedly a blessing. But the victims of a heavy chowkedaree tax have some right to demand protection of life and property from the authorities during the hours appropriated to sleep. The responsibility is simple. The Magistrate has only to replace one set of public servant by another ; to substitute bees for drones. Whilst the Darogah of Bali, Baboo Kristo Chunder Dutt, an educated young man of the firmest principles has by his energy and strength of character erased burglary from the list of crimes within his range, the Darogah of Ariadah, Grish Chunder Bose, has contrived to render his jurisdiction the unsafest place within eight miles of Calcutta. We have been told on the best authority that forty daring burglaries were committed in it in fifteen days ! It is time that the Magistrate of the 24-Pergunnahs observes the difference.

A New Leaf.

[Reprinted from the *Bengalee*, May 6, 1863.]

This day the *Bengalee* completes the first year of its existence. To its friends and supporters are due the conventional distribution of thanks and the usual appeal for prolonged extension of favor, and patronage. Our anniversary is unmarked by a single sad retrospect, for our relationships with the public and all concerned have been of an earnest out-spoken exceedingly normal nature. Our budget is as safe as that of the Government of India and our future is as hopeful. We maintain a peace Establishment and war we are determined to avoid—though not at any cost. To be a power in the realm is our very natural ambition and a fighting man of twelve months' standing may be excused for deeming himself already a little hero. Not that we are insensible to the logic of optics, or that we do not feel the reality of our puny limbs, yet newspaper life and the history of the Fourth Estate furnishes such edifying instances of giants issuing ready made with sword and shield from the hand of some small printer, that it is impossible to throttle a just ambition or to tie oneself to a cwt. With continued steam from our friends we hope to achieve wonders during the next twelve months, and, in order that the shadow of an unlucky Tuesday evening may no longer mar our destiny, we appear from this day forward on the shoulders of a proud Saxon. *B. B. B.*

The Agricultural Prize List.

[Reprinted from the Bengalee, May 6, 1863.]

A revolution will be effected in the feelings, thoughts and aspirations of the Bengal agriculturist by the show of 1864. If the Prize List of that show, now before us, can furnish an idea of the immensity and variety of the results sought to be attained by it, we can already anticipate a magnificent accumulation of stock in Belvedere Park on the 18th January next. Up to this moment the bounty of nature had been trusted to supply food to the millions of Bengal who will not work except at the rate of five hours a day. Nothing of that hearty industry which has raised the peasantry of Great Britain, one and all, without hardly an exception, into the rank and dignity of scientific laborers familiar with every chemical and agricultural reason why, enlivens the soul or stimulates the hand of the Indian ryot; for the very simple, natural reason, that he can earn his bread cheaply—and afford to sleep soundly, during a long leisure. If his family grew fast about him and the demand for bread multiplied, he had only to bid his children go forth and procure bread; and the infant hands sowed the seed which sufficed to store the family rick with as much corn as was wanted. There do not exist the necessity and perpetual combat with nature which form the key to agricultural miracles; and no body deems it worth his while to produce monsters for the sake of popular admiration. The traditional aversion of the Hindoo to new fangled systems, and his steady content with existing comforts, raises an additional bar to progress, and modes of production have descended from father to son with the margins and inveteracy of a bigotry. To a population which regards with horror the idea of animal food, the contrivances for growing leviathan bulls or Arabian story birds, never occurred, and the country butcher was too poorly paid for his meat to go far out of the way of his block in order to exhibit dainties. All circumstances combined to shut up the horizon of industry, and the wants of the general body of the people being few and simple and unartificial, science was repelled by them as an unwelcome and dangerous intruder. Though the rust of ages cannot be cleaned at a single sitting, yet much of this antagonistic feeling we hope to see mellowed, if not destroyed, by the blaze of the forthcoming exhibition. That the Bengalee is intensely curious is a trait of national character which furnishes a cheering argument in favor of the hope that he is not passed all help of philosophy.

When the idea of an Indian Railway was first ventilated, croakers were not wanting to forebode disaster and ruin to the undertaking from the known habits of the native population and their traditional resistance to progress. Perhaps these were correct in their apprehensions, and the condition of native feeling justified indeed the worst speculations on the subject. But the snort of the iron horse drew crowds of eager spectators at every available point of sight-seeing. The vulgar curiosity soon sublimated into adventure and experiment, until Railway travelling became an intuition and a natural craving. Even Hindoo females, notoriously the most unapproachable priestesses of antiquity and custom, on whose heads rests three-fourths of the responsibility of existing states of Hindoo life, have issued from the bars and the bolts of the Zenana to patronise composite carriages. The history of native progress is unique in its main feature, and may be summed up into—resistance at the outset—curiosity at the second stage—and thorough adoption and amalgamation at the last. Those that are the first to cry out against the folly and impracticability of a change, fill exactly the same position in the list of the devoted advocates and friends of that change. The Hindoo is besides peculiarly imitative. No race in the world can go carefully and successfully work upon a model. The instinct of the national mind is to master new invention and in obedience to this constructive disposition and aspiration the highest approach to European learning and civilization has been effected. If only once the rich and the poor of Bengal can be fired by the ambition to be known as the owners of the finest bulls and poultry and manufacturing implements in the land, we cannot imagine the wildness of the spirit with which the game will be taken upon all sides. It will take the place of a new madness and supersede the pigmy name now attached to the winner of a bulbul match or the owner of the best fighting ram in a village.

We believe the Agricultural show and its collateral accessories will prepare the way for such a healthy spirit. It will afford a strange excitement to the rich already satiated with a long list of pleasures and by placing a substantial temptation in the way of the poor will call up a large amount of popular action. The Prizes for bulls, cows, goats, sheep and poultry are liberal amounting to a maximum of Rs. 100. Those for agricultural implements are higher. The Indian ryot may fairly expect to win the former. It will be a disgrace to the Indian Zemindar if with the means and the intelligence at his disposal he cannot successfully compete for the latter.

We believe it is the intention of the committee of the exhibition to translate the Prize list into the vernacular language and distribute

it largely amongst the agricultural classes. We would further suggest its placing itself in special correspondence with the great body of Zemindars in order to secure their active co-operation in the matter. If it is possible to prepare and distribute within the small space of time at the disposal of the committee, directions in popular Bengalee, embodying the recognised principles on which breeding and cultivation are conducted in England, we would earnestly recommend such a course in order to avoid disappointment. As matters now stand, we shall not be surprised to find the Exhibition a failure. It is now too late for the ryot to learn science and apply it to the production of the animals and things to be exhibited. And even supposing the time to be abundant, where are the brains to master principles without a guide? As the President of the committee is a distinguished Botanist and Naturalist we would request him not to grudge the toil that should transform the habits and the destiny of nation. Practical men may also be found in India by whose aid a brief and explicit set of directions may be drawn up for circulation amongst intending exhibitors. Without such a provision we cannot look forward with hope to the day on which the industry of Bengal will be upon its trial. So much depends upon the success of the first attempt in the way of emulation, interest and encouragement in regard to agriculture in Bengal that we cannot afford to trust to the fruit of a chance! The great body of native Zemindars is in a critical situation. For the stalls in Belvedere Park will practically demonstrate whether or not the Cornwallis settlement has operated as a blessing. No amount of money, enterprise or patriotism should be spared to render the Exhibition a glory instead of a shame!

The Value of Life in India.

[Reprinted from the *Bengalee*, May 13, 1863.]

A "diseased liver" is not the only road to heaven in this country. There are numerous other means and modes by which the same happy result may be attained. The latest invention in this line is a seat in a third class Railway carriage. Persons disgusted with life and persons ambitious of heaven have two excellent ways of death before them, either to throw themselves in the face of a Railway train or to wedge themselves into a third class Railway carriage. The latter was not hitherto as efficient a method of suicide as the former; but the increased profits of the Railway Company have induced its managers to extend their mercies to the holy and give them a free ticket to Elysium. It is certainly an advantage to the Hindoo pilgrim—there are thousands flocking daily to the Armenian Ghat of all classes and ages and sexes—to be whirled, first into the holy cities and next into the *surgo* of Indra or the *Boycunt* of Krishna—each according to his or her deserts, aspirations and acts—for a small amount. It is just the sort of denouement which can be conceived of a pilgrimage of twenty-four hours' duration. We are all sorely pressed for time. Time is the paramount talk of the day. Everything is wanted fast and in a hurry. We have in Calcutta a perpetual mail day. One can hardly address his neighbour in the streets without a steady eye upon the minute hand of his McCabe. He does not know when he may exceed his time. Work must be got through now a days in no time. Holidays have been most conveniently reduced to no time. Every one feels and believes and acts as if the avenging angel was ready with his port fire to blow away the earth from its axis and proclaim the "crack of doom." Even pilgrims, quiet, cool-plodding creatures, the beau ideals of sloth and misadventure, identified in the mind with the wand and the wallet resting easily under the banyan tree on the way side or munching dry pulse on a river bank, have suddenly attained activity mingling seriously with the stream of human life which keeps pouring on towards the Railway stations as towards mela or pagoda. The frenzy for Railway pilgrimage has attained dimensions which it is fearful to contemplate. Sex has given up shame and modest reserve for the madness of a week's rush through all the holy cities of Hindoo superstition. Age has abandoned the crutch and forgotten the gout and the asthma in the wild revelry of sacred peregrination. The Hindoo lady whose chaste face the sun never saw consents in the deep excitement of the hour to throw herself

in the way of a motley crowd of guards, chupprassies, and high, low and indifferent Railway travellers, for the pitiful satisfaction of pouring water on the cranium of Bisheshur at Benares and feeding the monkeys in Brindabun. Old infirm men and women whose strength is hardly equal to a descent from the second floor of a Bengalee dwelling house, whose complaints scarcely permit them to breathe freely the breath of life, who have long passed the stage at which running or leaping is an agreeable pastime or even a possible exercise, who can barely hobble from one room into another or make use of their arms except for very ordinary feats of eating and drinking, gird up their loins with fancied strength seeming to regain the nerve of youth—and carpet bag in hand and lota slung across the shoulder, march away blithely to the Railway Station. These are new conditions to which Railway superintendents and traffic managers brutally shut their eyes, which swell the weekly returns of passenger traffic at the same time that they magnify the statistics of fatal accidents. Not long ago two aged women were found dead in a third class carriage. It is not necessary to enquire minutely into the causes of death. The wonder has often occurred to us that the chapter of such accidents is not larger than it now is. The new element of mortality alluded to by us and the shocking manner in which the third class carriages are stuffed without regard to life, limb or decency, ought to render us more familiar with tales of the character mentioned above. The stevedore of a small merchantman bestows greater care and attention on the bales he thrusts into the hold than the Railway guard vouchsafes to the human live stock he is required to dispose of within the sort of space faintly paralleled by the elephant in a sack. We have often enjoyed the bewilderment of these small gentlemen as carriage after carriage became filled from the ceiling to the well and the candidates for accommodation still grew upon their hands. A dark frown joined each brow and as if determined not to be sold by the wicked law of impenetrability in went the gaping unfortunates slap dash plump between men's heads, noses and lean paunches, as fast as slap kick and substantial pressure could drive in supple Bengalee bones. Bang went the doors squeezing the little finger of a poor wretch and the great toe of another. The whistle drowns their sharp piercing cry of anguish, and when the train started what villain dared disturb its progress. In this respect it assumed as closely the character of the sleeping Subadar as the carriages did that of the famous black hole. Englishmen are taking terrible revenge for their first misfortune in Bengal. The horrid site in Tank square is reproduced every day in the East India Railway line and Serajoodowlah is cursed as a tyrant whilst we are bid to admire Christian mercy and charity!

The Municipal Act.

[Reprinted from the Bengalee, May 20, 1863.]

Slowly and silently this huge embryo has crept up to the Statute Book and usurped the topmost place in the roll of tremendous legislation. We can fully sympathise with the framers of the Act in their bewilderment and isolation on the question of a municipal fund capable of sustaining and satisfactorily working out the grand aims and immense results contemplated by them. We can appreciate and duly honor the necessity and the feelings which led to the proposal and violent support in Council of measures not exactly of an agreeable kind to any class of subjects. We are not blind to the ultimate ends of a policy which seeks to accomplish future good by means of present misery. No intelligent person in Bengal can regard with hostility provisions that should relieve the metropolis of British India from its unedifying cognomen of the "City of stinks." It is necessary, absolutely necessary for the preservation and safety of a vast urban population the tendency of which is now towards a steady expansion, that the sanitary arrangements of Calcutta should keep pace with its growing constriction and that science should be invoked as an aid to nature in carrying relief to men seriously incommoded by pressure on all sides, deprived even, in many cases, of the pure breath of heaven, and thrown upon their own straggling resources for maintaining existence on acqueduct water and an atmosphere of dead cats and black slime. These are evils and miseries of rate-payers subjected to enormous assessments. At any cost Calcutta must be rid of dirt and malaria, or Calcutta will soon rid itself of its population through dirt and malaria. To the far-sighted the urgency of the question of funds pleads a thorough excuse for the screws brought to bear upon it. It is notorious that land in the metropolis has attained a fictitious value and it is but fair that those who have helped to this result should sustain their share of its responsibility. The edict has gone forth and owners of property must accept despair with the best grace. It is the nemesis of their own reckless speculations. On the other hand the hardship of continuing to bear the charges of property on stock which does not yield profit, is of the nature which creates the most dangerous antagonism between wealth and authority. It is of that character which estranges the Government from the sympathy of that class of its subjects which is and should at all times be its tower of strength. A deadly feeling of animosity must

sublie the relationship between the ruler and the ruled when the latter justly considers himself to be the victim of a principle which treats property with severity. As a plain matter of fact the proprietors of Houses in Calcutta will suffer doubly from the new Law. Firstly the heavy budget of taxation to which the inhabitants of the city will be amenable, will drive a great portion of the poor population to the suburbs, thus reducing large numbers of tenanted houses to the forlorn condition of emptiness, and depriving their owners of the profits of their capital. In the second place they will be compelled to meet from alien resources the Municipal liens on these deserted buildings consigned to the centipede and to grandmother's ghosts. So that after depreciating the value of property the Municipal Board will exact a tax upon the damaged estates. It may be said that the better sanitary and civil arrangements of the town will induce large numbers of men to reside in it, and that an ever increasing population will at all times provide a brisk demand for house accommodation. This is possible. But the chances on the other side are equally strong and in addition, formidable. The Railway has thrown open country residences to an extent that must eventually tell upon residences in Calcutta. Already Barrackpore and Serampore and Chandernagore have attracted a respectable portion of Calcutta population, and the infant town on the Mutlah will draw off within a short time a not inconsiderable number of merchants, brokers and small tradesmen. The prospect of house-owners is therefore desperate, and the Municipal Act will add to their confusion by enforcing against them a cess which they will be compelled to meet, in very many instances, from other funds.

But if the position of House proprietors is trying, that of the owners of untenanted lands is horrifying. Fancy the *locus standi* of a proprietor of six biggahs of idle land to which tenants will not come, but for the supreme pleasure of owning which, he must dole out Rs. 480 a year—or the interest of Ten thousand rupees in Government securities. This is rich, in the literal sense of the word; and whilst the waste lands would be performing the functions of public squares, adding marvellously to the sanitation of the neighbouring *bustees*, their possessors would be suffering the penalty of wealth in an equally marvellous manner. Verily fortune is a crime!—and the truth of the Gospel ethics “it is easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter the gates of heaven,” is nowhere more impressively inculcated than in the provisions of the new Municipal Act. Its framers have determined to pursue riches with thunder and lightning. We shall soon see with what success.

The Loyal Addresses.

[Reprinted from the Bengalee, May 20, 1863]

Two months after the fair, the loyalty of Calcutta has found tongue. We are a heavy and frigid people and it requires no small amount of rubbing and striking and coal burning to knock a spark out of us. Undoubtedly we possess all the elements of madness, every germ of the feelings which reduced England to a vast Canaan during the eventful week which witnessed a Royal marriage unprecedented in the history of marriages in any country save India. We only wanted an opportunity of a vent. Towards the eldest hope of the most popular Queen in Great Britain, the heart of every loyal subject must yearn with that intensity of love and affection which the dynastic oriental can alone feel. The Empress of India has a peculiar hold on the affections of the natives of this country. Her virtues and her habits are those of a purely Indian Queen. By her wild inconsolable grief for the Prince to whom her destiny had been linked, she has identified herself in the eyes of the Hindoo to the Suttée who rushes madly into her husband's blazing pile. In the grandeur of her Royal constancy she is not unfrequently mistaken for a Hindoo heroine who has retired into the solitude of the Zenana to brood over the memory of a spouse whom the Gods have snatched away from her. Her domestic arrangements are also those of an Indian sovereign. The crown of England is surrounded by princes and princesses on whom the eye can rest with love and with hope. The Prince of Wales is the beau idéal of a native prince embellished with every virtue and accomplishment, passionately fond of the chase brave, generous, the father of the poor, and the friend of learning and art. The Royal marriage has besides, been celebrated according to Indian forms. Pomp and pageantry, decorations and illuminations are peculiar only to marriages in the East. The poorest man in Hindustan hears music on his wedding night. The rich shower gold on such occasions with sickening prodigality. The custom was followed with wonderful imitation in London and in every town in England on the 10th March 1863. It would seem as if the Hindoo had changed places with the English. Whilst the matter of fact, scene-despising Englishman was cutting summersaults in the air, and strewing pounds, shillings and pence in heaps on the streets of London, the impulsive, frivolous, show-enamoured sons of India were biting their thumbs and

reading leisurely the Overland Mail. The Loyalty Meeting of yesterday did not serve much to dispel their gloom. The Meeting notwithstanding the presidency of the leading members of Government, was more thinly attended than even a Town Hall concert. The speeches from the Lieutenant Governor, the Lord Bishop, Sir Charles Trevelyan, Sir Mordaunt Wells, and Mr. Seton-Karr, were right loyal and very excellent, and the Resolutions and Addresses, which we insert below, were well suited to the occasion. But it was not difficult to see the absence of a heart in the assembly, of that flow of soul and boistrous acclamation which we would have liked to witness at such a joyful gathering. We hope that the silence was the effect only of the outward frigidity of manners which we have gradually adopted from our English models, and that when action on one of the Resolutions will be needed, the loyal excitement will dispel all reserve from the cash chest. India which presented to the Crown of England the Koh-i-noor is expected to make an equally magnificent gift to her future Emperor and Empress !

Kumar Harendra Krishna's Lecture.

[Reprinted from the Bengalee June 3, 1863.]

Female Education in Bengal is scarcely a novel cry. We have been accustomed to hear it repeated from day to day, from year to year and from decade to decade in a manner which has disgusted many and filled with hope a small minority. The bellows are everlastingly at work but the fire is slow of rising. Despair has filled the minds of the impatient. But the breast of philosophy is animated by hope. There is a power in iteration, the mechanical as well as spiritual value of which is superior to that of irregular force. Step by step we are gaining ground never again to be lost. If twenty years ago a dreamer had predicted that a public school in Calcutta shall afford instruction to the female members of the first native houses, the mad house would have been recommended as a cure for his raving. Orthodox Bengal would have fainted at the idea and a more rigorous seclusion would have been ordained to prevent even the possibility of its being realised.

The facts of to-day have outstripped, however, the imagination of a buried era. We are no longer confined to dreaming of possible states but are fairly in the midst of them. Female education has ceased to supply the materials of pedantry to lads who would fain appear wiser than their fathers. The practical part of the question has commenced to exercise deep thought and command much feeling in men whose convictions do not generally rest on the bosom of the dictionary. The lecture before us is a beautiful illustration of our text. It is evidently not a Prize essay intended only for the capture of a gold medal. From first to last it breathes a spirit of quiet sincerity and unsensational earnestness which we would like to see reflected on the great body of educated Bengalees. It is not disfigured by the idle talk which passes for liberalism nor is it set forth by the scandal with which the members of the Bethune Society closed their Session of 1862-63. The lecturer traces the causes of Female degradation in India to two events. Firstly the Mahomedan conquest and secondly the spread of ignorance amongst the male population. He says :—

“The high state of civilization to which the Hindus at one period of their History had attained, the enormous progress made by them in the departments of art, science, philosophy and literature, their splendid social and municipal institutions, relics of which to this day ensure

and bind together a marvellous nationality—afford conclusive evidence of the brilliant condition of Female intellectualism which co-existed with this brilliant civilization. It is absurd to suppose that the men who took philosophy to pieces, broke and reconstructed it after the most subtle metaphysical modes and mysticisms, who created a magnificent rhetoric and composed a grammar which cannot be mastered in less than a quarter of a century, were content to bear the companionship of females possessing only the form of the speech of humanity—that they could stifle the natural desire of impregnating the beings dearest to them upon earth, with a ray of the light which burned so intensely in their own breasts and with which they irradiated not only their own age but centuries yet unborn—that they allowed the fairest work of creation, which supplied the poetry of their souls, to live on like beautiful exotics, ravishing to the eye but repelling or indifferent to the sense of smell.

As it is impossible to conceive such an abnormal commingling of the highest intelligence with the lowest civilization—such a junction between the philosophy and inspiration of man with the darkness and voidism of woman, it is manifest that the theory of female ignorance which we are now called upon to assail and demolish, is not only not supported by the precedent of the Shasters, but is opposed and antagonistic to rational belief and is disgraceful to our antecedents.”

Of the systems of female education now prevalent the lecturer speaks in rather a desponding tone. We dissent however from the main argument on that point. It is not so much a nicely drawn out, well arranged artistic plan of education that is needed for the Hindoo female, as plans suited to the peculiar requirements and habits of each locality and class. What may be useful and excellent for the metropolitan Bengalee Miss destined to adorn a Zenana drawing room, to command every luxury which money and educated taste can procure, betaking to art or to learning as a relief merely from the monotony of idle life, will scarcely suit the village maid whose career must of necessity be one continued round of domestic industry, divided between the kitchen and the dairy and a group of plump lively children for the maintenance of whose discipline a moderate police will not perhaps be superfluous. It is not a book education that is often needed, but such a healthy development of the nicer feelings and instincts of the female mind as would suffice to render its possessor intelligent and happy without aid from or dependence on the meretricious accessories which a heartless, a hollow and a wicked fashion has invented for the bane of female life in the East.

On the other hand we fully share the conviction of the lecturer that the natural tendency of native Society "the very necessity and natural gravitation of the case will force on a measure without which the future existence of the nation will be a blight and a curse." The admission coming from a quarter hitherto regarded as the centre of native orthodoxy must create an immense effect in the minds of a population admittedly the slave of custom and authoritative guidance ; if Kumar Harendra Krishna will only follow up the patriotic course he has adopted with the spirit and the intelligence with which his position and his talents combine to favor him, we have little doubt that the work of Hindoo female education so zealously commenced on all sides will obtain a force the result of which we cannot too sanguinely calculate.

The Calcutta Junior Magistracy.

[Reprinted from the Bengalee, June 3, 1863.]

A little bird has whispered into the ears of the *Englishman*, a contemplated official appointment which has completely taken away the appetite of our contemporary and sent him howling to his desk. Mr. Beadon, it is said, has conceived the extravagant and sinful idea of placing a native gentleman of the Mahomedan persuasion on the bench of the Police Court. This is news to be sure calculated to stir up the bowels of hate in certain minds and no stimulant is wanting from the great fountain of wisdom and morality in Hare Street to set its patrons in various positions of retching and groaning. It is frightful to place the very respectable body of European offenders in the metropolis under the law of a "nigger." The instincts of patriotism should have suggested to the Lieutenant Governor a manlier course, supposing him to be deficient even in the quantity and quality of brains which inspire the daily reveries of the Indian Jupiter *enfant*.

It perhaps goes against the conscience of civilised men to bow to the authority of a sable official. The champion of Magna Charta pouring the vials of his wrath on the Head of the Bengal Government for his fancied selection of a native Mahomedan for the Junior Magistracy of Calcutta, follows only the popular superstition about color. That superstition sits awkwardly enough on a race which ridicules the worship of stocks and stones, and pretends justly to leadership in philosophy and morals. It is true that anything in the columns of Jupiter *enfant* has long ceased to be regarded as public opinion, yet as no inconsiderable portion of the less enlightened and intensely selfish section of Anglo-Indian residents in the country persistently believe and act upon the conviction that a wide gulf divides them from even the best native gentlemen, the interests of good Government demand that these slighty conceits should be authoritatively humbled and that the subjects of Victoria in the East should be thoroughly amalgamated by not only the substance of law and justice but also by their form. The magnificent poetry of the conceit that no native of India has, as yet, attained the degree of excellence that should qualify him for the Junior Magistracy of Calcutta, is balanced by the pompous bravado that such a nomination against the feelings of Englishmen will lead

to disaster. The wisdom of the predicate is in marvellous keeping with the valor of the sequitur. The *Englishman* apparently writes without the help of an Education Report or even of an Administration Report. It is not astonishing that a dispenser of pabulum should endeavour to shape his reason and conception according to the mould of the classes for whose amusement, edification and confusion, we may safely add, his mills are at work. But it argues small reverence for the general intelligence of his readers to distort broad facts and ask them to lend easy credence to his statistics. There is a class of the civil population in whose eyes the highest position in the realm is that of the Police Magistrate. We can understand their awful regard of a post which is immediately connected with their ordinary destiny. A horror of the Executive is natural to men who have special reasons for avoiding Policemen. But we were not prepared to witness the same mob feeling in a contemporary who is of course a gentleman and has been legally declared to be an Englishman. What there is indeed in the Junior Magistracy of Calcutta which so hopelessly altogether unfits the class which has supplied the High Court with an efficient Justice and filled the Small Cause Courts in the country with the best Judges, for casting its hooks upon it, we are really unable to see. The native gentleman certainly lacks the voice and aristocratic beard of Mr. Roberts and is incapable of bullying respectable suitors, but those are scarcely recommendations for an office strictly judicial in its character, and where theatrical behaviour is an offence against taste and often against feeling. We sincerely hope if Mr. Beadon has actually made up his mind to restore to the native community an honourable prize, that no declamation of a hostile nature may deter him from his good purpose or prevent the extension of common justice to a section of the Queen's subjects which has already furnished a large staff of Honorary Magistrates.

Flunkeyism.

[Reprinted from the Bengalee, June 10, 1863.]

People generally are not well up to the various traits and peculiarities which combine to make up a flunky. The term is only partially understood by those who most frequently make use of it. It ordinarily means a man whose life is made up of bows and of grimaces, of humble petitions and singular coincidence with the humour of a patron. The flunky is as unmistakable a member of society as the leper. Though he is not universally shunned, his presence nevertheless creates a moral nausea which, only those accustomed to it, can resist. On every occasion his voice rises ringingly in hallelujah, not of Olympian Jove, but of some minor Jupiter or constellation of Jupiters to whom he has attached himself. This attachment is not quite platonic. It has decidedly a more substantial basis. It has a shifting metallic basis, which can be removed at will upon the shoulders from one door to another. For the flunky is no more satisfied with one idol than the Hindoo. He is grossly polytheistic, with this difference that his God of to-day is his devil of to-morrow. He has a singular capacity for exchanging reverence for hate. All depends upon the will of the higher divinity who supplies him with inspiration. Being unable to think or act for himself, a parasite by nature, by habit, and by the peculiar conditions of his tottering intellect, he suffers a disastrous fall by the severance of his leading strings. You observe the flunky in large assemblies busying himself about nothing, always at the elbow of some great idiot running about on his messages, picking up his handkerchief and omitting no opportunity of exhibiting a broad grin from ear to ear at the whispered wit of his patron. You find him occasionally in the carriages of the rich sitting on the smallest corner of the cushion, with one leg on the carriage step and another anywhere but in the well; looking the very picture of self satisfied discomfort, the ideal of the wrong man in the right place. His functions often extend to those of the house dog. There is plenty of barking and growling kept up by him at strange faces. If the faces happen to be more respectable than those of the masters he serves, the growling and barking become more deafening. The flunky is never at his ease until he has discharged every rough note in his black mouth and fancied that he has completely floored his man. It is a rare delight to be able to snarl at a Rajah.

Not that he would not prostrate himself before the sublime presence when the need arises. But if the malice pleases less aristocratic, though perhaps powerful idols, to-morrow yields precedent to the adulation of to-day. In such a case the flunky can be as good a hater as he is an abject worshipper. He has only to be pointed out his man, and honest Iago soon takes orders for him! He will cross his way, take sights at him! He will cross his way, take sights at him, grin at him with his white teeth, and put into motion the thousand and one annoyances by which the low know so well how to pester their betters. He of course has impunity; for no sane man will think twice of dirtying his fingers with the oil on the cheek of a wretch—and as to touching him with one's boots, shoe leather will recoil from *such* a skin. If the flunky happens to dabble in literature, the public is scandalised by hero worship one day and the grossest libel another. Butter and offal divide his taste, and it is difficult to say which of the two is relished most. Did not the image induce nausea we could have continued the picture for the edification of many. Nature however gently drops the curtain, and we leave flunkys and flunky's patrons in the market place to be dealt with according to their deserts.

Bengalee Politics.

[Reprinted from the Bengalee, June 17, 1863.]

The constant drop of Bengalee opposition has made a sensible hole in the politics of England. It has told impressively upon the political organs and created a stir in waters hitherto too large in volume and too rapid in flow to be disturbed by missiles from the valley of the Himalayas. The *Daily News*, the *London Review*, the *Telegraph* and other important outlets of the great, just, unselfish, intensely philosophical public opinion of Great Britain, have weighed and estimated the character and political value of the speeches delivered at the recent meeting of the native community in support of Sir Charles Wood, and pronounced prophetic verdicts on the question of native rights. They have rendered it impossible for any to deal with the natives of this country like other aborigines whom English enterprise encountered in the path of progress. If it was at any time faintly known in England that the Hindoos were a superior race possessing traditions and institutions which rendered them only perceptibly inferior to the custodians and pioneers of modern civilization, that dubious light has been strengthened by a ray which has completely removed the film from the eyes which could not before see, unlike a certain sect of Indian political rowdies and agitators, because they would not see, but because no pains had been taken to make them see. The Bengalee should now be convinced of his peculiar obligation to render himself better known to the population across the Channel than he hitherto was. His principal field of battle now, is London, not Calcutta. The disputes between him and the very red gentlemen who would fain oust him from every vantage ground in his own country, will be decided no longer by a cabal of Calcutta news-writers, under-writers and small speculators in yarns and Indigo. He has passed that stage in which even the knowledge in England of his existence was dependant upon the philanthropy of one Englishman or the hate of another. The honorable notice taken of the native demonstration in favor of a Minister whose strong sense of duty and conscientious support of grand principles in spite of a most vexatious and violent opposition, had created some evil feeling against him, has served two purposes. It has redeemed from calumny and unscrupulous misrepresentation the reputation of a statesman who was toiling, and defying popularity,

for the interests of millions of human beings whose destiny lay completely in his hands ; and it has encouraged a regenerated nation to transfer upon English ground the energies they were until recently accustomed to waste upon local quarrels. It ought to teach us the value of self reliance in political as in other matters ; for there cannot be the slightest doubt that the purely native character of the meeting, its speeches in unclassical, grammarless English, its address embodying similar proofs of unaided country manufacture, have made a deeper impression upon the English people than all the spruce, lawyer-inspired representations that marked the earlier epoch of Bengalee political agitation. It must not yet be forgotten that the occasion which, and the person who, formed the subject of the demonstration in the Hall of the British Indian Association of which such a flattering notice has been taken by the Press of England, materially helped to invest its proceedings with an English interest. The pride is certainly natural and laudable with which the promoters of the meeting and the country at large view its success with the intelligent public of Great Britain. But the influence of Sir Charles Wood has had a greater share in the creation of that success than it would be perhaps complimentary to some to admit. The coincidence has however placed us in the mouth of a current by taking prudent advantage of which we can over-reach local politicians. Having made an acquaintance with the English Press on terms agreeable and honorable alike to both, it will be our fault if we avoid nearer and more frequent intercourse. It is easy to keep up the fire by little attentions with the poker. But it will be difficult to re-light it if it be once suffered to flicker and fade away. The leaders of our community must contrive therefore to be constantly before the London public and in positions calculated to procure respect if not admiration. Their task has now only begun and the utmost energy will alone enable them to keep their ground. In order to advance, higher efforts must be made by the nation at large. We believe it is visibly preparing for such a course. India will too surely be regenerated in the British Parliament and the prophecy of the Bengal Civilian will thus be fulfilled in one way. She will be lost to England as a dependency by amalgamation !

The Waste Lands in Parliament.

[Reprinted from the Bengalee, June 24, 1893.]

The last arrow in the quiver of the Colonist has been spent, and it lighted harmlessly at the feet of Sir Charles Wood. The agitation and bluster and intimidation of nearly a twelve month have received a most inglorious *quietus*. They served to give the Secretary of State for India a good opportunity for thoroughly clearing the hornets which had long kept buzzing and beating about his ears in annoying, though impotent, clamour. Mr. Danby Seymour the member for Poole, who led the attack on the waste lands despatch in a style, which soon cleared the House of sensible men with the exception of those immediately wanted in the debate, was compelled to eat humble pie and unconditionally withdraw the motion so ostentatiously brought forward "that the occupation of waste lands in India by settlers, and a redemption of a portion of the Land Tax of India, were desirable objects, specially with a view of the present State of the Cotton industry in this country ; and that it was expedient that her Majesty's Government should take further steps to carry them out." He had in fact not a second course left to him. All the gentlemen who spoke, spoke in amazement of Lord Canning's Resolution, and it abundantly cropped out in the course of the Debate that the late Governor General of India adopted bodily, without a single amendment, the rules suggested to him by the Land-owners' Association—an institution never famous for the highest, or even the lowest wisdom. Lord Stanley on whom the opposition built its strongest hopes of victory, fraternised with the Secretary of State, as in fact he could not help doing, without seriously outraging his good sense and above all, his conscience. He said, "when he looked at the rules themselves as revised, he found that they agreed with those issued by Lord Canning in most respects, but they differed in some unimportant particulars." One of these unimportant particulars involved such a gross violation of the rights of Her Majesty's native subjects and was in such heavy breach of the established law of the land that his Lordship warmly supported the alteration made in it by Sir Charles Wood. His personal experience of Indian conditions enabled him to observe clearly the effect of the ruling in Lord Canning's Resolution under which a thirty day's adverse notice in a newspaper

sufficed to rob an honest proprietor of his broad acres and make over his title to a stranger. Though in opposition, Lord Stanley had not certainly abdicated his right to think; and his reputation as an enlightened and forward statesman was dearer to him than the victory of a party whose outrageous selfishness had detached from its banners all but the most unscrupulous public writers and tenth rate orators. As he was bound however to spout opposition logic, he prudently confined himself to a form instead of a principle. He could only condemn the Whig minister on account of delay in the preparation of his Land despatch, and this even he well knew could not be avoided under the existing tenure of Red Tape. Besides all culpability on this score he had himself removed by declaring that at least a twelve month prior to occupation should have been allowed in Lord Canning's Resolution as the term during which adverse claims would be entertained for enquiry and decision, and by further bearing testimony to the irregularity of the publication of a Resolution by the Indian Government on a vital question of Revenue, on which only a report had been called for by the Secretary of State, and not action ordered or desired. Lord Stanley manifestly groped about for a salient point of attack, not possessing either the ignorance or the credulity of Mr. Seymour to drive him upon a ridiculous argument. In his bewilderment he endeavoured to make what use he could of the stock complaint that a survey prior to a sale involved a heavy loss of time which the settler was ill prepared to incur. Sir Charles Wood soon stopped however all schism on that point by appealing to the common sense of his hearers and by detailing two instances in which gentlemen with grants in their pockets—one in Central India and another in Oude—wandered through plain and forest in search of their acres, which were certainly in the map, but which unfortunately no one could find for the very simple reason that they had never yet been seen or surveyed. On the question of Auction Sales he astonished even Mr. Seymour by stating that waste land in the Neilgherries had been sold at the rate of £8 an acre instead of 5 shillings—the maximum price in Lord Canning's thoughtless edict. Poor Mr. Fergusson, the Pamphleteer who was in such serious want of 40,000 acres of cotton land in Oude, must adopt some other profession than that of cotton grower, or cotton broker, for the Secretary of State sent a chill through his heart by declaring that there was no more land in that *el dorado*!

The debate has established two important points. It has convinced narrow speculators of the utter impossibility of interesting the British Parliament in local questions of race and of precedence, and it has proved satisfactorily to the people of India that the ascendancy of

Whig or Tory politics in England will in no way affect the just course of Indian administration. Whether Sir Charles Wood or Lord Stanley be in power the doom of selfish legislation is equally sealed. The Colonist will have justice from the same measure glass with the aborigines.

The Municipal Corporation.

[Reprinted from the Bengalee, July 1, 1863.]

This day Calcutta celebrates a coronation. It has buried without a tear a tyrant and is about to try its luck with a new sovereign and a council of magnates. Civic honors and privileges have soothed the citizen considerably and if hereafter we fail to obtain good roads or wholesome water or some relief from the numerous stinks which now invade us from all sides, we will at least have the satisfaction of feeling that we are our own physicians, apothecaries, undertakers and even sextons and that we die on the bed of honor and in full possession of our votes. This is a grand day to Honorary Magistrates, henceforth Lords not merely of Calcutta roads, ditches and stagnant pools of water, but conservators of the hundred thousand large and small privies with whose cleanness they will be daily and hourly engaged. It is certainly a grand destiny sufficient to make any miserable bit of humanity happy. The corporation has already discussed finance and a few stood well their ground on such a tempting bone of contention. We fancy a good harmless opposition has by this time been fairly organised and Calcutta Editors will soon be in possession of numerous broad hints and amusing episodes with which to prepare and agreeably sauce that very annoying thing "copy!" That is *our* gain and it is considerable enough to engage our love and warm affection in favor for the new regime.

Besides this visible personal advantage we have to thank the new Act for a more general good result. The personnel of the Municipal Board has been beneficially revised. Mr. Wauchope with the best intentions in his heart was too excessively over worked in the Police Department to be able to render much service to the Town conservancy. He could only rectify the abuses that lay directly in his way as Chief of the most efficient Police ever before organised in India. He could not possibly without detriment to his superior functions as a Peace Officer do more. If he could be relieved from work which from its character, importance and volume, is calculated to task the highest energy of the ablest official, he would undoubtedly have closely followed the mazes of the Calcutta drainage, with the same eminent success which has crowned his labors in a not altogether alien field.

He would have compelled repairs to the Calcutta highways and bye-ways with the decision and will which render him formidable to the Chowkeedar—and placed road overseers in a position of exceeding difficulty and distress—always supposing they continued to evince the devouring affection for smart buggies and grand horses by which many of them are now distinguished from ordinary Municipal Gods and little fishes. Whilst Mr. Wauchope had his hands thus completely occupied, his colleagues in the Municipal Commission lacked common ability. Everybody knows that the present Surveyor General of India lives upon the fame of his predecessors and it is not difficult to see that Dr. Palmer was intended by nature more as an ornament of the ring than an administrator of even Dhangur, coolies and conservancy bulls. The subordinate staff—was, if possible, worse and it will tax no small amount of labor and moral courage to get rid of the men who have almost attained the prescription of an incubus. We have confidence, however, in the ability of Mr. Schalch, the Chairman of the new Municipal Corporation to deal stringently with abuses. His antecedents are full of promise and his known affection for road-making renders him an extremely desirable chief for a Department in which macadamization would seem to have become extinct. Whilst Commissioner of the Nuddea Division, Mr. Schalch's fame as a revenue officer was subordinate to his reputation as a practical Road-maker and Engineer and the numerous Railway feeders and other public ways which have been the result of his administration attest his zeal for and earnest adherence to a principle which is exactly our need in Calcutta. If in one or two cases like those noticed by a morning contemporary he has appeared before the public at a disadvantage the fault has not been exclusively his. He was bound to the system of the Public Works Department in a manner scarcely less irksome to his energetic mind than it proved annoying to subjects tantalised by the prospect of roads which it took five years to metal. One feature in Mr. Schalch's character has operated to produce the complaint noticed against him. He is too quiet and good tempered to strike a wholesome terror into his subordinates. Mr. Smallwood, the Ferry Fund Engineer, for instance, has been tolerated by him under circumstances which a less compromising superior would not pass over without strong expressions of disapproval if nothing worse. The man's connection with Messrs. Colthurst and Co. would under another commission have procured his dismissal. But Mr. Smallwood is still in favor and we should not be surprised if one fine morning he was drafted into the Calcutta staff as a sort of Sub-Deputy Assistant to Mr. Clarke. The Chairman of the new Corporation must possess a will which he should make

opportunities for exhibiting. His position is one of exceeding difficulty. He is upon a rostrum and the eye of a most intelligent, censorious and hard-spoken public is constantly upon him. He cannot sneeze without drawing a volley of criticism upon the quality of his snuff. Situated in the centre of a society which has a ready tact of distinguished gold from tinsel, it will depend eminently upon the manner in which Mr. Schalch distributes patronage and rules his juniors whether he should become a favorite or a standing butt for abuse and ridicule. We believe he will succeed in obtaining the more honorable place, for he undoubtedly possesses sterling worth and the necessities of his position will soon arm him with the accessories to a just and rigid maintenance of discipline. Our trust in the efficacy of the change is guided by a surer feeling than the stock instinct of radicalism.

Sir Mordaunt Wells and Baby Conversion.

[Reprinted from the Bengalee, July 1, 1863,]

The High Court of Calcutta has at last laid down the true theory of the obligations of an infant to his parents and of the right of a father to direct the religious conduct of his son until a certain age. The Hindoo nation is indebted to the earnest, sound-hearted Sir Mordaunt Wells for his legal sanction to a doctrine which had already a universal moral sanction. Except in the eye of the violent apostle of conversion and of those on whom he exercises a blinding influence, the enormity of the offence of seducing the religious belief of an urchin and setting him in unnatural antagonism to those from whom he derived the blessing of life, is at all times painfully apparent. There is something so mean and cowardly and repulsive to honorable feeling in the act of paralysing the better and healthier instincts of the child by the insidious stories of heaven and hell—of gnashing spirits doomed to eternal misery from disbelief in a certain form of religious worship—that our regret at the success of these attempts to commit little boys to a faith which they must at a maturer age regard with indifference, is accompanied by no small measure of contempt for the agency by which the results are achieved and indignation at the connivance and active support of the Judges of the land of these acts of criminal intimidation. If it is contrary to every formula of reason and against rational experience that a young lad of 15 can attain that high mental development which enables a human being to dispose of satisfactorily the question of a future life and the conditions by which it is beset, it is opposed to common morality to view without irritation endeavours insidiously made under color of education to separate him from his natural protectors by a barrier which the custom of the country has rendered insuperable. In the case which elicited the remarkable judgment of Sir Mordaunt Wells in which the Juggurnauth of Serampore of course recognises stump oratory through his peculiar jaundice—the individual for whose release from the Free Church Mission House—the strength of the *Habeas Corpus* act, was invoked—had not only not attained his majority, but had failed to give any indication of that precocious growth of mind which could alone enable him to float upon the troubled waters of theology. The boy was not only not under the age at which Hindoo

boys are by the law of the country supposed to exercise rational individuality but he was eminently stupid. Not only was he incompetent to read the Bible with the intelligence which its severe morality demands of its peruser, but he was incapable of understanding his lessons in an ordinary text book of his class at school. It could not be impossible for any Missionary to see, at the first glance of the stranger who applied for the solemn rite of Christian baptism, that he was guided by an other motive save that of salvation in soliciting a separation from his parents. In fact the Revd. Mr. Ogilvie of the General Assembly's Institution to whom the lad had originally applied, refused to take him into the Mission House and sent him back to his home with excellent advice. The gentleman had once already burnt his fingers with such a protegee—and though the Christian sympathies of the Judge who tried him procured him victory, yet he well knew, both human and divine law was against him and it was unsafe always to build upon good luck and judicial bigotry.

The Revd. Dr. Duff had not the advantages of similar experience and possibly he trusted a great deal more to his reputation, influence and position in society than was consistent with legal rights. The ardent neophyte was readily offered the asylum in search of which he was wandering and what mattered is that he had not read any one of the testaments so long as he promised to read them and be a good boy after baptism. In the meantime the flown dove was detained in the Native Converts' barracks in Cornwallis Square in the midst of eager catechists too glad to obtain an accession to their very limited circle of friends and sympathisers. It may easily be conceived what was the character of the stimulants and influences brought against the filial emotions of the lad. Satan and salvation and all the harrowing stories in missionary tracts were without doubt plentifully applied to his ears and a frenzy induced under the stupifying action of which the searcher after truth easily forgot the voice of his father. Sir Mordaunt Wells shewed his intimate acquaintance with human weakness and the metaphysics of the soil when he refused to question the infant before him on the doctrines of his faith. Well might his Lordship have been scandalised at the presumption of being called upon to settle the legal rights of a father over his son by the result of a catechism in which if it proved any thing, proved the unscrupulous zeal of men who were not ashamed to produce a sham in a British Court of Justice and before a Judge whose keen perception of moral wrong had procured him a terrible name amongst wrong-doers and even rendered him unpopular for the unqualified publication of his impressions, with a better class. Sir Mordaunt had certainly no small reason to be surprised that he

should be called upon to believe and afford an unmistakeable indication of his credulity that a question on which many of the oldest and wisest heads in England from Carlyle's to Colenso's were unable to arrive at a definite conclusion was within the easy grasp of a youth still madly enamoured of pigeons and paper kites. The censure passed by the bench on conduct such as that which formed the subject of judicial enquiry but which is without doubt a recognised virtue in the eye of the gentlemen who are laboring to evangelise the Hindoos, afforded just ground for the indignation which made the eloquence of Sir Mordaunt Wells so impressive upon his hearers and relieved millions of men from a state of mind not exactly favourable to a loyal regard of British supremacy. The most valuable feature of Sir Mordaunt's judgment was that it was eminently legal. Though it read a fierce lesson of moral rectitude to those who make disobedience to parents the first step to godliness, it did not lose sight of the obligation to render that lesson acceptable to human reason as manifested by British law. We hope the judgment will settle for ever the doom of baby conversion.

The Hurris Memorial Fund.

[Reprinted from the Bengalee, July 8, 1863.]

Memorial Funds have a strange fatality attending them. If they are not hard to be realised, they are exceedingly difficult to be used. It would seem as if the inertia of the dead overtakes all action connected with their memory—and the projects for embalming and perpetuating the latter “drag their slow length along” with annoying, and in some cases, irritating uncertainty and delay. Nobody feels it to be his peculiar duty to move much less to hustle about in a cause which is surrounded by an ominous black border; and even those who are specially entrusted with the task of overlooking the due disposal of the monies collected in the name of a deceased lion, imagine their work fulfilled after the collections have been made. The Hurris Memorial Fund has not escaped the general blight. It is just two years since the fund was raised, and naturally, those who helped to make it up deem the time ample enough for some tangible illustration of the national admiration for the deceased patriot. The name however is fast running into weed. Minor lights have darkened the memory of the glare which once made the land shine from North to South and East to West. People are accustoming themselves to digest twaddle in place of deep philosophy which imparted dignity to the national press. The most outrageous, stinking, ungrammatical personality has come to be relished as vigorous writing and grandest effort of patriotic intellect. In fine we are retrograding visibly from the taste and the spirit which the person whom a various and discordant community once combined to honor enthusiastically, had succeeded in establishing. In a few years more all trace of the meteor whose bright effulgence friends regarded with pride and foes acknowledged under the unavoidable pressure of a contrary feeling, will perhaps have passed away; and our children shall deify little fry in the absence of a more acceptable object of worship. The trustees of the Hurris Memorial Fund are therefore doing not only an injustice to the public which handsomely subscribed for it, but grievous injury to the shade of the man whose life was one continuous page of patriotic fire and devotion to the national weal, who magnetized the national mind, bidding it “awake, arise,” with a voice which shot animation through the dullest frame, who opened a new age in the history of Indian progress, made

Bengal political, independent, thoughtful, free, and imparted life to prodigious bellies ere while full only of sweet-meats and ghee.

Strange stories float about concerning this same fund, which, in the absence of more certain information we are not justified in repeating. Ground is undoubtedly offered for them by the obstinate persistence of the committee in refusing to publish an account. The public has some right, it will perhaps be conceded, to claim such a publication. It cannot indeed be withheld on any fair pretext. We have passed the day of idle ostentation and spurious delicacy. At all events it is not the fault of the gentlemen who undertook to raise subscriptions if the amount actually realised bears a disheartening disproportion to the anticipated result. Nobody spared a single effort, and if notwithstanding, the list of subscriptions is meagre, we are quite sure it is not unpublishable. The admirers of the late Hurris Chunder Mookerjee—and their name is legion—deserve to have their curiosity on this point satisfied. In Burdwan, Krishnagur and Midnapore, a feeling prevails which the promoters of the Memorial Fund can take infinite advantage of if the custodians of the Fund will only be honest and frank. Men seldom can be induced to bestow large sums on aimless speculations. If the assurance could be given that the Hurris Fund will be applied to the creation of a permanent national institution, and if the actual deficit towards the fulfilment of such an object were before the general body of subscribers, we mistake immensely the intelligence, revived national spirit and human instincts of our countrymen if the hiatus be not readily filled up. Indeed we have received positive indications of this from more than one quarter, and it is not difficult to render the feeling general. But the primary condition to such a satisfactory state is confidence in the trustees of the fund. So long as the impression prevails that the declining assets of an extravagant Association are propped up by monies which fall incidentally into its hands and that secrecy is only a convenient refuge for misappropriation, any endeavour to apply the screw to public benevolence must end in irritation and failure. We allude to this impression as a warning and not as a charge. It is true that the Association which affects to represent the people of Bengal is guided at present by men who are not exactly the pick of Bengalee society nor the most able to interpret its views and sentiments to Government or the public, yet it has not fallen so low as to be guilty of deliberate embezzlement or even of the less stinking crime of expediency. But with the knowledge that a large section of the intelligent native community labors under a hazy idea of such a possible juggle it is not prudent to encourage doubts and suspicions by refusing to perform a simple act of duty. Baboo

Kali Prosunno Singh's gift of a valuable site for the Hurris Hall is lost to the community so long as the gentlemen who are bound by every consideration of honor, patriotism and good faith, to set in motion the Fund in their hands, deem it inconvenient or superfluous to act. It should be remembered, whatever may be conceived of the obligations to native subscribers, that some of the leading members of the European community of Calcutta and elsewhere have liberally contributed to the Fund. The red hot blush of shame mantles our cheeks when we think what must be their estimate of native sound and fury in connection with this unfortunate collection.

The Corporation.

[Reprinted from the Bengalee, July 15, 1863.]

The advertisements of the Chairman of the Board of Justices for Calcutta had sent a thrill of joy through the city, even the heavens had stood still after a shower which cleaned thoroughly all the streets and dirty ditches. There was life, or at least a show and promise of it in a Department which had long given up the ghost. If Mr. Schalch's activity as a municipal officer bears the faintest proportion to his vigor as an advertiser, we need not long despair of roads which shall not reduce carriages to the evolutions of a ship in a heavy sea, fracture the ankle joints of weak pedestrians, or put boots under continued obligations to the shoe-maker. We need not despair also of drains which will not retain putrid water and breed mosquitoes, or squares and public tanks which will not refuse to supply clean water at people's strongest need. We need not despair of faithful scavenging or very considerate attention to delicate old gentlemen's keen sense of smell. All this we need not despair of, if only the advertisements afford a correct index to the busy intellect of our new Municipal Governor. Malicious men had raised an economical howl over the question of his expense. But they must have perforce changed their minds at sight of his advertisements. It is not an ordinary mortal that can issue four important public notices at one sitting. It is like giving audience to four ambassadors at one and the same time. Only Cæsar and Cleopatra were equal to the feat—and they ruled the fortunes of empires. The first ukase of Mr. Schalch was formidable enough. It was imperative and menacing. House-holders were warned under the terrors of the budding Municipal Act, not to deposit sweepings on the streets at any period before 4 or after 8 a.m. If this meant that all the filth in the streets would be carted away not later than 9 a.m. each day, then the notice afforded promise of a very desirable improvement. It will be necessary however for Mr. Schalch to ride through the streets at least once a week in order to observe the effects of his order. Should the inspection relieve householders from the onus of disobedience, we trust due punishment will be allowed to fall on those whose negligence of a simple duty throws whole neighbourhoods into disease—not unfrequently ending in death. It does not suffice that stringent municipal orders are issued. The interests of sanitation demand that they should be strictly enforced. Less from a want of laws than a want of vigor and consistency in their application have the municipal comforts

of Calcutta yearly deteriorated until we were landed upon a system which made nuisance and neglect institutional, to be remedied only by radical measures of change and reform. The experience of the past will, it is to be hoped, be not without its lesson, for we have paid a famine price for it and cannot afford to buy it over again at the same rate. Our need at the present moment is less a well filled municipal chest than a strong, honest, responsible covenanted supervision of unconvenanted misfeasance. The day we see the Chairman of the Calcutta Corporation leaving his buggy in the deep ruts of Manicktollah Street and wading with tucked up pantaloons and nerves none of the smoothest, through the semi-fluid substance which covers it and which chemists and engineers are equally at a loss to describe, a dusky foam bearing a blood feud to white clothes and varnished shoes, the terror of respectable poverty and the pillory of young men with English ideas of dress and dandification, we will put greater faith in the reality of Corporation reform and rectification than can be induced by an array of fifty thousand diverse paragraphs to a long winded Legislative Act. Mr. Schalch is reputed for personal activity and a fondness, amounting almost to a mania, for roads. But our municipal fortune is so wretched, that we dare not put faith in even the most cheering antecedents. *Nous verrons.*

Another suggestive element of hope is the Corporation. All the 85 gentlemen who will at least have the tips of their little fingers in our municipal pie, cannot be incompetent. It is true, many who have been put in to fill up just the rank and file of the diffuse body, are physically and psychologically unfit to do anything but cry ditto to Mr. Burke. Yet if only a dozen original minds exist in the huge debating society, it will not be easy to maintain shams. The meeting of the 13th instant for the election of office bearers gave us some foretaste of the nature of the trumpets that will be used, but the debate on the Taxes which took place on Monday last has somewhat frightened us. The Native Justices were in every instance put down. The House Tax was peremptorily fixed at the maximum rate notwithstanding firm opposition from two of our most excellent and redoubted Townsmen. The extravagant salary proposed for a Health Officer would have been adopted but for the timely suggestion of Mr. Maitland for an adjournment. Baboo Ramgopal Ghose by discreetly holding his tongue or joining the dominant party succeeded in getting his list of Committee-men passed. He of course betrayed the native interest in order to preserve his position. The Native Justices, if they adopted him for their model, will soon make themselves popular with and acceptable to Chowringhee ; and then—God help the Northern Division !

Dost Mahomed of Cabool.

[Reprinted from the Bengalee, July 15, 1863.]

The last living link between the 18th and 19th centuries of Indian politics has been broken. The oldest potentate on the Indian frontier—often dead by the voice of rumour—has at last really disappeared from the page of contemporary history. Though not an adventurer in the sense in which Hyder Ali of Mysore and Runjeet Sing of Lahore answered to the ideal of robber sovereigns, yet the career of Dost Mahomed of Cabool was scarcely less chequered by events and incidents which fifty years ago filled the thrones of Hindoostan with the boldest spirits of the age. The youngest of 21 brothers, his family occupied a wide space in Persian and Doorany history. Sirafras his father was Chief of the Baurikzehee clan of Dooranies and as Wuzeer or Prime Minister to Timour Shah, the son and successor of Ahmed Shah Abdallee, the founder of the Doorany empire in Candahar, his power and influence gave the first places in that empire to his numerous progeny. Dost Mahomed, however, was the only one of the offsprings of the great minister who was doomed to a life of menial servitude. The son of a Kuzzilbashe mother, he was despised on account of his mother's tribe and excluded from the role of politics. The hand that should have wielded a scimitar carried the *hooka* of an exalted brother. The spirit of the young Doorany was not however to be tamed by menial pursuits and occupations. The tiger cub had hardly learned the fatal spring when his muzzle drank in the blood of a noble victim. While yet an infant of 14, the rifle of Dost Mahomed brought down, in the crowded streets of Peshawur, in face of day and in the midst of many armed retainers, a powerful chief who had become obnoxious to his brother Futeh Khan, then Prime Minister to the reigning Doorany Prince. That cool act of murder ensured his good fortune. In a state subject to anarchy and in which power is maintained by an unscrupulous use of the dagger and red hot irons, the value of a partizan who understands the meaning of a nod, can be easily estimated. The youthful murderer was shielded from the consequences of his felony by the influence of his illustrious relative who had given Shah Mahmood a throne. The minister gave the erewhile despised Dost every encouragement, and the natural propensities of the youth led him to the foulest acts. Shah Mahmood was only a puppet in the hands of his omnipotent subordinate who filled every office of state and every stronghold of the Doorany empire with his numerous brothers

and kinsmen. This monopoly of patronage naturally raised a host of enemies whose intrigues and rebellious rendered peace impossible. The Lion of the Punjab pounced upon Kashmere and wrested it from its weak governor. Other conquests followed and Futeh Khan resolved to compensate his losses by the capture of Heerut. Feroze Mirza, a son of Timour Shah, occupied that citadel and held sway over the surrounding country as a vassal of the Shah of Persia to whom he paid an inconsiderable tribute. The prince passed his life in quiet ease undisturbed by the intrigues of war and massacres of his more ambitious brothers. The siege of Heerat was not long protracted, for treachery gave up the gates of the city to the Invader. It was in the pillage which followed its occupation by the hostile army that Dost Mahomed perpetrated an act of audacious violence which ended in the ruin of Futeh Khan. At the head of a handful of Sheiks he broke into the Zenana of Prince Feroze, chased the princess his sister—the grand daughter of the terrible Ahmed Shah Abdalee—pursued her into a bath room and with his own ruffian hands rifled her waist belt composed of the costliest diamonds and pearls. The insult was not forgotten. Kamran the son of Shah Mahmood and nephew of the injured princess, soon found an excuse for avenging with bloody emphasis the dishonor of a lady of the house of Suddoozehee. The discontented Chief of Toorbut in Khorasan had invited Futeh Khan to attempt the reduction of that Province promising the minister every assistance. The expedition failed however, disastrously. The Prince Governor of Mushed signally defeated the Wuzeer, who, thrown from his horse, escaped with difficulty to Heerat. Here he fell completely into the power of Prince Kamran. His fate was no longer dubious. On a charge of having waged an unauthorised war against Khorasan the minister was condemned to lose his eyesight. This inhuman act was perpetrated with a dagger in the presence of Prince Kamran. But the star of the House of Suddoozehee set for ever from that day. The Baurikzehee brothers fled to their strongholds from which they incited and directed the most harassing insurrections and revolts. Shah Mahmood and his son endeavoured to stem the tide of disaffection by compelling the blind Futeh Khan to use his influence with his brothers in restoring peace and loyalty. But the Ex-minister indignantly replied, “the eyes which lighted you to a throne and maintained you there, are now sightless, without them I am useless and weak. Your barbarous imprudence has deprived you of your only sure guide, and sooner or later fall you must and will.” He was thereupon cruelly tortured and put to death. ☞

Shah Mahmood advanced to recover Cabool but fled precipitately to Heerat on a wild suspicion that his Army would treacherously betray

him. The Baurikzee brothers at once occupied Candahar, and Asiatic intrigue soon procured the murder of the Sudozay Princes by the hands of each other.

These successes completely placed the Dooranee empire with the single exception of Heerat in the hands of the brothers of Dost Mahomed. But the defeat of Azym Khan, the eldest of the brothers by Runjeet Sing in 1823, who wrested from him the Province of Peshawur, and his subsequent death, reproduced anarchy. Hubyballah the son of the deceased Burukzahee was plundered by his uncles, and those who obtained the largest share of the spoils gave up their title to Cabool to Dost Mahomed and his remaining brothers. The active intriguing mind of the wily Affghan soon found means however for winning the city entirely to himself. By an insurrection instigated by him, the Burukzahee brothers were compelled to have the capital with the exception of Dost Mahomed who obtained complete mastery over it. Thus commenced in blood a reign which has so satisfactorily ended in peace. The horizon of Dost Mahomed's fortune was not long unclouded. The Lion of the Punjab and the Kandaharee brothers did not afford rest to a spirit which delighted in war and plunder. Ghuznie and Julallabad subsequently famous for the most determined defence in the military annals of modern times, were won by his sword. In 1835 he assumed the title of *Amyral Mominen* or Lord of the faithful; and in 1836 he sent ambassadors to the Shah of Persia acknowledging fealty to that power and soliciting his assistance in a religious war which he proposed to wage against Runjeet Sing. A little later he addressed a friendly correspondence to the Governor General of India requesting similar aid from the British Government to crush the growing strength of Runjeet. The celebrated Sir Alexander Burnes was owing to these overtures despatched to Cabool, less on a political than on a Commercial Mission, but he found the country ripe for mischief. The infatuated Dost Mahomed refused to listen to moderate counsels. He would restore integrity and splendour to the Dooranee empire at any cost. These ambitious projects, the siege of Heerat by Persian Troops, the growing influence of Russia in central Asia and the secret alliance between Dost Mahomed and the Shah of Persia for the overthrow of Runjeet Sing, produced the famous Russophobia under the fatal influence of which the imbecile Shah Soojah, son of Timour Shah—for a long time a refugee in Loodianah—was proclaimed King of Cabool by the British and Shiek Governments.

We draw a veil over the disastrous Cabool Campaign which ended in the butchery of brave troops made to undergo all the horrors of mountain warfare without any visible object. The terrible vengeance

of Akbar Khan, the Hotspur of his country, still sends a thrill through the heart notwithstanding the memory of the deeper crimes of the Indian mutinies. Though Dost Mahomed was compelled to abandon his capital and retreat to Hindoo Coosh, he never was thoroughly defeated; whilst victory crowned his arms on the plains of Purundar. For the first time in the annals of British India a British Army left its colors in the hands of a hostile native foe. The Dooranee had sense however to observe that he had conquered only a vanguard, that the resources of his enemy were infinitely beyond his powers of calculation, and that he would be crushed if he did not fall. Having surrendered after a triumph he was sent down to Calcutta—a distinguished captive. A few years of lionization in the metropolis of British India, brilliant debut at Government House Balls and Soirees, dashing drives in splendid equipages, the wonder of weak Bengalees, and the wheel of politics again called him to the Chieftainship of the Dooranee race. Adversity had taught him wisdom and the magnificence of Calcutta held him strictly to his faith with the English Government. His last exploit was the capture of Heerat. And whilst the cannon was yet booming forth the note of victory, the victorious Chief was tossing in fever on his death bed. The British frontier will possibly again be the prey of anarchy though the four sons of Dost Mahomed were bound by their dying father to a solemn vow of mutual support and amity, the oldest Shere Allee Khan succeeding to the musnud.

It is not easy to define the character of the just passed ruler. He was the idol of his people, and the Affghans were not likely to bend their knees to a coward. The history of his greatness is incompatible with the idea that he wanted vigor or sagacity. He was not cruel. He showed sufficient moral firmness by abjuring drink to which he was at one time sottishly attached. At an advanced age he mastered letters. If he was treacherous, the atmosphere about him left him no second course. The Chief who could hold in check the turbulent Affghan races for 37 years, undoubtedly merits the bays of history.

Sir Mordaunt Wells.

[Reprinted from the *Bengalee*, July 22, 1863.]

To the dismay of a little clique of presumptuous, brazen men, who aspire to represent and arbitrate native opinion in Bengal, nay even in the peaks of the Himalayas, the leading members of the native community of Calcutta, with singular unanimity, have resolved to present an address to Sir Mordaunt Wells on the occasion of his regretted retirement from the Bench of the High Court. Never was compliment so sincerely offered or so vastly deserved. It is not to the man Sir Mordaunt that an admiring circle of friends and a public with which he never came into personal contact, offer the tribute which conventional courtesy and long established form have rendered customary, but the demonstration has a representative significancy as the fruit of a strong pressure upon the instincts which enable even the brute creation to find out their benefactors. The distinguished Serjeant-at-law who exchanged large professional emoluments in his mother country for an appointment in the swamps of the East Indies, was not governed in his choice by an ordinary incentive. The bar to which he was an ornament even in a country where literary and legal talent are not very rare, did not satisfy the end for which he had toiled at his chambers in the Temple. If a fortune had been the motive of his life, he could easily enough have earned it without encountering the dangers of a climate which rendered his home desolate and broke his constitution oftener than once. He aimed at a much loftier career than that of a paid advocate of thieves and swindlers, and his energetic mind and strong natural feelings led him to look to the bench as the only field in which his previous training could render him useful to his fellow creatures. If any Englishman can be said to have come to India with a mission and to have fulfilled it, it was Sir Mordaunt Wells. Abler and more accomplished Judges have sat upon the bench from which Sir Mordaunt fulminated against crime and criminals, Ryan and Peel and Colville and Peacock have undoubtedly left nothing to wish for in the shape of either law or its beneficial application to the awards of justice. Their personal influences on society have been vast—and Ryan is still a watchword of progress in the Education Department. But never was criminal life in Calcutta reduced to such fearful straits as during the incumbency of a Judge whose manner and proceedings so different from those of his predecessors were exactly fitted to strike

terror into men whom frequent impunity had encouraged to the perpetration of the most violent acts of fraud and forgery.

It is undeniable that the moral effect of the terrible energy with which Sir Mordaunt Wells applied himself to the task of pursuing with the utmost vengeance of the law crime of every shade and criminals of every class and clan, has immensely diminished the temptations to illegal infringements of legal rights and reckonings. However much our national feelings may have been outraged by wholesale denunciations from the bench of the highest tribunal in the country of the character, tendencies and normal conditions of the national mind, however deeply our patriotism may have been wounded by generalizations which were unsound, not because Sir Mordaunt had not taken sufficient pains to weigh his authorities, but because they were founded exclusively upon the registers of crime without even a suspicion that there existed in the national history past and present, a vast register of virtues—it is impossible to hide the feeling of exultation with which every respectable native gentleman and those also endowed with grosser instincts, viewed the fall, day after day of men who disgraced their position and prostituted the resources at their command by acts, which, if they did not take by surprise persons well-acquainted with their antecedents and their habits of life, gave the community to which they belonged and of which they were exhibited as the leaders, the stain of crime. The majority of the large concourse which deemed it a public duty to join the movement for the correction of a Judge who under the action of possibly the highest conscientiousness and the best impulses, insulted an ancient people by the sting of partial conclusions, blessed him nevertheless for the revolution which he had succeeded in achieving in the ordinary feelings against expedient crimes. In the insolvent Court specially, Sir Mordaunt Well's keen perception of fraud rendered invaluable service to honest men who, having placed blind confidence in the honor, integrity and good faith of seemingly substantial citizens, discovered their mistake when too late to retreat from their engagements and after their funds had hopelessly disappeared. The celebrated English white wash from which half the swindlers of the metropolis were accustomed to obtain greater relief than any tottering invalid ever did from all the mineral waters of the world—seriously changed color under the hands of the terrible Judge who belched fire and brimstone in the once quiet pleasant Insolvent Court. Fraudulent debtors have commenced to think fifty times before they file schedules, for it is no longer a game of fast and loose to which their habits and their continued training naturally drew them. It is no longer an agreeable *tête à tête* between Judge and

insolvent, about unforeseen misfortunes, fall of markets, loss of ships in typhoons in fabulous seas—betrayal by friends—Judge visibly sympathising like the Doge who tried Othello and insolvent redolent of stories, quaint, pathetic, wondrous and sensational. The scene has been completely altered. The clouds gleam with lightning and the thunder claps are loud and stupifying. Fraud treads the floor with faltering steps, it crouches before a keen pair of eyes which pierce into its very soul. The color has fled from its cheeks—it is almost certain of its fate. Escape is impossible and tradesmen and Mohajuns daily rise from their beds with a prayer on their lips for the long life, health and prosperity of the scourge of fast young gentlemen who deem it easier to live upon deceit than on the gains of honest industry.

The Judicial independence of Sir Mordaunt Wells surpasses even the traditional independence of the English Judge. Only the presence of the highest honor can enable a public functionary to defy public opinion. Sir Mordaunt so systematically defies it in his judicial conduct, that if his judgments were not exquisitely legal he would have been the most unpopular man in all India. In his bearing towards the bar he is at times violent to the verge of savageness. Yet when a barrister was under trial before a full Bench for contempt of court, he formed the only other member of the minority whose steadfast support of the offender relieved the High Court from the odium of a disgraceful proceeding and established the independence of the bar on a footing from which it is not likely to be soon displaced. Another English Judge besides Sir Mordaunt would have trembled to rouse the vengeance of Exeter Hall by a decision whose manly terseness and unsentimental freedom from cant has proved to the eyes of the vast native population of India the absolute character of English justice, the abstract reality of law, as administered by an English lawyer bold, unflinching, unhampered by fictions of religious responsibilities, a beacon of hope to an alien subjecthood and a mark of pride to a race which has risen to power and pre-eminence by the sheer force of Christian charity and toleration.

With Sir Mordaunt Wells' private virtues his personal friends are more concerned than the public, but none ever came into contact with him without admiring the sincere tone of his address and the earnest, unartificial politeness with which he dispelled reserve. Often has he mourned the death of Hurrish Chunder Mookerjee who gave him perhaps the bitterest hits he ever received from the Calcutta Press, but whose memory he cherished with a generous forgiveness which to our esteem showed his Christianity to better advantage than that of the lip evangelists who lately charged him with ungodliness.

The native community therefore in doing honor to such an individual will do honor to itself. We are glad that the leaders of English Society have joined the movement. All classes will feel grievously the loss of a Judge who has put his mark upon society and functioned more usefully than reformers or lawgivers. These can only direct and prescribe what is good, but the vigor and honesty of Sir Mordaunt gave a stamp to manners with the red seal which was the terror of evil doers.

How Patriots are served.

[Reprinted from the Bengalee, July 29, 1893]

The unsentimental obstinate men who persist in demanding—villainously of course, and maliciously, without a second opinion—the publication of accounts of Public Funds, are the scandals of society, the real *enfants terribles* whose active presence is a constant source of annoyance and inconvenience, who generally tell the wrong thing to the right party, injure for ever the hopes and aspirations of grand dad, and altogether commit an amount of quiet unobtrusive mischief which it is fearful to contemplate. We have risen to this annoying position by giving voice to the complaints of a large section of the subscribers to the Hurris Memorial Fund; and although no authoritative reply has as yet been furnished to the enquiries made by us on behalf of a body whose *locus standi* is upon anything but malice or any one of the contemptible passions by which human heads and hearts are swayed in their relationships with other and hostilely regarded human heads and hearts, but whose aim is, on the contrary a purely patriotic one, yet we are too honorable to take advantage of the usual interpretation of silence in such cases, relying rather on the supposition that the accounts are being made up, and will, some day, however remote, make their appearance in the papers with seal and signature of the trustees. However much we could wish for the sake of our national reputation that the distance between the date of incubation of the desire to publish such an account and that of its actual publication was somewhat reduced—for the public has grown tired of waiting and is justly therefore unable to bear any continued delay—yet, if the publication be not wholly withheld we may be still content, making large philosophical allowances for innate inertia and amateur disinclination for work. But there has in the meantime arisen another serious cause of quarrel which, if allowed to remain unexplained, will raise against the British Indian Association a cry of indignation throughout the country which that very ambitious body will best consult its interest by stopping while yet the rumble is faint and indistinct. Recently the Association has established a very excellent name for gratitude by setting up its filthy paid organist to utter low caterwaulings and assail with libellous falsehood an aristocratic House whose founder is a conspicuous figure in the English History of Bengal, and to the existing

venerable head and subaltern members of which the Association owes the *status* which it is now fast losing by its insane antagonism. The *animus* of that antagonism is conspicuous. It might have been got rid of by remembering that though the Lieutenant Governor of Bengal and the Financial Member of Council could, without loss of dignity, visit the grandsons of Rajah Nobokissen, a stern social law prevented their attempting to do similar honor to less distinguished men. The error is serious. But human frailty renders us all open to such mistakes. We only regret they should at any time terminate in black bitter ingratitude. The slander of living men whose position is too lofty to be affected by associated gall, is still however a second rate crime compared to ingratitude towards the dead. This is a terrible charge and we sincerely trust those who affect leadership in Bengalee intelligence, politics, social manners, credit and progress, will come clean out of it. The dead we allude to is no other than the illustrious Hurris Chunder Mookerjee, a gentleman to whom the British Indian Association is so deeply indebted for the intelligence, policy and traditions on the wreck of which it is now dragging a sickly existence, that we are surprised any other feelings save those of the most devoted gratitude should ever have been entertained for or exhibited towards him. The circumstance however which we are about to relate will send a chill of horror through the heart. We kept it back from the public so long because we believed exposure would serve no national purpose. But the destitute condition of the mother and wife of the deceased *Patriot* renders further silence on the subject a crime. It is perhaps not generally known that Hurris Chunder Mookerjee aided the Indigo ryots not merely with his pen but also with his purse. He did not only brave the libel law for the benefit of the ryots, but he fed and clothed those who personally sought the mercy of the Lieutenant Governor in Belvedere House. His private resources were heavily taxed for this public purpose, and he freely placed them at the service of his suffering countrymen. His charities were so unobtrusive that it was not until some long time after their exercise that the British Indian Association was informed of them and shame compelled them to raise a fund for relieving Hurris Chunder from further pecuniary sacrifices. The bold stand made by Baboo Joykissen Mookerjee on behalf of the patriot whose necessities he well knew, forced the Association to this measure of bare justice, and an Indigo Fund as it was called, was placed in the hands of the individual who had devoted his life to the good cause. An account was rigidly kept by the Association of the sums expended from the fund, of which Hurris Chunder was in other respects the sole almoner. Before the money was exhausted, Hurris Chunder was stretched upon his death-bed. The balance was contemptible, yet his

last moments were embittered by a call for an account of a refund of that balance. Consciousness had almost left him. When the demand was made, he was dying. The heartless men who had followed his leading and had become great and honorable from his reflected lustre, who had received at his hands services which no amount of gold could ever have purchased, who were once sternly answered when they proposed him a salary, could not command sufficient decency—letting alone any higher virtue—to forbear disturbing his dying hour with a debtor and creditor statement. “Mother,” said the fast sinking *Patriot*, “give those men what money they want. I cannot in my last moment look up their Account, though I suspect it is incorrect. But give them the money and have done with them.” It is impossible to conceive anything more mean or inhuman than conduct like the above. If the nation had heard of it at the time it would have shrunk with horror from men who possessing ample individual means for replacing any loss by a refusal of the heirs of the dying man to acknowledge the debt or pay it back, hesitated not to intrude upon a sacred death-bed on which flowers should have been strewn, with a mean money demand. We would have trembled for the fate of the country were we not assured that the gratitude of the British Indian Association will now receive universal execration and pass into a proverb. It well may refuse to sign an address to one of the most conscientious, independent and crime-repressive Judges that ever came out to India, and its hirelings in the press may empty their butter pots on their conscientious abhorrence to praise a man for doing his duty. It is possible that this magnificent theory was at the bottom of the meanness towards Hurris Chunder. He but did his duty and the Association could not conscientiously be grateful. The inertia of the Hurris Memorial Fund is perhaps owing to such a feeling. Let the fund sleep while the British Indian Association pets and licks into shape its newly discovered grand idea.

It would be a curious chronological enquiry how long the idea has irradiated the lustres that dangle over the head of the native community of Bengal—and shall we add, of all India; yea of all Asia? When did this new constitutional truth burst upon the vision of Bengalee Baboos whose highest triumph is the address to Sir Charles Wood, and whose notions of human respectability are strangely enough bound down absolutely to a subscription book. The Secretary of State but did his duty and by the new logic of the British Indian Association he should have been regarded without either affection or hatred. This is exactly the feeling now shewn by it to the unfortunate family of Hurris Chunder Mookerjee. The law costs of the famous libel case against the *Patriot* threatens to deprive his bereaved mother and

wife of even their homestead. A warrant has been issued for the recovery of the amount by distress, and the British Indian Association which scrupled not to extort from its dying colleague the debris of the Indigo Fund, calmly looks on whilst the penalty of the boldest Indigo article ever penned by Hurrish Chunder is being enforced against his widow. The ingratitude is intolerable. We call upon the country at large to deaden its incidence by affording immediate relief from this pressing difficulty.

The Revd. Dr. Duff.

[Reprinted from the Bengalee, August 12, 1863.]

The first pioneer of Indian education has left India, perhaps for ever. He left the country in pain and in sickness, supported by pillows on all sides, weak, faint, and barely recovered from a fatal Indian disease. He had to be lifted up to the vessel which carried him to a more grateful climate—to Singapore in the Indian Ocean—where he expects to rally his strength and recollect his energies, not for India, but for Scotland—his home. It is not certain whether he will finally embark *via* Calcutta, for his medical advisers sternly prohibit his even thinking of a return to these shores prior to November. It is possible however that the man who spent nearly forty years of his existence amongst the Bengalees, will not feebly resist the longing for a last look at his best work and for an affectionate farewell of a people who are closely identified with his highest moral and intellectual efforts. Opinion is unanimous in the conclusion that Dr. Alexander Duff has deserved more of the Bengalee nation than the statesmen and legislators. It is true that his name is associated with events that have made many an Indian hearth desolate, robbed the happiest Indian families of their pride and their solace, poured a burning lava down the hearts of fond mothers doating upon offsprings whom it became impossible after one decisive act to take back to their bosoms and bless sincerely, dashed to the earth the hopes and aspirations of fathers who, while they fancied they were rearing the bulwarks of their faith and their future name and glory, felt the sting of outraged duty more keenly and in many cases fatally than sting of cobra or rattle-snake. All this is rigidly and painfully true. Yet the Revd. Alexander Duff has deserved of the native community what few Europeans have deserved. That he spent a life time in the cause of Indian education is a compliment which, after David Hare, cannot be emphatically applied to any other except himself. That life time was not one of ordinary intelligence or importance. The talents and varied learning of the reverend gentleman might have raised him to a high European fame and eminence. Had he chosen any other profession than that of an Indian Missionary, honor, power and a brilliant name would unquestionably have been his. But he preferred to all other duties the duty of regenerating Bengal. He sat down deliberately in Calcutta

with the avowed object of creating a standard of Native education that should raise Bengalee youths to the position of Englishmen of equal age and better opportunities. If he laid immense stress upon the Bible, ample allowances must be made for the peculiar direction of his earnest mind. His conscience would have been outraged by the adoption of a mere secular scheme of instruction. Yet he did not seek to keep the minds of his pupils in bondage. They had a free range of studies, and though his first aim was proselytism, he did not make it his last. He took a far wider and more liberal view of education than that it was a necessary means to a solitary end. He figured honorably in every educational scheme of Government. To his personal exertions India is indebted for the famous education despatch of 1854 and the Calcutta University received valuable aid from his large mind. But it was in the Hall of the Bethune Society that Dr. Duff rendered services to the cause of progress for which the native community of Bengal should bestow upon him substantial tokens of admiration and respect. Night after night the vigorous President of that society displayed powers of eloquence and of thought which electrified his audience, offering an example and a model to the rising generation from which the best results have been obtained. The indefatigable strength and varied resources with which he supplemented the lectures and the debates in that Society and made amends for frightful shortcomings in both, will hardly again be exhibited from a chair which disease and peremptory calls of duty elsewhere have compelled him to vacate. We believe the members of the Bethune Society are about to make a public demonstration of the feelings entertained by them towards one whose impassioned mind has left that institution in the highest state of organization. Those members of the Native Community who owe any obligations to English ideas and civilization cannot do better than join the movement to which we sincerely wish a wide success.

Municipal Economy.

[Reprinted from the Bengalee, August 12, 1863.]

The new Municipal Act is assuming the properties of the Pagoda tree. One has only to shake it impudently, and a shower of sparkling rupees will reward his labors. The rate payers are the only unfortunate men who pick up its fruits to find only ashes inside them. At the last meeting of the Municipal Justices, Mr. Clarke, the Engineer, obtained five thousand rupees for expenses of a trip to England embracing various ends and objects. A small number of Justices attended and the job was clean got through with only a single dissentient voice. That voice was Mr. Walter Brett's, sufficient to drown any amount of clamour. But mere power of lung never yet stopped the action of a majority. We are sorry for the reputation for wisdom and independence of the native gentlemen who were present at the meeting and declined to support Mr. Brett. Possibly the feeling against the editor of the *Englishman* was silently at work in inducing them to side with Mr. Schalch. This is the most honorable view that can be taken of their strange conduct. That fatal consistency which they have been taught to regard as the pabulum of native liberty and which consists in determined opposition to men and not to measures, is the only respectable solution of the motive for a vote which simple instinct would have sufficed to exhibit in all its objectionable features. The day has arrived for a revision of political principles on the part of our countrymen and we earnestly pray that the old set of political tutors may be set aside. We can no longer afford to regard every Englishman who does not kiss the hem of our garments as a personal enemy. New combinations have been formed which demand the abandonment of old grounds of antagonism and acrimony. If we persist in maintaining ancient friends we will only exhibit our wonderful capacity for remembering injuries, and none at all for that of governing; not even for that lower order of statesmanship involved in the looking up of accounts connected with road making and scavengering. If thinking in a groove be not the popular failing in Calcutta, let us ask why such a tremendous extravagance as that of paying Mr. Clarke to learn his business, was sanctioned by Justices who wanted neither brains nor experience to discover the right name for the expense? Five thousand rupees would have amply sufficed to render Manicktollah Street passable to

man and beast and to relieve the payers of an excessive rate of wheel tax from tremendous long bills from Eastman and Company " Limited." And this sum is to be wasted on a tour. Amazement ties our pen and we therefore for the present leave the reader to pleasant thoughts, comparisons and forebodings.

The Cotton Debate.

[Reprinted from the Bengalee, August 19, 1863.]

The Manchester Party mustered all its heroes in Parliament and made a dead set against Sir Charles Wood. There was Cobden and there was Bright, both thundering at the top of their voices, the one menacing an impeachment of the Indian Secretary and the other raving violently against his manners and his peculiar mode of receiving deputations. There was also the member for Poole—Mr. Danby Seymour—so recently made ridiculous in the eyes of the world by Sir Charles Wood. There was Mr. Caird, who cared neither for fact nor argument so long as the Secretary of State for India was well pitched into — and there was Mr. Smith who had accompanied four deputations to the grand functionary in the India House, and was on each occasion so thoroughly insulted, that he had evidently formed the prudent resolution of altogether giving up political visiting. It was proved however to the satisfaction of Parliament that Sir Charles Wood who was accused of having disgusted by his pride and arrogance manufacturers, merchants, capitalists and other big guns of Manchester Society, had displayed overflowing politeness to a deputation of workmen, each one of whom returned from the conference remarkably pleased with the manner, words and pledges of the minister. There can be only one solution of this contrary effect. It is not that Sir Charles Wood was ill behaved but the Manchester deputations were insolent. The Cotton Lords who at one time affected to dictate to the Prime Minister and broadly hinted that his place depended upon their nod, could not have accepted the humility of waiting upon a lesser satellite without much outward bluster of superiority. It was only natural that those who sincerely believed that the destiny of England hung upon their temper, that they wove the warp and wove the woof of England's greatness and glory, should in their bearing towards the Indian minister, manifest a degree of surliness, which, being sympathetic in its action, excited a like amount of that quality in the person whom they addressed, and by its superior force as emanating from a person in power, *not* from a conclave of conceited men whose strength lay only in their tongues—inflicted serious damage upon delicate feelings wound up to the highest pitch of self complacent grandeeism. It is possible for a deputation so to conduct itself as to deserve assistance in finding out the door of the audience chamber. We can fancy

the position of a minister bearded in his own den and bluffly asked to signify his consent to chimeras and impossibilities. Even if he could well command his temper he could not at all times play stoic with his nerves. Whether he frowned or he laughed he was sure to give offence, and the delicacy of his situation may be imagined from the nature of the debate in which ignorance, arrogance and the grossest inconsistencies were promiscuously summoned in assailment of a policy based on established maxims of political economy instead of on specious cotton theories. The charge that the Government of India had not sufficiently encouraged the growth of cotton was attempted to be made out on issues arising out of the regulations for the sale of waste lands, a refusal to remit the Land Tax on fields producing cotton, and a refusal to undertake at the public expense experiments *de novo* with cotton seeds which had been years ago tried and declared to be satisfactory. All the waste land in India or even any great part of it could not be cotton land. Even if it were, Manchester could not consistently with its normal free trade principles demand special indulgences in favor of a crop which could only take its chance with the other products of the country. It would be a sinful waste of the resources of the land to offer facilities for the growth of a particular article which were not equally extended to all products. Even Mr. Fergusson who had said the hardest thing against the Government of Sir Charles Wood was constrained to deprecate the remission of the public revenue on lands devoted to cotton. The sublime absurdity of reviving in India a protection theory which in England had been completely demolished by the efforts of the very men whose selfishness now supplied them with transparent sophisms for its support, was a feature of the debate which carried its Nemesis in its own bosom.

The native population is thankful to the Indian Minister for explaining to the English Parliament the nature of its intellect. It is evidently presumed that the natives of India represent a state of civilization only one step removed from that of the cannibals. That such a gross ignorance in regard to England's most glorious dependency prevails amongst the lower orders of the English population who yet believe that the streets of Calcutta are paved with gold, we can believe. But that members of Parliament, by courtesy at least supposed to be educated men and not wholly unacquainted with history ancient and modern, should require to be told that cotton is an indigenous article of Indian agriculture, that the Indian ryot has been accustomed to its cultivation ever since the time when Roman beauties blazed in the white folds of the inimitable muslins of Gour, is a disappointment for which we were not sufficiently prepared. A small

measure of common sense would have sufficed to protect Manchester from the terrible exposure which Sir Charles Wood for the third time in the course of the session inflicted upon its ablest political leaders. Members of Parliament ambitious of displays on Indian questions should read up carefully before they hazard indignation speeches against an authority whose policy is firmly rooted in facts and sure principles. Clamour never yet triumphed in the cool sober atmosphere of London. When those who lead thought and lay down policies in the mother country, cease to be philosophers, then the India Office may fear a revolution.

Calcutta Roads And Drains.

[Reprinted from the Bengalee, August 19, 1863.]

The Imperial city in the middle of the rains is a sight worth the enthusiasm of the tourist. Perhaps no other chief city in the world presents variations of road scenery so great or so interesting. The traveller who lands at Chandpal Ghat fresh from the atmosphere of European civilization is regaled with the view of a splendid metropolis, with church steeples reaching up to the clouds, rows of palaces on each hand, streets smooth as bowling greens—wide, dustless, and dry—the very perfection of macadamization. He drives into Chowringhee, through all its bye lanes and larger thoroughfares, and his heart cannot wish for higher displays of Municipal talent and conservancy genius and activity than those before him. Everything except Dhurmtollah Bazar is neat, clean and tidy, even the lamp posts wear an appearance suggestive of the idea of their being weekly varnished. The ideal of civilization is maintained with an almost idolatrous zeal and if the newspapers breathe a whisper about Municipal mismanagement the growl is undoubtedly a malicious defamation. Did the new arrival not stir from Chowringhee, this state of his feeling would continue. But should business or curiosity call him to the native Town, or that part of Calcutta—not far distant from Chowringhee—which is occupied by the actual owners of the palaces which excited his admiration, he would observe a change in the landscape as violent as any that can be conceived by the imagination. He will see or rather feel, by the jolt of his carriage, streets than which the natural paths of the forest are better fitted for travelling. He will have his nose assailed by the stench of drains which have not felt the ministering hand of man ever since the last rains, his affrighted horse will obstinately back from pits in the thoroughfares wide enough to bury all the rubbish in the adjoining houses, his carriage wheels will stick resolutely into ruts from which release is possible only by the aid of half a dozen men and as many bamboo props. Not unfrequently his new carriage springs, the *chef d'œuvre* of Dykes or Eastman, will snap with a violence more painful to him if he possesses the usual sense of property, than the snapping of one of the ribs in his own body. After a heavy shower of rain he will in some places deem it more pleasant and advantageous to hire a boat than swim his horse. Perhaps the municipal authorities are

unwilling to deprive the citizens of Calcutta of occasional variations in the dull monotony of hard brick roads. What will poetically-inclined school boys do to obtain some faint idea of the city of gondoliers if Nimtollah Street and Chitpore Road and Cornwallis Street are tortured into clean dry thoroughfares at all seasons. Half the poetry of Byron will be lost upon the native mind and the work of education will perhaps remain unfinished. This is too serious a responsibility to be neglected by a corporation which cannot indeed subordinate civilization to sanitation. Then again these periodical overflows are useful in saving scavengers' work. The heaps of dirt which line the thoroughfares cannot be always disposed of by manual labor. It is unjust to deny to the Municipal Corporation that trust in providence which is a principal feature in the proceedings and success of statesmen and private men. In the most pressing difficulty the Chief of a faction relies upon providential interference to find him out a way. Such is precisely the hope of the man in whose private affairs a crisis is approaching. Why should there be a bar to Mr. Schalch's anxiously regarding the aspect of the heavens to save him from the effect of his vigorous advertisement on the subject of private filth. According to notice, householders are heaping refuse outside their premises with strict attention to their Macabes. But the mounds are in many places gaining wide proportions for want of scavengers' carts to remove them. In such an extremity a vigorous downpour from the skies reducing the streets to temporary canals is a service not to be thoughtlessly derided and the Chairman of the Board of Justices has every right to avail himself of it and no small temptation to wish for its permanence.

Patching is another very convenient expedient for avoiding large outlays, and it has therefore obtained deserved favor with an economist whose broadness of view is limited to theories. So that whilst Mr. Clarke goes home with Rs. 5,000 in his pocket to inspect the quality of English pumps (we hope the selection will not be in favor of those which will best act upon the pockets of rate-payers) Manicktollah Street, one of the most well-used thoroughfares in the Northern Division of the Town, is obtaining repairs at the rate of a bushel of Kunkur to ten square feet a week. God save us from King Stork!

The Nana Sahib.

[Reprinted from the *Bengaloe*, August 19, 1863.]

The Goindahs and Political prodigies are determined to make the British Government ridiculous and sinful. They have already caused the murder of one innocent man whose misfortune it was to own a lip similar to that of the Nana Sahib of Bithoor. The poor wretch was seized in some outlandish district in the Bombay Presidency, subjected to the treatment which the leader of the Cawnpore massacre may be naturally expected to receive at the hands of captors not much troubled with legal or political scruples in dealing with a man who was already by anticipation the chief of Indian felons, denied breathing room in the hold of the vessel which conveyed him to Calcutta for the superfluous process of identification, exhibited in a dungeon with close iron bars for the edification of the elite of Calcutta society, proved to be an imposition and released from his torments only to die. Not content with that one murder the Bombay Police is about to perpetrate another. It might reasonably be supposed that the failure of the first attempt to secure the reward of a lac of rupees set on the head of the Nana Sahib would induce greater caution in the steps taken for a second venture that way. But human cupidity is stronger than human wisdom and it is notorious that the love of wealth swallows up every other emotion. The Bombay Police followed only a powerful natural craving in again creating an interesting prisoner, and possibly its zeal blinded it to a consideration of probabilities. The bait of a hundred thousand rupees was too alluring to leave much weight to scruples regarding ways, and means, and if the Nana Sahib could not be caught and hanged, an animated effigy of the great miscreant would undoubtedly satisfy the ends of revenge if not of justice. It was in this view probably that the fakir in Ajmere was nabbed and is now being tortured with alternations of jail discipline and Police cross-examination. The simplest form of reasoning might have suggested the strangeness of a man on whose head a heavy price was set preferring of all other places to live at the elbow of an English official. What indeed could have been the object of his residence within a stone's throw of the court of the Political Agent of Rajpootanah. If he was plotting an insurrection in that country his Head Quarters must have been selected in a temper of

mind scarcely distinguished from wild insanity. There are other circumstances connected with the so-called Nana's capture which render his identity with the real Nana unnatural. Our idea is that some designing men have conspired to rob Government of the heavy reward set upon the head of the rebel. It will need the utmost circumspection to baffle their schemes and prevent the murder of innocent men. We hope the Government of Bombay will be equal to such a delicate task.

The Bengalee in the Civil Service.

[Reprinted from the Bengalee, September 16, 1863.]

In the long list of successful competitors in the late open competition for the Civil Service of India, there is one name which will be a trial to English jaws. It will perhaps prove a trial to English feelings also. At last one of the conquered—the natural hewers of wood and drawers of water to the privileged race—a “nigger,” peradventure some, more passionate, will say—has smuggled himself into the reserved seats of the most favored of the favored conquerors.

The dawn is over-cast ; the morning lowers ;

And heavily with clouds brings on the *fatal* day !

“Tagore, Satyendra Nath”—good gracious ! what a name ! Fancy he is a relation of Numboo Jumboo—“20—Presidency College, Calcutta University.” “Tagore Sat.”—By all means now Dr. Cumming may safely announce the destruction of the world at hand, though the millenium is more distant than ever.

Such will be the feelings of not a few Englishmen, both here and at home—and not unnaturally. Such are the feelings of all monopolists, when monopolies expire, and privileged orders, as the British-born subjects of Her Majesty are in the Government of India, are but monopolists. Specially that idea that the world is going to ruin—so singularly expressive of the heart’s panic—is inveterate with them. How many of us, without one sympathetic feeling for the millions whom the rise of wages of late years has benefited, how many of us we say, curse the Railways and the creation of other new and extensive industries in our country as the cause of scarcity of servants ! Ah ! allow then Englishmen to complain in the first moment of panic from a stupendous change—“When natives are admitted into the Civil Service, who will be the subordinate employes ?” It is quite true that not a few Englishmen are anxious about the contingency that within a few years there will be left no more Sircars, Amlah, Banians, Durwans, Khanshamahs or Baboos—all will have become Magistrates, Collectors, etc. They will cool in time.

To us and our countrymen at large, Baboo Satyendra Nath Tagore’s good fortune is an event of the largest signification, and one for unalloyed congratulation. Already the news has travelled with the flash of lightning to all parts of India,—and there is in consequence

rejoicing and thanks-giving in every Indian heart in which a narrow selfishness has not extinguished the capacity to feel exalted at the brightening of national prospects. Baboo Satyendra's success is a triumph of India of no ordinary importance. In one, and that an essential point, the reformed Charter of 1853 had remained a dead letter. One of the principal provisions of that document was directed against the monopoly of the Indian Civil Service, to English agitators the chief crime of the East India Company. The Company saved itself by giving up the abuse. The Indian Civil Service was thrown open to competition, and although English agitators would have confined the benefit to Englishmen exclusively—would have made an English monopoly of what was the Directors'—governing Englishmen had too much decency to concede the anomaly—to ratify what would have amounted to a grave insult to the Indian nation. They repelled the invidious distinction. They could not well refuse to the natives of India a benefit they were prepared to grant to Her Majesty's European subjects; and natives and Europeans alike were admitted to competition.

But—to use a Hindoo simile—a drop of rain is enough to render a whole reservoir of holy water impure, and there was one provision, perhaps a necessary provision, in the plan for carrying out the measure which reassured exclusive Englishmen that the natives after all were not to have a finger in the great Indian Civil Service Competition pie. The competition was to be held in London. In theory there can be no doubt that this is unjust; for India of all parts of the British Empire had a right to share in her own administration, and India of all parts of the Empire was thus placed at the greatest disadvantage. Practically the injustice cannot be helped without a sacrifice of convenience and of unity, and as most men are governed by routine ideas, the last is a sacrifice which few are strong enough to be able to make. But the inherent disadvantage of India in the competition—the enormous distance, the enormous expense, the enormous danger to life, and the enormous disappointment of failure—all were befittingly crowned by the insuperable difficulty of the Hindoo religion—that ubiquitous blight ever and anon pursuing a Hindoo and blasting his happiness. To cross the sea was to forfeit caste and make enemies of the entire pantheon, and who could afford to be so audacious?

Thus practically the Charter of 1853 did not exist for us. And many have been the articles written and agitations made and memorials to the Secretary of State and petitions to Parliament forwarded by our countrymen since its passing into law, to render it a reality to us. All in vain. Dr. Chuckerbutty, the first successful poacher, throwing

caste to the winds and displaying an energy that shall ever command admiration, left the Calcutta Medical College, went to England, studied, gained professional distinction, went up for the Indian Examination and forced himself by his knowledge to the second place among the competitors. But he entered the Indian *Medical Service*; and since his time there has ceased to be an *Indian Medical Service*, for with a degree of quibbling unworthy of that nobelman, the late Lord Herbert, in the dearth of careers for our countrymen extinguished the highest career in one of the only two learned professions open to us—an act which constitutes the single blot in his otherwise spotless reputation. The general Indian Service remained of course ground sacred from Indian intrusion, until the spirited grandson of Babu Dwarka Nath Tagore included it amongst the national conquests.

We hope our countrymen will be able to retain possession. Baboo Satyendra has secured the gratitude due to the successful pioneer, or rather his father Baboo Debendra Nath Tagore deserves that gratitude for having sent forth the pioneer. Let no man decry the value of the service the pioneer does. It is difficult to set an egg erect on the table when you have not seen the process. Baboo Satyendra has not indeed made the Charter Act which removed our civil disability, but he has shown the use of it—has shown its impartial beneficial working; he has shown that the Act was not meant to be, nor is, nor need be, a dead letter; and this is a service of no small national importance. What, for instance, is the reason that during these ten years since the right acquired by so much declamation was conceded, scarcely once was it availed of? Fear of losing caste was it? Not a bit. People stick to caste to avoid a thousand inconveniences, but it is not *now* that caste *can* be lost. Expense was it? A year's jewellery of thousands of families would forward a couple of lads from each to the competition. The truth is, it is the strangeness of the idea of doing the thing which kept and has hitherto kept our well-to-do countrymen from doing it. When they shall be accustomed to the idea—as they cannot by and by help doing—when sending children to London to compete will be deemed no more horrible or extraordinary an act than Moffusil Zemindars used not long ago to consider sending children to Calcutta for education, neither pecuniary considerations nor all the gods and *dolopotees* in the world will prevent sable students flocking to the competition from all parts of India. Caste Babu Satyendra had none to lose, but he deserves the thanks of the country for familiarizing our countrymen by his success to the new and beneficial idea of natives going to England to compete for the Indian Civil Service.

The late Governor-General.

[Reprinted from the *Bengalee*, November 25, 1863.]

Successive telegrams of a disheartening nature had in some measure prepared the public for the heavy affliction with which it has pleased Providence to visit us in the premature death of Lord Elgin. The feeling throughout India in regard to this gigantic calamity is intense and universal. No Governor-General took up the reins of Indian administration under better auspices than the nobleman who came to the country emphatically on a mission of consolidation and of peace. Wars and rumours of war had died away with the last gun fired from the relieved Lucknow Residency. The vast Army of Europeans and Sepoys which had been assembled on all sides for the defeat and chastisement of the most formidable mutiny which imperilled the existence of any government, had been disbanded or returned to its proper stations. The finances, which threatened to be a more calamitous source of anxiety than even the mutiny, were subdued and compressed into dimensions which afforded a hopeful sign of elasticity of Indian revenues, and a guarantee of future Indian progress. The empire was at peace and the empire had risen triumphantly over insolvency. During such a crisis the Earl of Elgin and Kincardine, a lineal offspring of the Royal House of Bruce of Bannockburn, who should have reigned in Edinburgh, if James VI of Scotland had not become James I of England, landed at Calcutta amidst the roar of Artillery and the flash of three thousand bayonets—Victoria's second Viceroy in the East. A proud destiny it indeed was to represent the sovereignty of England to a people who had bowed their necks to sovereigns as powerful and magnificent as any in the world. Lord Elgin felt the full weight of his responsibility and his calm and dignified bearing on all occasions rendered him eminently popular. About the first act which marked the character of his mind and shewed to the native population essentially guided by trifles in their estimation of public men, was one unmeaningly painful to Europeans who do not own a common sympathy with murderers. His views on questions of public policy were broad, liberal and distinguished by a sound common sense. Though he seldom wrote pedantic minutes, and a certain section of the local press inspired by extremely pedagogish notions of things, necessarily the wildest and most pedantic, therefore charged him with

imbecility and want of shine, yet he exercised the most rigid control over subordinate action in matters in which such a supervision was needed without painfully clogging every proceeding with doubts, enquiries and radical ideas. In his intercourse with men the Earl of Elgin did not exhibit himself as a god. He never stood up on stilts looking down upon his visitors with theatrical pomposity, but on the contrary, uncommon pains were visibly taken by him to produce on their minds a feeling of equality and unceremoniousness which added immensely to his popularity. Dalhousie for instance would have regarded as an insult an invitation to hear a lecture at the Dalhousie Institute though delivered by the Financial Member of his own Council. Canning would have shrunk from such an expose. But Lord Elgin not only did sit down good-naturedly with the cabinet makers and shop-boys who compose the stamina of the Institute but treated them to anecdotes of Chinese dinners which made them roar with laughter. One of the richest noblemen in the three Kingdoms, he did not fear to lose his dignity in such an assembly. He had romped with the peasants on his father's estates in early youth without bringing a stain on his escutcheon and why should there be contamination in the breath of substantial tradesmen and prosperous clerks.

This was the most salient feature of Lord Elgin's character. He was not compelled by the exigencies of his position to assume the mask of hauteur. Though he was Governor-General yet he had no need to act a part. Lord Canning, perhaps the best abused Governor-General that ever carried harness in India never breathed a syllable against a Press which daily treated him to unlimited doses of insolence and wit. But the Earl of Elgin deemed it a duty to exculpate himself from the mildest newspaper attacks from his place in Council. Perhaps the altered circumstances of Indian opinion rendered such a vindication expedient. But we are sure that it proceeded more from choice than from necessity. And the Governor-General who chose to be at even with the public gave promise of a policy which could not fail to render his administration just and popular. On the antecedents of the great and good man, on his safe administration of Jamaica, on his prosperous administration of Canada, on his successful diplomacy with the Courts of Peking and of Japan, it is not necessary to dwell. Those passages in his life are already matters of history. But his career in India though undistinguished by any of the bloody triumphs of war, was marked by a species of triumph which men will commence to value in proportion as they leave their bull dog nature. He supplemented with the reality of fulfilled promises, the great peace policy of his illustrious predecessor, and held the balance of parties with a

hand which never wavered. The Native Princes of Hindoostan have lost in the departed Governor-General a friend whose equal in the purest honor and nobility of soul they will in vain look for in the whole British Peerage.

But it is not merely a direct calamity which is involved in the death of a tried Governor of men and statesman. Indirectly the country has sustained a loss which will tell upon its destiny for many long years to come. The deadly climate of the East which is charged with the early murders—not deaths merely—of Wilson and Canning and Ritchie and Ward, will gather a terror from the fall of Lord Elgin in the most salubrious part of the country, which cannot fail to repel the boldest English noblemen from the Indian viceroyship. Such is the working of the innate superstition of the human mind, that even ambition will prevent a scramble for a prize which is sure henceforth to be regarded with the feelings of Leicester or of Monmouth on intimation that their death warrants had received the Royal sign manual. It is quite natural that comfortable aristocrats should prefer the chance of a green old age like Wellington's or Palmerston's at home, to the certainty of death under the scientific hands of Dr. McRae. The instinct of self-preservation will suggest plausible arguments for declining an offer of office to which is annexed such a fatal condition. The result will be a descent from a higher to a lower circle of selection and the nomination to the Indian viceroyalty of men who would accept the condition of early death as fairly admissible only for the sake of a high scale of salary. Or there will be men with a high craving for distinction but unblessed with the requisites for the construction of an honorable name. The Indian public should not be surprised if these in their madness mistake their means and, like the ambitious incendiary who burnt the temple of Diana at Ephesus for the recognition, however ignoble, of posterity, plunge the country into the horrors of war in order to find a vent for their talents. Let us pray that the sainted spirit of Lord Elgin may guard Hindoostan from such a calamity and that from the tomb in Dhurmsallah—literally the asylum of the virtuous—mystic influences may be exercised over the counsels of the Imperial Cabinet which will push us on to that haven of peace and rest and prosperity which was typified in the short though impressive career of James, Earl of Elgin and Kincardine, in whose memory the deep black border will long encircle many a grateful Indian heart !

The Bengalee Temperance Movement.

[Reprinted from the Bengalee, December 9, 1863.]

Wonders never cease. According to the Hindoo Shasters this is the age for monsters. In one respect Dr. Cumming is Hindoo. His belief in and periodical predictions of the approaching dissolution of the universe are one form only of the popular Hindoo idea that the universe will disappear in the present age. The *Kullu Jogy* is emphatically a levelling epoch leading to the grand catastrophe. Not the least of its inflictions is the monster—Alcohol. Hitherto the demon was unknown in the Indian Elysium. The Hindoos never were a drunken race. At least the records of the nation—ancient, semi-ancient or modern—do not disclose any large or fearful amount of wine drinking. If the Soma juice so liberally poured out to Brahma in the Vedas were wine, it did not certainly possess much alcoholic matter, for Brahma would otherwise have run mad with the libations and cursed his votaries in his sober moments. The sages who fasted and prayed on the peaks of the Himalayas are spoken of as occasionally fortifying themselves with a good cup of the overflowing nectar. But it is difficult to identify the contents of that cup with the brandy and soda water of the present day, or discover in them the properties which reduce human beings to the condition of beasts or of fiends. At all events wine was then a rare luxury to be enjoyed only by those who by the hardest discipline and asceticism had trained themselves to moderation and a healthful use of the liquor. The masses of the people were under the heaviest religious and social bans excluded from its participation and the Hindoos thus continued to live a life of primeval innocence and virtue until English commerce found an excuse for throwing into the country a cargo of wines and liquors from the best breweries. We cannot perhaps put in a logical complaint against such an introduction of one of the valued accompaniments of Western civilization. England is said to derive half her strength from rum. The workman at the looms, the laborer in the fields, the soldier at the breach would sink into very ordinary Englishmen if their ordinary allowance of grog were stopped. At least the superstition on the subject is very intense and nobody has had the courage to experimentalise with an important physical doctrine. Recently the Captain of an English merchantman exhibited before the young Men's Christian Association a few of his sailors—total abstinence men whose ruddy cheeks

and strong muscular frames afforded a practical refutation of the ordinary plea for drink. But these were decidedly the exceptions, the British seaman being proverbially the biggest drunkard in the world. Half a century ago it was not infamous in an English Lord to sleep under the table after supper regularly, and an English Squire lost the sympathies of his friends, tenants and dependants, if he failed to make the most reckless use of his stud and his cellar. The English custom of ladies retiring after dinner, to this day religiously observed, is only a relic of the times in which no male guest was permitted to leave the festive board in his senses. The Englishman in India could not in the face of these precepts of high society at home, remain sober in his exile. His position amongst an eminently sober people, whom he naturally regarded with contempt did not demand from him any sacrifices to the customs of the country in which he was placed. A member of the dominant race, he was at full liberty to please himself. Native public opinion was too weak and sectional in its character to reach him ; and nothing therefore prevented his washing down a dish of hot curry and *pilloc* with endless bottles of the dear water of life. We do not certainly blame him for endeavouring to live in India as gentlemen lived in England, and if he was carried off by the cholera or the dysentery too early, the misfortune was all his. But the native population, the most inquisitive people in the world, regarded with a burning curiosity the drink brought all the way from England with the care, not often bestowed upon the Hindoo gods, at an enormous expense of freight and a large outlay of capital. Pandora did not long more ardently for a cool quiet place in which she could examine the gift of Jupiter than the ambitious Hindoo with just that amount of English in his head which enabled him to rise above superstitious scruples and to appreciate the doctrine of the voluptuous Assyrian, longed for a similar convenience for tasting the English elixir. The opportunity was not wanting. An accommodating Druggist offered the desired liquor with a label which defied detection—one table spoonful at bedtime. Of course it was medicine as the public could well see. The most orthodox head of a family could not object to medicine taken by his boy to get rid of a very bad cold. As English medicines possess all the colors of the rainbow not the softest whisper of suspicion could be raised on the score of color. Bengalees have an idea that a draught loses its healing virtue if it is smelt, so the proof of smell was also evaded. Taste was altogether out of the question and the victim of a morbid curiosity had thus the ground clear before him. One table spoonful at bedtime ! Clever concealment ! Three cheers for the dispensary !!! Thus one, two, six, a dozen drunkards were formed. A sufficient nucleus for a grand army. The dispensary doses in time became contemptible.

There no longer existed any reason for concealment. The governor had croaked leaving an enormous fortune to young hopeful, whose first care was to construct a cellar, next a dining hall, third to gather the reform party in the city and preside nightly at its head with the genuine English hip, hip, hurrah. It is useless to hide the fact that the majority of educated native gentlemen are deeply in the books of Payne & Co., more deeply in their books than in those of the Great Eastern Hotel Company "Limited." We have come to that pass that one must wander like Diogenes with a lamp in broad day, to discover the educated or even half educated native who does not drink. One of the present heads of native society, a big gun of Bengalee politics, expressed his surprise on one occasion, that a certain native gentleman who wrote excellent English, did not drink. He could not believe that a person so well up in style could be such a beast as to refuse good liquor. He doubtless pitied his want of taste and felt suspicious about his grammar ever afterwards. We mention the anecdote first to show how we have passed on from proverbial sobriety to notorious inebriety, and how the very instincts of our race on the subject of drink have been changed. The revolution is not confined to Calcutta. In the mofussil the Anglicised Bengalee has made numerous proselytes. Fashion supports the vice to an incredible extent, and the leaders of the people are therefore answerable for it in a greater degree—than either the English Schools or the English Abkarry. They are directly responsible for a state induced by their own vicious example in many, and supported by their supine indifference in a few cases. A temperance movement, rather late in the day, has been inaugurated by the benevolent and patriotic Assistant Professor of History in the Presidency College—Baboo Peary Churn Sircar—supported by the few native gentlemen of position in Calcutta who have managed to maintain the primitive manners of the country in spite of temptation and association. These however can be counted on the ten fingers without much aid from arithmetic. The signatures in the book before us are of persons who have already passed the age of a fall. They are veteran total abstainers, standing isolated from the mass of educated Bengalees and regarded with pity by their more forward brethren. These will continue to be the butt of the hip hip hurrah men without the expedient of a temperance club. They already are very excellent and all that can be desired. It is labor thrown away canvassing for their votes. What is wanted is a strong muster of sinners reclaimed—of reprobates redeemed. We have little hopes of seeing the names of many such in the books now in circulation. A native Baboo against whom we had heard nothing before, most cordially on our invitation signed the book on our table. On close enquiry we ascertained that he was not what we took him for ; that is, though

not a confirmed drunkard, he was by no means insensible to the joys of the red ruin. Fancy his most provokingly laughing in our face when next meeting him we commenced a serious lecture on spirituous liquors in general and his suspected partiality for them in particular.

This is exactly the difficulty in our way. Universal scepticism has displaced a faith in Hindoo superstition in the minds of the educated. It is impossible to obtain an earnest hearing from them on any serious subject. The wild laugh or the bitter sneer closes every controversy. Even when the argument is admitted, its aim is treated with frivolity. People have become sick of societies, combinations for talk, speculation and often pedantry. The strong temptations to drink cannot be neutralised by an abstraction, by an invitation to grown up, hard-worked, well occupied men, to meet once a month to hear lectures on temperance. The temperate do not want to be bored. The intemperate are better occupied with half a dozen friends discussing an excellent stock of champagne. We must bethink us of opposing something real to an excitement which is admittedly overpowering. The temperance friends should not only meet in gloomy conversation but exchange conviviality. When temperance dinners are discovered to be more fascinating than wine parties, we may expect to gain proselytes and form combinations powerful for effective action. We will expatiate on our idea in a future number.

The late Major D. L. Richardson.

[Reprinted from the Bengalee, December 23, 1865.]

The last obituary from England contains a name which had been present before every intelligent native of Bengal for thirty years and upwards. It was not only present in the sense in which memory throws up the names of prominent men without any other interest than that of pure notability. It was more. The name of Major David Lester Richardson had passed into the affectionate reverence of a household word. It was strung to the hearts of many, possibly most of the present leaders of native thought and intelligence. The father of native education in Bengal had an interest in the eyes of those who most benefited by his early and subsequent labours in the field of an ennobling, a vivifying, a progress-creating instruction, not second to social or political objects of speculation. To Major Richardson we owe, and the fathers of the rising generation owed the position which we and they occupy in the esteem of civilised men and in the scale of practical civilization. The death of such a man, though at an advanced age, comes upon us with that heavy sense of bereavement which follows the extinction of a long cherished institution. With the flower of Calcutta native gentlemen Major Richardson was on terms of the strictest private friendship. He was one of those Europeans who do not believe worth and talent confined to peculiar and a favoured race. Thrown at the outset of his Indian career amongst the juvenile section of a people, the maturer portion of whom had already earned an infamous character through the pages of superficial book makers and sensation essayists, his first idea doubtless was to mould this raw and supple material in a way which should afford a living refutation of the theory of blood-born vice and innate love of evil. He covered his fire and set his bellows to work on a substance of which he could not at first have any hopeful promise. Early invalided from military service his taste must have been somewhat singular when he volunteered at a time at which the reputation of the Bengalee character was not very elevated, to devote his energies to the training of the budding Bengalee mind. Other careers were open to him which might have given him wealth and a position vastly superior to that of a school master. To a person of his undoubted talent and great ability even the Invalid Establishment would not, had he wished otherwise, have proved the grave of official preferment. The highest

men in the realm were his personal friends and he had but to ask it in order to obtain an honorable footing in the Civil or political service of Government. But his mind was seriously bent on one grand project. It was to make the Hindoo lad the rival in literature of the English lad, to infuse into him that enthusiasm of knowledge which helps to the formation of a high standard of national character, to energize and to revolutionise minds in which even the accomplished and minute-looking Macaulay could find only cunning, deceit and sycophancy. How well he succeeded in his earnest and long abiding mission is manifested by the tone and feeling of the educated Hindoo of the present day on questions on which even the most charitable and confiding could not safely trust alone his grand-father. Within the brief limits of this paper it will not be satisfactory to sketch the life of Major Richardson. A volume will hardly do justice to one who spent a life time in the service of Indian education, who formed and moulded feelings and aspirations which shall continue in their course of silent though rapid development through generations yet unborn, who held out to the Hindoo a beacon of hope and direction during thirty years of darkness and struggle for light and whose name still forms a talisman which drives away sadness and despair.

Retrospect of 1865.

[Reprinted from the Bengalee, January 6, 1866.]

✱ In greeting our friends, subscribers, contributors, and other gentlemen and persons interested or concerned in the welfare of this paper, with the honeyed compliments of the season, the time-honored predictions of happiness and success, which mean good health and well filled pockets, freedom from scrapes and the capacity to enjoy life, we are expected to sketch, we believe, the events of the past year in charity or in sourness according to the temper of mind, heart or physique in which we may happen to be. Something very gaudy and superlatively grand is doubtless required at our hands: All the tragedy in our veins is expected to be poured forth in freezing type whilst recounting the horrors of the famous pay day in Bombay on which half the millionaires of the gold-paved city got up from a morning snooze to find themselves beggared. All the comedy in our eye is expected to be launched into dancing syllables imparting fun and grotesqueness to the hundred times told tale of the sell by Port Canning Shares. The task of recounting the events of a twelve month, and a twelve month in which there were very few events worthy the pen of history, is by no means a light one. We can give our readers a series of reporters' paragraphs, and call it a *resume*, or we can screech funeral sermons on the dead, if pathetically inclined. Best of all, we can abuse villainously everything and everybody with which or with whom the past year had any connection, from Sir John Lawrence to Native Doctor Emam Khan, or from the famine to the Ticca Garry Act, and deserve the plaudits of our numerous friends and admirers. Various specimens are before us. We are fortunately the last in the list of daily or weekly Review writers. Were we disposed to cook, condiments are not wanting in allopathic doses to cover our skill and make the tongues of our readers burn and their eyes overflow with brine. We have determined, however, to take a philosopher's view of the past year; to applaud unconditionally all that has been and to devise fruitful lessons from buried misfortunes. This is perhaps the wisest course, for a wiser providence has shaped events and incidents into links between the past and the future as necessary as the steps leading to the top of Ochterlony monument.

The year 1865 opened with a blank peace. The vast Peninsula of India was enjoying that quiet repose which sets economical thought running upon the cost and the uses of large standing armies. People

had commenced to speculate seriously on the extravagance of spending twelve crores of rupees, raised by vigorous and even oppressive taxation, upon an institution which lay serene, basking in splendid barracks and palatial fortresses. The Bhootan Dooars had been seized during the previous year. A slight demonstration of musquetry had sufficed to wrest Dewangiri and Buxa from a people who could fight only with their *daos*. The Bhootas had fled in terror to their hill-tops, leaving the plains completely in the hands of the invading English. Not one flat nose presumed to show itself within a hundred yards of the British encampment, and the British commanders in abject deference to their traditions resigned themselves to the most negligent security. The picquets snored at their posts, whilst the subalterns of the watch fancying themselves to be in Gowhatty or Barrackpore lingered at the mess till they were stretched under the friendly Mahogany, regardless of discipline or duty. Whiz went the tent ropes at a given signal. An unearthly yell rose shrill and piercing upon the wind. The slumberers awoke, startled and terrified. To arms, to arms! By heavens the Bhootas are not dead or crouching beneath the palace at Punakha. There is the sharp hillman's *dao* cleaving with certain aim and stroke. Tounsoo screams to his men the fatal charge. Revenge, death to the invader. In vain the trumpet brays, in vain the drums frantically call to the muster. The night is dark as Erebus, the Tents lie in one confused and tangled mass covering the British armies as with a net. The Bhoota *dao* and yell thunder on every side of the encampment, freezing the blood of the Sepoys who are hacked and mutilated without mercy. The surprise is terrible and complete. Before dawn the enemy is conceivable only by his murderous work. What a carnage has he left behind! Then followed the furious onslaught of Dewangiri. For the first time the spectacle was presented of a British Commander urging his men to fly before a rabble of barbarians, deserting his guns, and allowing his gunners to break through every bond of discipline in the intenseness and helplessness of their fright. That commander has ceased to belong to the British army. In a more barbarous age, in which Byng was shot, under sentence of a Court Martial, by his own Marines for cowardice, the stain on British honor would perhaps have been expiated by the blood of the miserable man who was the cause of it. In our merciful era his removal to the pension list satisfies the severest justice. Such was the progress of human feeling in 1865. The softened and evangelical tone of human thought was further exemplified by the *denouement* of the Bhootan campaign. Ten years ago such a slaughter as that inflicted on the British Army by Tounsoo the Bhoota would have been deemed inexpiable except by the storming of Punakha, the cap-

tivity of its two Rajahs, the execution of the audacious Penlow, and the permanent occupation of the entire Bhoota territory by British cohorts and British cutcherry-men. The policy of 1865 had, however, become so just and so moderate that the expedition against Bhootan, planned with unerring skill and at a cost which will now figure as a bitter waste, was abandoned, through preference, for a treaty by the terms of which the Government of India will pay a subsidy to the Deb Rajah as the price of the Dooars. The treaty has been condemned and denounced by the men who have contrived to stand still amidst the progress which prevails around them, the men who yet adore Dalhousie the incendiary and shake their fists at the nigger they can no longer with impunity injure. But it has received the approval of the British public and the countenance and support of every good and honest thinker. The complication on the Eastern frontier having been thus satisfactorily settled, the close of 1865 again saw India reposing on the bosom of an unbroken peace.

But the world was not wholly at peace. In America the fratricidal war was at its height when 1865 dawned and the slaves in Jamaica were in open revolt when it closed. The defeat and annihilation of the Confederate forces procured an inevitable calm. The union has been restored to its original integrity. Congress again sits, devising not the means for maintaining deadly campaigns but repairing the losses of the war, for President Lincoln has fallen by the assassin's bullet. President Davis is an inmate of the felon's cell. The belligerent prime movers having been thus removed, the Western Hemisphere may look for rest. Closer home, Cabool presented a battle-ground on which blood was ceaselessly flowing. Brother was arrayed against brother, clan against clan, and Russia taking advantage of the strife was quietly advancing her Cossacks in Central Asia. What her ultimate end is, it is not difficult to foresee. But India sleeps not with the bear prowling by her bedside.

We will dismiss nevertheless the war God and bang the door of the temple of Janus, at least set springs to them that they may not remain open longer than necessary. Surrounded by roaring elements, it would be foolish in us to calculate upon any prolonged interval of peace. A taunt from a Magazine Cooley produced the gigantic mutiny of 1857. This must be remembered and therefore with a revolver under our pillow we will take quiet note of the peace incidents of 1865.

Foremost amongst these has been the restoration of Dhar to the prince from whose weak hands it had been temporarily wrested. The Durand Party was too strong in India to produce such an incident

of political good faith on the initiation of the Indian Government. Parliament had to be invoked and the pamphleteering skill of the Secretary to the India Reform Society brought into full steam in order to give the Maharajah of Dhar justice and his guddes. He now sits upon it and worthily, notwithstanding Col. Durand's affectionate prophecies. The Nabob of the Carnatic received his final *Jewab* from Parliament during the past year. That august body, ever ready to denounce and sentence tyranny, cannot brook shams. The wretched old man, who passed a vigorous youth in dissipation and petition making, will go down to his grave with an empty title. He deserved no better fortune. The Maharajah of Nabha incurred the serious displeasure of the Viceroy for supposed complicity in the murder of his aunt in Loodianah. A young man just invested with sovereign power, the blow would have been fatal to his future prosperity, had not a full judicial investigation, conducted by a British officer, terminated in his honorable acquittal. The murdered Sirdarnee was proved to be a Messalina and she met the usual fate of her class. On the other hand, the chief of Kota who interposed with all the weight of his authority in preventing a suttee in his dominion, has been thanked by Sir John Lawrence, in a characteristic autograph, for his enlightened feeling on such a dark Indian subject. In the matter of Finance we are left to unmitigated congratulations by the action of the wave of time just passed. The terrible Income Tax—that Royal Bengal Tiger of Indian Taxation whose roar made the Peninsula tremble upon its tripod and sent the denizens of the city into their closets—was shot down dead by three bullets. Sir Charles Trevelyan exhibits the skin to his numerous friends and admirers, though Sir John Lawrence, who having once been a lion (in the Punjab) had some sort of fellow feeling for the brute, would fain have left him to roam at large for another year or two. But the monster has ceased to breathe and a hundred and fifty millions of men are praying he may not have left a son or a granddaughter. His trappings are deposited in some obscure chest in the Financial Secretary's office, according to the official bulletin of his destroyer, and even the most loyal subject of the Queen would be pleased if the building were burnt to the ground with that dreadful chest. However, it is not necessary to think of such things with any degree of anxiety. It is sufficient the Income Tax is not—and God bless the past year.

From the balance sheet of Government we descend to the balance sheets of private men and Companies. Plague upon it, the past year saw unheard of bubbles. We will not mar the joy of the new leaf in existence by reviving the memory of old miseries. Let bygones be

by-gones. We have no wish to laugh again in the faces of the foolish men who bought Port Canning shares at 10,000 rupees premium. Hope they have learnt arithmetic by their ventures and will be able to keep their cash for all time to come. Regarding the cotton speculators we must exhibit a different feeling. They were not foolish, but simply unfortunate. And they have rallied. In the forum the country has won a pitched battle. The ryot has triumphed at last. Blessings on the 14 Judges. The lakhirajdar has triumphed also. There is a sign of the land returning to ancient fertility and prosperity—to right and to common honesty.

Religion is at a discount. Bishop Colenso has revolutionised Christianity and the Brahmo Sumajes are hotly pursuing Hinduism. The world will soon light upon unsectarian deism.

Bengal is threatened by a famine. All the Agricultural Exhibitions have been stopped. But trade prospers and we have every reason to believe, as we wish, that the country will enjoy a Happy New Year.

The Wards of Government.

[Reprinted from the *Bengalee*, January 20, 1886.]

The Lieutenant Governor of Bengal has upheld the dictum of the Board of Revenue in the case of the Hetampore minor—*Le Roi le veut* and no young gentleman who has the misfortune to own an estate before arriving at man's estate will now be permitted on any plea, pretence or palaver to avoid the famous Manicktollah concern of the august Court of Wards. The question has been finally settled and it is therefore useless to contend against fate. Weeping mothers must put a stone upon their breasts and have recourse to the sublimest stoicism to preserve them from hysterics and possibly from suicide. Disconsolate wives will do well to compare their bereavement with that of the perpetual widow and endeavour to drag life for a short time on the memory of past happiness and the hope of a future re-union. The minor himself will care little, if he is roguishly inclined, for he will be thrown into the society of grand companions who will teach him every trick of Calcutta life more readily than he will learn his alphabet. The Court of Wards is a rigid father and armed with the authority of the most tyrannical *pater familias*, will exercise that kind of control which is known to make more blockheads than Bachelors of Arts. With a true English admiration and affection for systems, the most inveterate elements are studiously collected by it into a home where the young millionaires learn many things which it would have taken years of country development to put into their heads, whilst the kind of intellectual advancement, of which they become the specimens, is not creditable to any body concerned. The *Englishman* has given two most sensible articles on the subject. Every intelligent native or European who calmly thinks over the subject arrives at conclusions directly adverse to those which the Court of Wards, carried away by a sublime idea of its dignity and authority, has succeeded in impressing upon the Lieutenant Governor. The plain fact of the matter, it is not easy to disguise, is, that the Court finds itself committed to an Institution the expense whereof is charged entirely to the Estates of its Wards, and which has proved a down-right failure. A large amount has already been spent upon it and vested interests have been created in connection with it. There are incumbents on the institution who cannot easily be provided for elsewhere and hence the chief difficulty in the way of

retrenchment, we might add also, of a reform, which simple honesty so loudly calls for. The supporters of the Ward's Institution have suffered themselves to be deceived on a point on which their large Indian experience ought to have thrown a blazing light. We observe that the Secretary to the Board of Revenue has undertaken to impress the public through the columns of the *Englishman* with the same view of the question, which the Board has succeeded in impressing upon the Government. We are glad to be thus brought face to face with an official champion of the institution on the same field. It is not difficult to bamboozle Government by plausible reasons. But it is a rather stiff business to endeavour to dupe intelligent and well-informed thinkers outside the official ring. R. B. C. overflows with as keen sense of the duty of the state to procure the efficient moral culture of the urchins who are left to its protection by the death of their parents, along with their parents' estates. It is undoubtedly the Estate which procures the sympathy of Government, not the urchins, for there are many such in the streets on whom no benevolent thoughts are ever wasted. Arguing from English analogies, the Board's Secretary loses himself in an ideal world which certainly bears no resemblance to India as we see it. Here the relationship of Government with the Hindoo is thwarted by local causes which yet retain a singular strength and efficacy. We will confine ourselves this week to only one view of R. B. C.'s argument. It is this. If the duty of the State towards the Hindoos' ward transcends maternal authority, that duty clearly points to a Christian education of the ward, for admittedly that is the highest kind of education yet conceivable by a Christian Government. Is the State prepared for this valiant course which would at once lay the axe at the root of the Manicktollah concern? If it is not, the less cant in official as well as quasi-official papers the more tasteful.

The Ward's Institute.

[Reprinted from the Bengalee, January 27, 1866.]

Last week we left this subject with a very blunt question. The cant of separating Hindoo Wards from their relatives for their peculiar good would have gone down, had the nature of the education imparted to them admitted of any consolatory reflections. If the Government, in the exercise of its prerogative of parental guardianship, had undertaken responsibilities which it knew it could rationally fulfil, we would not have opposed, the country would not have opposed or reprobated proceedings however hastily adopted or harshly carried out in the interest of a sacred trust and an urgent duty. But it is notorious, and the fact does not admit of either doubt or contradiction, that the majority of the wards are, after five years' feeding and cramming and drilling and driving, unfit even to stand the University Entrance Examination. Perhaps it is not the fault of the Board of Revenue or their subordinates that Hindoo lads of the higher order of society are stubborn dunces. But the argument that the separation of the wards from their families is essential to their vigorous moral or intellectual growth loses its grand climacteric by the fact that the Ward's Institute has not yet furnished any specimen of such a growth which may with confidence be exhibited in support of the theory under which the wards are forced from their natural home to take up unnatural positions in a sort of a house of refuge. All the intellectuality of which they become the possessors after a protracted stay at the Institute at an enormous cost, would have been equally secured to them in a Zillah school. All the shyness or the modesty which they bring with them from the Mofussil gives way to a habit of irreverence, irreverence in religion as well as in secular objects of thought and discussion, which is the source of much ultimate mischief. What do the Wards virtually learn at the Institute? To ride tame horses, eat delicacies and talk—the more intelligent and, by constant habit, at last the least intelligent—slang! The basis of all morality in early youth is undoubtedly religion. Whatever the character of Hindoo superstition, the hideousness of the Hindoo form of worship, only the blindest of bigots or sceptics can fail to perceive in it a steady current towards morality. The very existence of the Hindoo nation through a period of more than three thousand years in a certain measure pure and

holy, free from extraordinary crime and exhibiting at times even extraordinary virtue, is a proof of the capability of the Shasters to produce moral habits which the blindest revilers, traducers and opponents of our race cannot well hesitate to accept. The ceremonials of our religion are grand and majestic. If they fail in rationality, such as the world with its present measure of knowledge defines and estimates rationality, they are not wanting in impressiveness. The Government Ward, separated from the family worship, ceases altogether to worship. He forgets the God that made him rich and happy and no attempt is made to revive his memory of a Being superior to horses and grooms. Here is a source of danger which naturally alarms his friends and relatives and alas! how fearfully are their suspicions confirmed and augmented by the fate of certain *élèves* of the Ward's Institute who died the deaths of veteran drunkards and sots at ages at which even proverbially precocious Hindoo lads scarcely dare to choose their own food. If the Government were earnest in their desire to give wards a peculiarly moral or elevating kind of instruction, other arrangements would undoubtedly have been made than the existing ones, for placing before the young lads models for reverent imitation. If the Government in their sincerity to make their wards reputable members of society had even favored a Christian education there would have been some and great excuse for such a policy in the eyes of at least intelligent men, however wildly the unthinking or the ignorant might have screamed against it. But the present plan has so signally failed that a persistence in it is generally ascribed to conceit, and stubbornness and a reckless lust of authority. We will not leave the subject until we have successively exhausted every view in which it can be placed and treated.

The Forgery of the Despatch.

[Reprinted from the Bengalee, February 3, 1866.]

The *Friend of India* has again screeched himself hoarse on the subject of native veracity. Our contemporary feeds the fire against our national reputation with a persistency which, if he had been feminine in his person as he undoubtedly is in his mind, would have secured him a heaven through the intercession of that ancient Roman goddess whose faggots were kept continually blazing. The gift of maintaining abuse which belongs peculiarly to the tender sex, appears under its highest form of virulence in a writer who perhaps endeavours to make up for a serious want of matter by a violent redundancy of manner. It is undoubtedly very heroic to allude with the insolence of a barber's apprentice, to defects in the Hindoo character which, if they really exist, date no further back than the year in which Plassey was fought and won by an Englishman who first instigated treachery and then in the moment of his triumph insulted and betrayed his accomplices. If every Englishman had been as unscrupulous as Clive proved himself during the earlier portion of his career, the map of India would indeed have presented at the present day features by no means suggestive of the force of English genius or the skill of English generalship. But Clive picked himself up almost immediately at the moment he fell from a high moral standard and he had the firmness to enforce a high moral standard in his subordinates when he ceased to be an intriguer on being transformed into a Governor. It was fortunate also that many Englishmen in India did not adopt the popular plan of leaving their consciences at the Cape but preferred to wear them beneath their shirts, filling with the odour of truth and sanctity the districts in which they resided and which they ruled. The virtues of the few sufficed to stamp a character upon Englishmen generally, for the natives of India are too shrewd not to discover absolute worth. They can thoroughly believe in the existence of upstartism in the English nation as weekly exhibited in the columns of the *Friend of India* and also believe that the governing classes in the nation are great, and noble and generous. Not the governing classes only, but also the higher commercial and even operative classes. Englishmen of a certain order of gentility seldom make the stupid blunder of estimating the character of all Hindoos by the specimens presented in a

Court of Justice. Perjury is one of the weapons of litigation in all countries and the Roupel forgeries prove that the Hindoo criminal is not singular in his fondness for faithful imitation. The general abuse of the *Friend of India* directed against all natives with the single exception of Dinkur Rao is as amusing as the general abuse of all Europeans by a native journal. Both betray a want of sound education, we do not of course mean in the classics. But the *Friend* too pointedly charges Baboo Dukhinarunjun Mookerjee, a Bengalee gentleman of no mean standing in Native or European society, with possible complicity in the forgery of the Oude despatch, to be dismissed with the punishment of silent contempt. The charge is far too serious to be abandoned with a laugh. We hope the Baboo will give a lesson to the low slanderer.

Sir Charles Wood.

[Reprinted from the Bengalee, February 17, 1866.]

The public mind in India has been considerably affected by the short Telegram from England announcing the resignation of Sir Charles Wood, the well abused Secretary of State for India. The Telegram mentions the immediate cause of the resignation to be ill-health. But the brother-in-law of Lord Palmerston, who hitherto ruled in Victoria Square with the powers nearly of a Dictator, could not be expected to continue long in office under a ministry weakened and partially paralysed by the death of that great statesman. Had the jaunty Premier still lived, the personal ailments of Sir Charles Wood would not perhaps have been deemed to be so severe as to require his absolute retirement from business. But as the case is otherwise, they afford a decent and colorable pretext for abandoning a position which would certainly have been less comfortable than, and scarcely as honorable as, before. Whatever the motive for the withdrawal, its effect upon Indian interests will be important and various. It is not possible to review the career of Sir Charles Wood within the compass of a single article. His measures of public policy have been so numerous and they have been regarded from so many and different aspects that a criticism of them would occupy a volume. At the outset of his Indian connection he failed to acquire Indian popularity. He was himself then ill-acquainted with the country and his responsible advisers were, if possible, worse acquainted with it. As President of the Board of Control he thwarted and worried the Court of Directors. He doubtless then fancied, from the feebleness and want of depth of his Indian experience, that the Directorial body were the natural enemies of progressive ideas in the East, that the monopoly which they held in their hands had succeeded in driving out conscience from their breasts—that they were pledged to iniquity and selfishness, and that all their acts, proposals and suggestions would be deservedly treated if opposition and obstinate resistance were exercised persistently by the Board of Control against them. The course adopted was not very different from that usually pursued by English Statesmen in matters about which they may happen to have a very faulty knowledge. It was perhaps dictated however by the highest sense of duty. With the clearest

conscience possibly the President of the Board of Control embarked upon those measures of opposition from which people of India suffered more severely than the Court of Directors. But the mutiny of the Hindoostanee Army succeeded in clearing the atmosphere of British thought, feeling and sentiment in regard to the native population. Statesmen were compelled to read and to learn by the experience of practical and gifted men upon the spot. It became apparent to responsible English thinkers that the Government of Hindoos formed with little safety a question merely of parties. The smallest measure, it was perceived, was fraught with consequences the range and action of which it was impossible to calculate with accuracy. If the ministry at home formerly believed that the interest of the Court of Directors was alien and opposed to the interests of the British people, the events of the mutiny too clearly proved that the interests of the adventurers in India were not exactly identical with those of the British nation. When the former demanded vengeance—a terrible and indiscriminate vengeance—not on the native population merely but also on the Governor-General who presumed in a season of general excitement to preserve a cool head and a humane heart, to stop victorious generals in their career of merciless slaughter and to muzzle a soldiery, almost demoralised by rapine, the latter discovered that the English character at home had something to lose by excesses which only the grossest selfishness and the most abject cowardice could conceive or counsel, that there was a manifest divergence between an Imperial and a local English interest and that the former was more allied to a purely native interest than the latter. During such a condition of English feeling Sir Charles Wood resumed his connection with the affairs of this country. The Court of Directors had ceased to exist, the anomalous Board of Control had been magnified into a supreme and responsible India Office. No less a personage than the accomplished and high-minded son of Lord Derby had made room, on the downfall of the Tory administration, for the minister who for six years and a half performed as arduous, as delicate and as ungrateful a duty as ever fell to the share of a member of the English cabinet. The policy of the previous administration, its refinement, its freedom from cant or hypocrisy had already made a sensible impression in England as well as in India. That policy had been so just, so dignified, so grand, that it extorted the admiration of even the censorious subjects of Louis Napoleon. The resignation of this or that minister, the advent into power of Whig or Tory could not mar the even tenor of such a policy. It arose superior to party or individual tempers. It was simply impossible to destroy it. With the most tyrannical tendencies no

Cabinet minister could recede a step from the course which had saved India to the British Crown in a crisis of gigantic difficulty. The first act of Sir Charles Wood on coming into office in June, 1859 was to confirm Lord Canning in a Viceroyalty which it may truly be said he had won with hands and brains. This measure, so urgently called for by the existing circumstances of the country, proved to be the foundation of Indian prosperity. Unfettered by Home connections, the ablest Governor-General that ever came out to India was permitted to mature and to carry into execution plans and policies which re-established that confidence in British strength of action and purity of motive—so rudely shaken by the events of 1857-58. The merit of this support is not perhaps very great, yet if Sir Charles Wood had been the brainless despot he is represented to be, it was certainly in his power to do mischief by withholding it. It is a proof of his ability as an administrator that he knew when to support and when to snub. In the great clemency proceedings of Lord Canning, the Secretary of State was his ardent co-adjutor and powerful protector. But when Lord Canning under a mistaken idea of Indian necessities consented to the unconditional alienation of all waste lands in the Peninsula, without sufficient enquiry as to titles or to adequate safeguards against abuses, the keen eye of the Secretary of State observed the imminent danger of such a proceeding and India was startled by a Despatch which proved that though Lord Canning was a great statesman, there were greater still in the mother country. Had the fiat which authoritatively stopped the sale of Hindoostan been delayed, it is impossible to tell what the consequences would have been to the peace or prosperity of the country. The measure has notoriously its opponents. Indeed one of the stock grievances of British adventurers is based upon that one act of benevolence to the Hindoo. But that the future fame of Sir Charles Wood, his historical fame we mean, will gather largely from it, is scarcely a point of controversy with unbiassed reasoners. There is one other act of the retired statesman which furnished two views equally hostile to each other. We allude to his famous veto to the Penal Contract Bill. The Colonist Party and the native population stood face to face on that Bill. The one demanded that it should be passed, the other prayed that it might be withdrawn. The local Government suffered itself to be overcome by the clamours of European planters and decided upon sanctioning the hateful law. But Sir Charles Wood befriended the Hindoos in their heavy hour of calamity and a ukase promptly arrived, smothering the dreadful legislation. In whatever case indeed the late Secretary of State interfered in the affairs of this country, his

action pre-eminently justifies itself by moderation and fairness. That he had to interfere often is less his fault than of the authorities whose absolutism received a beneficent check from his superior exhibition of that species of moral force. He has guided the vessel of the state to a secure haven. May his successor be enabled to retain it to its moorings.

The Whipping Bill.

[Reprinted from the Bengalee, February 24, 1896.]

The denizens of cities are threatened with a formidable piece of cat-o'-nine legislation. The price of food has become so high that the ordinary theory of correction by restraint is become painfully impracticable. The legislature has worked so fast and so furiously during the last five years that every twentieth man in the population is expected to reside in a Criminal Jail during some portion of his life, requiring accommodation, maintenance, and even comforts which the Government sees it can no longer conveniently spare. In these refined times the nursing of thieves and cut-throats costs a great deal more than their compulsory labour does or can yield. And hence the necessity for providing substitute punishments which might fall with an agonizing force on the criminal at the same time that the responsibility may be avoided of rationing and housing him. That substitute has been discovered in limited strokes of the rattan or the whipping cord. Though it is undoubtedly barbarous and grossly demoralising to subject young, and middle-aged, even venerable men to an exercise which is perhaps necessary to naughty boys in public schools, but which inserts a worm into the hearts of honest and even casually wicked men which it is difficult to eradicate during a life time, yet such is the weight of economical considerations with a Government yearly alarmed by deficits, that the most humane officials have disciplined themselves to view the question from a callous point of view. Personal chastisement is such a rude form of punishment that we are indeed ashamed to associate it with the days of railways and electricity. A strong Government is free to treat its criminals in any way that may be deemed convenient, but there are responsibilities which the strongest Government cannot lose sight of without incurring fearful risks. We admit that for certain classes of proved offender, corporal punishment is peculiarly appropriate. The petty larcenist, when he happens to be a veteran brother of the craft, may well be disposed of with a few stripes upon his back, not as a means of his correction but as a convenient method of wreaking the revenge of society on a habitual offender. The lewd in action or in speech may also be similarly treated for a similar reason. Such men are too low to be protected from the indignity, of which we question their possessing any idea, involved in a public flogging. We

will even admit that the ruffianly European, who exercises his whip on the backs of unoffending natives which he can reach from his buggy whilst driving at too furious a rate to be stopped for the assault, fully deserves a rattaning. The man is too great a coward to be entitled to respectful consideration. But that any advantage can be served by bringing other classes of offence under the cat-o'-nine law, we humbly take leave to question. We are not singular in our doubt. Every thinking man in fact agrees on this point. We trust therefore that the action of Government may receive a wholesome check from the universal demonstration of disgust which the sweeping provisions of the new Whipping Bill have called forth. Tax our purses by all means if needful—but spare our morals.

The Hetampore Minor.

[Reprinted from the Bengalee, March 10, 1866.]

Mr. Chapman's letters to the *Englishman* have immeasurably damaged the Ward's Institution in Calcutta. The public eye has been opened to the defects of an institution which has notoriously failed in every important requisite of a healthy educational establishment. The Government of India, in common with the general public, had a vague idea, that the obstinate opposition hitherto offered by the friends and relatives of Government Wards to forcible abduction of the lads from their homes, was dictated by a sinister motive of avarice. Indeed, the Board of Revenue had not failed, through their Secretary to insinuate that the transfer of the Wards to Calcutta is dictated as much by a wish to place them under an efficient system of education, as to save them from secret poisoning assassination. It was darkly hinted that the latter fate had actually overtaken, or was ready to overtake, certain minors, over whom the *Ægis* of the Manicktollah Minerva could not be thrown in sufficient haste or with an ample cover. Such a mode of establishing a favorite hallucination is often met with in reasoners whose condition excites a terrible reverence for the dispensations of Providence, but it is seldom found in companionship with an unclouded intellect and a mind which maintains its seat of reason. It argues indeed a lamentable faith in the strength of British Law for an official of the Government to declare that the Government could not protect its Wards unless it kidnapped them to the Hills, or clapped them safe within the well-defended ramparts of a Fort, or at least removed them to an establishment situated far away from the head quarters of their murderous relatives and dewans. Such a poltroonish representation of the power of the state, or rather such a ridiculous misrepresentation of the Majesty of British Law, has a fatal tendency when an official of the Government and a rather considerable official, trumpets forth the helplessness of Government in protecting its Wards from an ordinary phase of crime viz. murder by poisoning. The outside public is justified in questioning the sources of such a wretched incapacity. The Lieutenant Governor in his speech at Cuttack alluded pointedly to the preservation of life and property as one of the blessings secured by a healthy administration. But is the Government of Bengal so low in its status as a ruling authority as to be com-

pelled to hide and put out of the way its special proteges, in order that no harm may overtake them until they are old enough to fight their own battles and be destroyed by their avaricious relatives. In sober truth, however, though the Police of Bengal is as bad as can be worst conceived, though robbery and murder are not the exceptions in society though the detection of crime and the punishment of wrong-doers are by no means of that efficient or preventive character which we could wish, the picture imagined and painted of the fate of such minor heirs to large estates as are left to the mercies of their surviving parents or the machinations of Dewans, mosahibs or Zemindary Onlahs is very far from true or even nearly true. We discover huge magnifiers over the frame, and daubs and dashes intentionally introduced to give ferociousness to ordinary features. There was an object in the representation which has been frustrated however by the plainness with which it appeared floating on the very surface. Had an attempt been made to smooth down the perspective into natural hues, the deception might perhaps have continued to baffle suspicion for sometime longer. But the ardour of the defence of a grievous folly, if not iniquity, overshot the high water mark of discretion and the Government of India was at last enabled to see that the apparently rigid and paternal Court of Wards was not above the weakness of touting for public support by assertions and arguments which would horrify a Zillah Mooktear.

Acting on the conviction produced by an advocacy which it were well if it had not been undertaken, for it has succeeded in damaging materially the interest it hoped to prop up and foster, the Government of India has withdrawn its countenance from proceedings which outraged public feeling and spread a sullen discontent over a class wielding no small influence in the country. The minor of Hetampore whose deplorable case, or rather that of his aged grand mother, so strongly excited the public sympathy, who, against the certificate of the Civil Surgeon of his station and the protest of the Commissioner of his division, had been peremptorily ordered to take his place in the cell prepared for him in the young Orphan's menagerie in Manicktollah, which mayhap, would have become his grave, has been, we are delighted to observe, relieved from his dangerous position. It has been decided that the young lad may be sent to the Ward's Institute at Benares, where doubtless his grandmother would follow. The arrangement is under the circumstances of the case, satisfactory to all concerned—to the old lady who has some hope of attaining beatitude by ending her days in the holy city—to the minor, who will exchange illhealth and chronic infirmity for a robust and hardy constitution, and have besides a chance of imbibing gentlemanly manners with a sound education, not the

airs of a coxcomb with the intellect of a dolt, and to the Government, which has evaded a heavy responsibility to heaven and to the country by the act.

The moral of the measure has yet to be considered. If the Institute of Benares is deemed good enough for the Hetampore minor, why should it not be good also for the other young men who pine and dwindle in the vicinity of the salt water lakes at Manicktollah? And why again maintain two expensive Establishments, when one suffices? About the climate of Benares, there do not exist two opinions, or about the fitness of the gentleman in charge of the institute at that place. If it is absolutely necessary to remove the Government Wards from the contamination, as it is charitably termed, of their homes, the least expensive and objectionable way of doing it would be to provide a first class home for them in the healthiest part of the country. The Railway has so annihilated distance that Benares is no longer the terrible *terra incognita* it once was. We would seriously press the subject on the consideration of Government.

Professor Cowell.

[Reprinted from the Bengalee, March 24, 1866.]

It is not often that the generality of the people of a country have the good fortune to come into contact with superior merit or pre-eminent virtue. The cold realities of life are extremely unpropitious to the display or encouragement of catholic charity and generous disinterestedness. The world of business is a variegated scene of ambition and avarice, self-interest and cupidity. It is very rarely that cosmopolitan virtue comes upon the stage of the world. The appearance, therefore, of a purely virtuous character in civil society is a phenomenon highly gratifying and interesting. To employ an Oriental metaphor, such a phenomenon is like the blooming of a virgin rose in a prickly hush. The effect is produced by contrast, and that contrast, in the case of a virtuous character in the midst of the disagreeable scene of wordly avarice and interest, is nothing but the well-marked contrast between active virtue on the one hand, and passive virtue or positive vice, on the other. Such a sight, to a philosophical observer, is like the appearance of a mirage, or, what is more real, of a verdant oasis in the midst of a desert. Man hails the prospect with an elastic bound of the heart and rejoices to find the shadow of the divinity flitting before the world of idol and Mammon worship. The preceding remarks would not be thought extravagant or absurd, or the ideas too sentimental and romantic, when it is remembered that they are intended to characterize the public and private life of that distinguished Scholar and Christian—Professor E. B. Cowell. India too well knows that great example of Christian morality—that pattern of all that is amiable in life and charitable in conduct, to need an editorial narrative. Mr. Cowell has exerted a mighty influence upon the society in which he moved. He has given birth to many noble ideas—many lofty views of life and conduct. His imitators are counted by hundreds and his admirers by thousands, and never has imitation had a nobler pattern or admiration a worthier object. Mr. Cowell is one among the *very* few who love India. In spite of his English birth, in spite of his English education, he is thoroughly Indian in his ideas and sympathies. He loves ancient India and he loves modern India. His extensive knowledge of the literature and philosophy of our forefathers has made his life a dreamy existence in the society of the great giant thinkers of clas-

sical India. Modern India he loves, simply because she wants the codling care of a moral and intellectual Reformer.

The services of Mr. Cowell to the cause of Indian Education cannot be fully described in the short space allowed to us in these columns—Suffice it to say that, apart from his labours in the professional chair, Mr. Cowell is a staunch advocate of the introduction and extensive study of Sanscrit—the only language which, when widely cultivated and profoundly mastered, can give birth to a national literature in Bengal. And not only does he perceive the national importance of the study of Sanscrit, but he has also succeeded in making way for the speedy realization of the fruits to be expected therefrom, by inducing the Calcutta University to adopt Sanscrit in the higher examinations. The benefits, physical, moral and intellectual, that can be traced to the existence of a national literature are of an all-important character, and we would call *him* the greatest of benefactors who foregoing the glory that attaches to labours whose fruits are immediate and popularly understood, devotes himself to the promotion of measures which display their full effects not till long after he himself has retired to the grave, and which, therefore, bespeak in their author, no desire for fame or love of glory. The advocates of such measures deserve praise not only for the harvest of good of which they only sow the seed, but for the high amount of self-denial, which this renunciation of fame during their life time, necessarily implies. We do not mean to say that such benefactors live to enjoy no glory. Our object in the above remarks is to set forth their moral worth in a conspicuous light by pointing out the sacrifice they make, by following a line of conduct different from that of people who work for *name*. Mr. Cowell is therefore a benefactor of the former kind and, as such, he is entitled to a greater amount of respect and gratitude than is, commonly evinced to such as have the good fortune to retire from the shores of India with laudatory addresses and shining medals, watches or silver ink-stands.

Mr. Cowell, has retired from India, never, we fear, to return again. The retirement of such a friend of India, ancient and modern, without a single note of gratitude to bewail what we cannot but call a sad bereavement, would be an appalling fact, indicative of great moral apathy and bluntness of feeling. Not only the students of Mr. Cowell, but the whole of the Native community of Bengal are chargeable with the unnoticed and unlamented departure from their country of this great and truly good man. And when party spirit and political bias, by no means objects of common sympathy, have idolized many a retiring official, it is a fact, capable of no edifying explanation, that one

so emphatically *a man of the people* as Mr. Cowell, should bid his last adieu to a land he loves so well without finding a responsive tear—a tear that destroys half the pain of a deeply felt separation. While thus writing, we hear with great pleasure that some of the students of Mr. Cowell intend to call a meeting of his friends and admirers in the Presidency College Theatre to consider about the best means of showing him their respect and gratitude. We are glad that the students of Mr. Cowell have taken the initiative, but we wish the movement should not be confined amongst them—that all the learned and enlightened people of Calcutta and the Mofussil should heartily try to render the movement a national act—that, instead of getting a portrait or a bust, they should collect a fund from which a permanent scholarship, bearing the name of the retired Professor, may be founded in the Calcutta University, to be awarded to any graduate who will go up for the Honor Examination in Sanscrit. From what we know of Mr. Cowell, we can assure our readers that he will not look upon a portrait, a tablet or a bust with that satisfaction with which he will hail the project for the foundation of a Cowell Scholarship; for this last will tell him that his students, friends and admirers in India have understood the object of his public life in this country and that they have really a sympathy for that noble object. The foundation of a scholarship, moreover, he will take as a furtherance of the idea which he represented in the educational department of the country.

Lecture against Brahmoism.

[Reprinted from the Bengalee, April 28, 1866.]

The educated young men of Howrah were entertained with a repetition of that lecture of the Revd. Lall Behary Dey against Brahmoism which was said to have set the Hooghly on fire. The Hall of St. Thomas school was the arena in which the prodigious charge of the Reverend Lecturer was delivered. Upwards of 250 native and 40 European gentlemen and ladies were present. The Chaplain of Howrah, the Reverend Mr. Spencer, B. A., presided and all went merry as a marriage bell. The lecturer spun out thirty pages of close M.S. and believed he had done for the Brahmos. He was repeatedly cheered by the Christian part of the audience, and, perhaps, therefore, there was rhyme for his elation, if not reason. The paper read from had been laboriously prepared. There were in it quotations from Locke and conjugations of the verb *to think*. The former, we believe, were meant to function as the heavy artillery of the demonstration against Brahmoism, the latter for file firing. One section of the audience visibly dozed off their chairs whilst Locke was undergoing torture in the bowels of the Reverend Lecturer's great Battery. But the conjugations of the verb *to think* brought the colour to their faces and the sparkle to their eyes and the merry laugh to their throats before one could say Bo! Doubtless the conjugations were the most salient points in the lecture. They were introduced and pronounced quite theatrically. Let the reader fancy a lecturer on religion stopping midway between heaven and hell and screaming pedagoguishly, "I think." "Thou thinkest." "He thinks" and so on down to the pluperfect tense. This was the clown or fool of the performance which was to keep the audience in a roystering spirit. The ludicrousness of the scene was aggravated by the abruptness with which it was lugged in. Talking of the want of authority for the Brahmic form of worship, the lecturer suddenly introduced his characters without even the usual flourish of trumpets. We were told that the religion of the Brahmos was none other than conjugations of the verb *to think*—I think, thou thinkest, etc. The Brahmo might retort that the religion of the Christian is composed of conjugations of the verb *to believe*—I believe, Thou believest etc. But the Revd. Lall Behary Dey piques himself upon being a wag, which is perhaps the worst character which a professedly reli-

gious man can with propriety assume. No Brahmo has however as yet thought it necessary to obtain a triumph in favor of his religion by ridiculing all other religions.

The Famine.

[Reprinted from the Bengalee, May 5, 1866.]

Whilst we are carelessly discussing questions of politics or of precedence, a great devouring question has appeared amongst us. The famine, so long and so painfully regarded through the haze of the future, has really and terribly walked into the present. The monster may be said to be at our doors, nay, even within our compounds. Thousands of starving wretches, driven from their homes by the inexorable rod of hunger, are flocking to the metropolis. In the suburbs of Calcutta and Howrah large bodies of able-bodied men may be seen who cannot find work and do not find food. Within a few miles of the city every convoy of rice is sure to be plundered and the bulk of the crime of the time is composed of burglaries in rice godowns. We are even told by trustworthy witnesses that the cry of hunger is endeavoured to be stifled by feasts on the berries of the banian tree and on leaves and other refuse. From the mofussil the news is most depressing. In fertile Krishnagur the coarsest rice is selling at 4 Rupees the maund and this too is not procurable in respectable quantities. The stores have been exhausted and there is no immediate prospect of their being replenished. Had the *bora* rice failed, the consequence would have been disastrous.

The fact now is patent and staring that we are in the midst of a famine. Cuttack already has attracted the sympathy of the public, but the whole country is in the same predicament with Cuttack. Under the circumstances the most active measures of remedy are demanded. It will be impossible, after the destitution has risen to a head, broken through law and order, subversed public confidence, and striking its gaunt bones against each other, rung the tocsin of death far and near, to arrest the demon or even prevent its doing more injury than may be helped. The value of one rupee invested in benevolence at this the primary stage of the evil will be hereafter centupled and we, therefore, call upon the heads of native society, as well as benevolent Europeans, to organize an early movement in a cause, which, a few months hence, will perhaps be trumpeted into their ears with the blast of the Arch Angel.

The Famine.

[Reprinted from the Bengalee, May 26, 1866.]

As accounts continue pouring in from the country generally and from Orissa particularly, the dreadful character of the famine in the midst of which we are living and breathing and enjoying ease, comfort, amusement and perhaps even revelry, becomes more and more painfully apparent and solemnly felt. Calcutta, taking the evening air in luxurious carriages or sitting down to dine on well fattened mutton and turkey, repairing in crowds to the Opera or helping the partners at the Exchange to retire on princely competencies after a few years' crying up and knocking down of extravagant trinkets, presents a contrast to mud villages in which hundreds are lying dead in heaps, murdered by the cruel indifference of their fellow-men, wanting the crumbs and the leavings from which even the domestic animals of the rich turn with loathing—the fearful significance of which we know it is impossible to impress upon the fortunate, but which those who have once learnt distress cannot regard without a shudder. At this solemn moment, when hunger stalks in a land renowned for plenty and remains unappeased except by crunching the bones of its victims, the question is protruded upon us, what are the men of abundant resources, of splendid idleness, of luxurious ease, doing to deserve their good fortune. So heavy is the rod of want that the boasted caste of the Hindoo, the desperately clutched emblems of superior blood and superior heritage of respect are being abandoned, mutinously abandoned, at the gate of the charitable where cooked food is served out to all castes promiscuously. Hundreds, we are told, are thus daily cared for in the Peer-pahar House at Monghyr, where Baboo Prosunno Coomar Tagore is now residing. And thousands would accumulate but for the energetic repulsion exercised upon them. Private charity is incompetent to deal with this Hydra evil and we call upon the Government to step in with a Poor Rate Tax, if the Heads of the Community will not render such an extreme measure unnecessary by themselves voluntarily organising an agency for its mitigation. The British Indian Association, we are glad to note, is about to devote the surplus subscriptions on account of the Burning Ghats, to which we called attention a few weeks ago, to this emergent charity. This evening the rich mohajuns and other residents of Sulkea will hold a meeting at the premises of the

Sulkea School in order to devise means for relieving the distress in Orissa. The entire country should ring with eloquence and with the more grateful tinkle of rupees on so paramount a cause. Every moment lost tolls the knell of thousands of human beings who, but for the delay, might have continued to live and perhaps afterwards to prosper, raise food, and produce the sinews of the empire. Whilst we write and talk, they die!

It is indeed a tremendous moment, to those at least who have been present at death beds and have been disciplined and educated to feel for human suffering. The Government specially labors under a responsibility which the active public opinion of Europe will not long suffer it to evade. The Government, it is true, cannot perform charity without taxation—the wealth of the Government is drawn from the wealth of the people. Yet a judicious tax to save the people from an exterminating famine and the crime which follows in its wake, would be paid without discontent if statesmanship knows only how to put it.

Thoughts suggested by the Famine.

[Reprinted from the Bengalee, July 7, 1866.]

It ought to form a subject of curious enquiry with the ruling authorities, though we fancy there is not much pluck for such an achievement, how only a single year's by no means rigid drought sufficed to drive entire populations to a necessity and want productive of appalling death and misery in spite of Government relief and private charity. More than half the usual harvest was gathered during the past year, yet so utterly unprovided is the Zemindary ryot with the means of satisfying the wants of a rainy day that the partial absence of the harvest found them actually in the jaws of death. The much vaunted wholesomeness and stamina of the permanent Zemindary settlement has sustained serious damage from the fact that, a year of half crop sent thousands of ryots to starvation and beggary. That system of landed tenure must indeed be wretched which results in a breakdown so terrible as universal famine through the mis-supply of a full year's produce. There can be no more telling evidence of the destitution to which the new fangled theories of enhancement have reduced the general body of ryots than the picture offered by the famine, of entire districts migrating to the metropolis in search of food, leaving hundreds dying on the road sides, selling their children for the price of a day's ration, or committing petty thefts in the hope that the jails will afford a refuge against hunger. The heartless decision of the Chief Justice, that the ryot of a permanently settled estate, who cannot prove his tenure beyond 12 years, is entitled only to as much consideration for his labor in tilling the ground as is involved in the supply of the exact cost of his food and clothing, is shooting up into leaves and buds. The ryot was reduced to a plough bullock by that selfish and unfeeling construction of a very provident law, and the famine in the land has nearly reduced him to annihilation. Even plough bullocks are fed and indulged with comforts during a season of scarcity, for they are important elements in the production of a future crop. But the rational labourer on the soil, the agricultural hind and bondsman, whom Sir Barnes Peacock would allow only his day's ration for the labor and skill he brings into the rearing of valuable crops, is turned adrift upon the wide world when his work is accomplished, driven like a dog from his home in search of that bread which the demands of the

Zemindar did not permit him to store up—a wanderer upon earth, subsisting upon leaves and roots spontaneously offered by nature, or eating the scanty food of charity distributed amidst blows and kicks. The picture is indeed disheartening. What is the end of Government? the aggrandisement of the few at the expense of many? That object was better attained during the savage state of human politics. The strong arm and robust frame maintained supremacy over weak limbs and tottering bodies. There was at least this advantage in the heaven gifted faculties of adjusting rights by a hard knock or a vigorous push, that the weak were not in addition taxed to supply the sinews of further strength to the already strong. But the scientific betrayal of the poor into the hands of the rich by a machinery of Judges and bailiffs, supported entirely by the hard earned money of the poor, is suggestive of speculations the free utterance of which would not be unpleasant or unsafe perhaps two centuries hence. At the present moment we ought at least to be permitted to urge, if the occupancy ryot is entitled only to the rights of a plough bullock, that is, the expense merely of his feed and keep, then in a season of scarcity, the Zemindar is bound to support him. The judgment of Sir Barnes Peacock omitted, unaccountably omitted, to include in the calculation of wages the cost of living during sickness and droughts. Is the general public to pay on behalf of the Zemindar on such occasions for the maintenance of his human cattle? It is undoubtedly worth ascertaining from what places the bulk of the starving emigrants, now feeding upon the charity of native gentlemen in Calcutta, whose principal incomes are not derived from Zemindarces, have come. The enquiry will lead to the serious question, whether a permanent settlement of rent with ryots by the Zemindar would prevent calamities like the present. We are sure that the starving wretches now crowding our streets are the victims of excessive enhancements of rent.

Killing no murder in Cachar.

[Reprinted from the Bengalee, July 14, 1866.]

Writers on ethical science will be at a loss to lay down the standard of crime by which the European in India should be judged. The standard must be different from ordinary weights and measures, or Magna Charta will bristle up and shake his mane at him. It must be based upon some kind of convenient ethics—ethics which may calculate upon a sucking or at least printers' inking from the *Englishman* if it presumes to follow honored and clime-honored beacons, to lose itself in the clouds of abstract right and primeval truth, or affect to assign equality to human species developed in the thrice fashionable saloons of London during the season, and in the hovel of the snake-eating Sonthall. It must rigorously suppress every assertion of right by races which do not enjoy the necessary amount of strength and courage to render themselves formidable. The Code must indeed be a sort of huntsman's code, including in the exciting term "sport" every annoyance, torture, harrying, hacking and slaying of that section of humanity which most resembles deer in its timidity and inability to inflict wounds, and surpassing fleetness of legs. In most places in Bengal such a Code already prevails. But the peculiarly favorable region for its wide circulation and undisturbed adoption seems to be Cachar, the smiling garden of the imaginative Planter—the home of English capital emigrating for the behoof, development and regeneration of the Hindoos—the land of milk and honey which enters into appeals to the foot of the throne, is paraded periodically in Parliament whenever the independent Briton can succeed in influencing a raw member, and is pointed to with pride, glorification and rage as the work of English skill on nasty Bengalee swamps. The Tea-planter like his blue brother would appear to be unable to manage his seedlings without a plentiful supply of whips, rattans and revolvers. They are as necessary to him and his operations as Thomson & Co.'s kodalies and hoes or his own nursery. The miserable wretches on his estate appear to be in a chronic state of either idleness or rebellion. Both cases demand of course the same remedy—the only remedy for concealed stubbornness and open insolence—viz., an endless course of discipline similar to that so vividly and horrorfully depicted by Mrs. Harriet Stowe. Even women in the East are denied by the usually chivalrous Anglo-Saxon the amenities which the Red Indian would blush

withhold from his squaws. Sex offers no prevention to the practice of cruelties, the wide ramifications of which can be ascertained only by the help of a Commission of Enquiry such as that which exposed for the first time authoritatively the appalling miseries by which Indigo is enabled to become a valuable Indian export. Occasionally facts crop out with the stern reality of the law reports which make us almost distrust the existence of a God. A tea-assistant in Cachar by name Sheriff was running amuck of certain coolies under his command. The women got the blows as hard as the men, and we suspect harder on account of their ugliness. An ungainly man is abominable, but an ill-favored woman is a horror. In certain minds the idea of sex is obliterated by the absence of the attractions which alone make the sex interesting, and Sheriff may perhaps have deemed it pardonable to bestow his mercies upon his coolies and coolies' wives with strict impartiality. Niggers' dames, like she-wolves, are not entitled to exemption from Plantation discipline by reason of their being presumably daughters of Eve. It could not have been Adam's Eve whose blood remained immortalised in their wasted anatomies—but some other Eve, a nigger Eve smuggled into the world by Satan after his famous voyage of exploration through upper and nether darkness—fire, chaos and limbo. Sheriff struck a woman and intentionally or by accident the blow slid off to the head of an infant whom the woman was suckling. It sufficed to drive the vital spark out of the little thing, no great loss to the world, undoubtedly reasoned Sheriff. A Coolie's brat is worse than a jackal's for the latter furnishes sport which the former does not. Well the child died and the bereaved mother must have received hints regarding the manner in which she would be dealt with if she attempted to set up a screech. Nevertheless the case was fished up by the Police and the Planter's assistant duly hauled over the coals. Luck always—at least until the day of reckoning tardily arrives—befriends the audacious. The Deputy Commissioner who tried the man happened to be entirely innocent of law or its forms. He made a complete mess of the evidence, as complete a mess as could be desired by a person unscrupulously anxious to save the prisoner. The result was, Sheriff was duly acquitted. It is true the High Court has quashed the acquittal, reprimanded the Deputy Commissioner and written strong Judgments in the matter. Still what is the gain to public or rather cooly security by the exhibition? Sheriff cannot be tried *de novo* and the helpless man who has incurred the paper displeasure of the High Court will continue to exercise authority, to the detriment of law and justice,

The Bishop's Lecture at the Bethune Society.

[Reprinted from the Bengalee, July 24, 1866.]

The last session of the Bethune Society had indeed "a brilliant termination" with such a lecture as that delivered by the Lord Bishop on "the employment of women in religious and charitable works." Though strictly a theological subject, bound up with the New Testament and the history of the Christian Church, the stand point of the lecture was the moral reformation of the people to whom it was addressed, not by christianizing them—a theory claimed by the bigot only—but by inciting them to the practice and pursuit of those social virtues of which Romanism and Protestantism alike afford notable examples and which may be engrafted on Paganism, Deism, or Brahminism, without doing violence to its original character. With that catholicity of spirit with which the writings of the Bishop are always marked, he does not fear to tell his audience that some of the institutions for work of charity were introduced into the early Christian Church from Eastern countries and partly from India. "I need not speak here," says he, "of Beyragis, Sannyasis, Jogeos or Fakeers; nor stop to prove that when Christian monks and hermits peopled the Egyptian deserts they were only handing on a tradition derived from oriental predecessors. In the earliest age of Buddhism there was an order of female recluses, the first woman admitted to profession being Maha Prajapati, the foster-mother of Gautama himself. They carried the alms bowl from door to door in the same manner as the priests and had their own *Sangha* or Chapter. It seems clear that the institution of Christian nuns was copied from Buddhism or some similar original." One good turn for another. If Romanism was indebted for its spirit of active benevolence and divine charity to influences purely Indian, there seems no reason why the reformed religion should not give back by reflection from its polished metal those lessons of charity and good deeds which its own great original derived from heathen India. If the institution of Christian nuns was copied from Buddhism, why should not enlightened Hindooism take a leaf out of Protestant Christianity and rear up in the midst of its own religions and secular institution a body of Hindoo deaconesses or Sisters of Mercy, "passing from house to house in the lanes and Bazars of Calcutta or Benares to nurse the sick, and teach the young and comfort the afflicted." This is the social problem to which the learned Bishop directs the attention of his Hindoo

friends. While claiming a Christian character for Roman Catholic Sisterhoods, and Protestant Sisters of Mercy, he does not think the growth of similar institutions incompatible with the Hindoo Religion or its social ordinances. He at once appeals to Hindoo widowhood and evolves out of it a solution of his problem. His arguments are so weighty that they command themselves to every thoughtful man. He says :—

“ It is not my intention at the end of a lecture already too long to enter into the vexed question of Hindoo widowhood, and indeed it seems to me that the opinions of many thoughtful Europeans and educated natives of this country on the subject are at least approximating. Certainly many of my own countrymen feel sympathy and reverence for the principle that a woman should love her husband and devote herself to him not only in this world but after he has quitted it, following him faithfully in thought and affection to that unseen region into which he has preceded her and declaring that death itself cannot annul the sanctity of the marriage tie. But we hold, and so I believe do many of you, that such a view is not natural to one who, having married in early childhood, has scarcely known and never lived with the husband for whom she is required to mourn during the long years of womanhood and old age, and that it ought not to be imposed on any one as an obligation, but rather in accordance with that law of liberty which is the basis of all true morality that it should be left as a voluntary tribute of love and reverence to a dear memory, no legal prohibition fettering those who think that by a second marriage they can pass through life more safely or better fulfil its duties. In any case we all agree that the practice of *sati* was an extravagant and sanguinary inference from the duty of conjugal fidelity and that its prohibition is one of the chief benefits that the English Government has conferred upon India. Many of us further agree with Professor Wilson that it is a comparatively modern innovation, the text of the Rig Veda which used to be quoted as the authority for it rather discountenancing than enjoining the practice ; and some at least hold that the kind of living death to which the widows are still consigned is more or less akin to it and is an unhappy feature of Hindu Society which demands reformation. It might be remedied if instead of doom- ing widows to the funeral pile or to a life-long misery and neglect ; society would encourage them to substitute for the domestic duties which have been broken off, the holy occupation of ministering to want, comforting sorrow, and conveying to desolate households the sympathy which they have learned from their own bereavements to feel for all who are visited by God's chastening hand.”

Perhaps of all women in the world, Hindu widows are the most religiously inclined, of unparalleled moral fortitude and endurance. Their power of self-denial is beyond all praise. It is therefore to be supposed that they are the most likely to take a part in the development of the Bishop's idea of a Hindoo Sisterhood. But nothing again is more unlikely, until female life in India can be made to accept correct principles of duty and liberty. Equal, if not superior, in sympathy and tenderness to the women of any nation, they imbibe from the religious institutions of the country certain principles of right and wrong, which militate against unselfish devotion and self-sacrifice. They practise those virtues not out of charity or sympathy for the suffering and the afflicted, but with an eye to their own benefit—the benefit of their souls in the life to come. They are purely selfish in their motives to virtuous acts, and they will do nothing which it is not possible for them, with the interpretation of the Shastras, to associate with the attachment of that great end—final beatitude, or a seat in the heavens. Under such religious influences, they would rather be an order of female recluses, given to the worship of Shiva and Parbutty, than a band of nurses, attending death-beds, nursing and consoling the sick. But religious influences apart—the Hindoo social arrangements are such that neither married women nor widows can see any one in sickness or in sorrow except their own relations and those even within certain limits of consanguinity. That our women should have more liberty than they now enjoy is indeed an object which lies next to the heart of every educated Hindu ; but he is at the same time painfully alive to the dangers attendant upon that step, dangers incident to the transition state of a society just emerging out of the gloom of ages into the glimmering light introduced from the West. None therefore feels more, as he does, the responsibility which lies upon him of so reorganizing the society of which he is a member that it may at once respond to such stirring appeals as those addressed to them by the Bishop.



Beapagla Boorho.

বিষে পাগলা বুড়ো।

[Reprinted from the Bengalee, July 21, 1866.]

Baboo Dinobundoo Mitter, has favored us with a copy of his new comedy, entitled as above, which we should have noticed three months earlier but that the book was undergoing a wide tour amongst friends, relatives and acquaintances, from which we have at last succeeded with difficulty in rescuing it. This fact ought perhaps to suffice for a criticism on the work, as it undoubtedly is the best and truest criticism on it. That fine Attic wit for which the gifted author has by this time become famous amongst Bengalees, is resplendently present in every part of this new offering to the public from his practised pen. We cannot contemplate any one of the characters introduced into the play without believing that we can too surely fix upon its original in some person that we know and even intimately know. The portraiture is indeed life-like and hence the charm and popularity of the work. The plot is not very complicated, though we must acknowledge very original. An old Brahmin, who is accustomed to annihilate the caste of his neighbours—who spends rupees like water when an obnoxious person has to be put out of the pale of society and when sweet revenge has to be procured by means of feasts and following—whose hand is continually upraised against education and the equality it breeds—who is horrified at Brahmin lads sputtering that “northern grunting guttural” so forcibly described by Lord Byron—whose cardinal sensibilities are outraged by the barber’s boy sitting on the same form with the descendant of a *Nykooshi*, yea, horror of horrors, walking arm in arm with him after the dispersion of the school—in whose orthodox view the head master is a standing menace to religion and to manners—is mad after a wife. The octogenarian is bent upon marrying at his time of life, it is a frenzy with him. All those who offer obstacles to his way are enemies, hateful inveterate enemies. All those who favor, flatter and affect to foster his design are bosom friends, inestimable men. The character selected for delineation is an ordinary one in Bengal. But the delineation is masterly. We have often observed old reprobates who, in spite of every contrary circumstance, of advice, of remonstrance, of raillery, are resolved and intent

upon marrying creatures in years inferior to their great grand-daughters. But the man in the play transcends his species. He is a busy body, a slanderer and rascal in addition to being a fool. He insults and outrages everyone and treats his own daughter, who is an unfortunate widow, like a brute. This monster waxes sentimental and musical in the presence of his new wife, who is only a lad dressed up as a girl. The lad was a special object of the old man's wrath, for he was a barber's son learning English. The youthful wag tackles him, however, beautifully disguised as a bride. In his amorous infatuation the bridegroom resigns the key of his iron safe to the pretended wife. The miser's hoard thus falls into the hands of the wicked boy, who helps the old man's hitherto neglected and ill-used daughter to the treasure. The comedy closes with the Brahmin finding himself actually married to an old harridan of the dome caste who claims pertinaciously the privileges of a wife. Great power of satire is exhibited in the composition, as well as knowledge of character.

The Police in the Mofussil.

[Reprinted from the Bengalee, July 28, 1866.]

We cannot say whether the feeling in an Indian village in which four daring robberies occur in a single night is one of terror or of despair. The Hindoo has such a prominent faculty of patience developed in him, that we believe it is not a severe taxing of the imagination to conceive that he is capable of sitting down under the village banian tree, after having lost every farthing during the previous night, even to his brass bound *hooka*, and smoking away furiously through a mango-leaf pipe rudely improvised. Bengalees will chat over their misfortunes with the listless indifference of a third person and that is perhaps the secret of the oppression, injustice and worse than both—neglect, of which they are the victims. If the Government of Bengal ordered a local investigation to be held in every Mofussil station, it will be found that the number of burglaries committed in them within a single week are out of every proportion to the number of Policemen kept up and paid handsomely to prevent burglaries. In most instances these Policemen will be found to form members of the gangs committing the burglaries or at least participants in the profits of the nocturnal expeditions. The new Police is undoubtedly very formidable to look at. There is plenty of black, blue and red about its *matériel* to give the entire concern, from District Superintendent to Sub-Constable, a martial appearance. But a Police Force unfortunately has to deal with elements that do not turn out to fight and are in fact not always visible. They crawl upon all fours, burrow holes under the threshold—skulk behind hedges and march under cover of impenetrable darkness. Now, we ask what is the fun of giving a rainbow touch to a man who is expected to be constantly after such a species of offenders? The villages of Bengal are not in need of a smart jaunty look imparted by head dresses and tunics. They need, how seriously! protection against thieves and cut-throats—rest at night, undisturbed by dreams, often turned into realities, of horrid men smashing open cash-boxes—and peace during the day procured by a sense of personal safety. Are these blessings secured by a dashing uniform or by a clattering District Superintendent who rushes up and down the country like Mazeppa or the headless horseman? The system is indeed thoroughly bad. The old Police could at least find out a criminal when there was a wish to

do it. The Chowkeydar knew all the haunts of crime, for he was not unfrequently a member of the cloth. When hard pressed, he could do a service by betraying his associates. But the *Paharawallah* is a lout, a thickheaded impudent bully who can receive a bribe and do nothing else. Is any attempt made to ascertain the budmashes of a village under the present system? Watching them is of course out of the question. Strange men enter into and depart from quiet neighbourhoods at night without even the impediment of a hail or a challenge from the Policeman sleeping at his post. Can it therefore be wondered that burglaries are committed without limit, or that burglars escape undetected? This is unfortunately the height of the season and men of property are compelled to ignore the demands of rest and slumber in order to protect their treasure. Is it fair that rate-payers and rent-payers should improvise a police in their own persons whilst the official Police delights itself with gay uniforms and snores in the watch posts or fingers its share of nocturnal robberies? If the heads of the Police had any sympathy for the native population, perhaps the shield would have presented a different side.

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The Late Rajah Pertaub Chunder Singh.

[Reprinted from the Bengalee, July 28, 1866.]

The society of Calcutta has sustained a sad loss by the premature death of Rajah Pertaub Chunder Singh Bahadoor, C.S.I. of Paikparah, one of the most considerable Zemindars of Lower Bengal, a gentleman by birth, education and habits and a person altogether, if we omit a few gloomy years of the last portion of his life, for imitation by the general body of landlords and public-spirited men in this country. It was not that the deceased Rajah was a very clever or a very active member of society. Nature had made him after a mould seldom used in the manufacture of the rich and the prosperous. He was retiring even to bashfulness and it seemed as if he was incapable of putting his visage into the attitude of a frown. There was no good or great undertaking in the interest of the country which was not headed by Rajah Pertaub Singh. His immense wealth made him the natural bulwark of the nation in schemes for the accomplishment of which money was needed. No man gave more largely or more readily. The British Indian Association was, during the stormiest period of its existence, kept afloat mainly by him. He understood the needs of the country better than most of our great talkers, and his sympathy once enlisted in a rational cause, no adverse winds of opinion could influence him in its withdrawal at any stage of the matter. What he did he did wholly and heartily and we may also add, inoffensively. There was no parade or bluster in his benefactions—no newspaper flourishes or appeals to the populace. He simply seemed to do his duty, and how heavily the brunt of every public charity fell upon his purse may be inferred from the debts and complications which, rumour says, he has left behind him. As a Zemindar he never enhanced? A world of meaning may be conceived out of that simple word. The loss of such a man is undoubtedly a calamity and the country therefore justly mourns his premature death.

The Lieutenant-Governorship of Bengal and the Famine.

[Reprinted from the Bengalee, August 4, 1866.]

When Lord Dalhousie made over charge of the local Government of Bengal into the hands of a Lieutenant Governor, the change was hailed by all sections of the community, European and Native, as one full of hope and promise for future good to this country. The measure was one, the importance of which, in His Lordship's opinion, could not be overrated. Had his Lordship's life been spared till the present moment, his mind would have been only full of regrets at the apathetic, careless and perfunctory manner in which the trust so hopefully resigned by him and which he had administered so vigorously for years, though burdened with the responsibility of controlling the Government of all India, is now executed by an officer charged with the administration of Bengal alone. We certainly did not look and hope for large administrative measures from a man of Sir Cecil Beadon's stamp, who, to say the most is a thorough-bred Secretary, but as we had our doubts whether a good Secretary ever made a good administrator, we were not very sanguine in our expectations when his nomination to the post was first announced. As successor to Sir John Peter Grant, we felt assured that the administration of Sir Cecil Beadon would not, and possibly could not, be a very brilliant or a successful one. Of this however we felt confident, that, successful or unsuccessful, he would at least strive to keep pace with the times, that in the midst of dangers and difficulties he would at least show a semblance of earnestness to meet the evil boldly in the face, and that he would not altogether, in such critical times, undeserve the confidence of the people as one possessed, if not of vast original resources, at least of that strength of mind, sincerity of purpose and common humanity which will carry him safely across the troubled waters. In this, too, we have been disappointed. Sir Cecil Beadon is not an original or a vigorous administrator and he never will be. He is a clever precis-writer and that is what we shall ever expect him to remain. When the famine will have done its work, when the whole country will have been strewn with the dead bodies of starved men, women and children, when whole villages will have been depopulated, and entire races will have become extinct, then and not till then will the powers of Sir Cecil Beadon for harrowing narratives and graphic sketches be called into play. In our issue of the 21st ultimo we pointed out that there are now in

Calcutta no less than thirty thousand houseless strangers who wander about in the streets, mothers leaving their infants by the wayside to perish and to be eaten by dogs and jackals, husbands forsaking their dying wives and leaving them to the tender mercies of the adjutants and vultures of the burning ghats, and urged upon Government the necessity of taking immediate steps for the erection of temporary houses of refuge, not with an eye to the health and comfort only of the famished people who have come from the famine districts, but to the health of the native population of Calcutta at whom epidemic diseases are already staring in the face. Calcutta was never in so great a danger, as at the present moment. And yet, dead to all feelings of humanity, heedless of the calls of duty, the Lieutenant Governor leaves us most uncereemoniously to take care of ourselves and of the swarming pauper population that have crept into our city in the best way we can, for a luxurious and comfortable retreat in the hills, isolated from the cares of the Government entrusted to his charge. If ill health really be his plea, why not act boldly and independently by resigning at once the reins of administration in favor of some one who may be both willing and able to do his duty. If we mistake not, one of the conditions attached to the appointment by the Court of Directors was a permanent location in the metropolis except when called away by duty on occasional tours of inspection, for it was desirable that when the Governor-General was required to move about perhaps in the farthest skirts of the empire, his place at the chief seat of government should be supplied by the Lieutenant Governor.

We are sorry to be obliged to speak in this strain of one who in a subordinate capacity did render valuable services to the people of this country, but we cannot permit any recollection of past benefits to prevent us from exposing our strong disapproval of the easy style of doing duty which he has been indulging in almost ever since his accession to his high office. He almost seems disposed to kick from under him the ladder through which he had raised himself to eminence. Self-industry, zeal and devotion to the public service were undoubtedly the distinguishing traits of his early career in that service. Having, however, attained the highest honor which it could confer, he seems inclined to enjoy his reward in luxury and personal comfort, though at the risk of seriously damaging the important interests committed to his charge. But whatever he might have done in ordinary times, the present is not surely the occasion when he should have given way to self-indulgence and leisure; when famine is stalking abroad and suffering of the most intense kind prevails throughout the length and breadth of the land.

A Card—Removed to No.—Bellore Road, Howrah.

[Reprinted from the Bengalee, October 6, 1866.]

The minute and over-industrious reader, the reader who commences his operation upon us from the right place, namely the head—or speaking in printer's parlance the Head-line, and ends with the toe, or the Q.E.D. of a newspaper viz. "printed and published at etc."—will find that we have removed, gone clean across the Ganges, changed our locality fundamentally, eluded the gentlemen of the long robe, Cossitollah jurors, Calcutta taxes and worse than all, Calcutta drains for ever. By one strong effort, we cannot swear whether it is a moral or a physical one, we have got rid of ten thousand plagues or perhaps placed ourselves within the jaws of twenty thousand. From city folk we have degraded or elevated ourselves into country bumpkins or the sages of the desert. Time will show whether our choice has been happy or unfortunate. We could no longer endure the malaria of the city—charitable people will perhaps say its famine! Whichever. It is good to shift the scene now and then. Goldsmith, it is said, used to fly to the country when he was pushed by that most inexorable of taskmasters, an unmitigable unconfiding banker, to some new work in literature for his bread. He breathed the air of the fields, gazed upon the freshness of nature and became fit at once for endless work. It may be that a similar taste or affectation of taste drives us to Bellore, a village which we beg to be excused from describing, for we have no wish to inaugurate our first appearance from this dismal place with a tirade against the Municipality of Howrah within whose jurisdiction we find ourselves included. We will not certainly spare this amiable body hereafter, in fact we plant ourselves resolutely henceforward as a perpetual thorn on its side. But for the present we declare the most affectionate and neighbourly terms. Well, here we are on the Bellore Road, a Kutcha road, thanks to the pertinacity of a gentleman (English or what we cannot undertake to say) who rides upon it and therefore resists manfully every attempt at metalling it for the convenience of the general public. It is a good sample however of a Kutcha road, though we cannot encourage our friends to drive through it with a lean pair of horses in any season or with even a strong pair of horses during the rains. As a highway, broad and romantic, it stands to

Cossy Ghose's Lane, our last locale, in the proportion of a giant to a dwarf. On one side of it at least we can show to the bewildered Calcutta cockney the tree on which the rice that he daily eats is grown.

It is unnecessary we fancy to dilate further on the immediate object of this change of residence. Cossy Ghose's Lane is not such an aristocratic locality as to add significantly to anybody's respectability by forming the geographical limit of his abode. Nothing bound us to it and we have therefore severed the connection for the benefit of ourselves, subscribers and the general public. By adopting a Mofussil station we hope to make it famous. Few of our readers could have read or heard before of Bellore—yet Bellore sounds in no respect worse than Serampore. We have the advantage besides of being in close proximity to the important and growing Township of Howrah with its varied population and gigantic Railway interest and operations. Calcutta lies also at our feet and the hum of the great city reaches our ears with a murmuring music on the still evening air. We can survey the politics of the city from our solitary stand point uninfluenced by party and by prejudice, by self-interest or the heat which distracts the senses and devours the energies of its residents. In our cool retreat we can sift the most intricate questions and disentangle the web of the most involved politics of the day, local or imperial. Nothing will mar the equanimity of our temper or take away from the purity of our motives. Observing rigidly and carefully all the doings and the sayings of the famous Mofussil, ourselves placed in the midst of the formidable Bengal Police, under the clutches of a Magistracy supposed to be incompetent and despotic, in daily intercourse with Amlal, whose moral condition is known and described to be one of bribery and corruption, our opportunities for exposing mis-government will be vast and our motives for doing so invulnerable. Here we plant our Head Quarters in a village the population whereof scarcely exceeds one thousand souls but on whose right is Howrah and on whose left is Ooterparah, which stands on the Ganges in shaggy magnificence, within a quarter of an hour's fair rowing or riding of Calcutta itself—the enemy of oppression and the friend of the poor. The ryot crouches round about us. His wrongs and his sufferings will be hourly poured into our willing ears. If we cannot practically help him ourselves we shall not mind screaming out hoarse to those who can. The Government may depend upon our giving correct information whatever the color or texture of our politics. Honestly and faithfully as before will the *Bengalee* continue to do his duty though there are not twenty persons

within hail of his resting place. The God of Heaven protects him however, and that is a species of security of which mere religionists and worldlings cannot and do not know the practical and permanent value.

The Durbar at Agra.

[Reprinted from the Bengalee, October 6, 1866.]

Sir John Lawrence having escaped from the hands of his late parsimonious Private Secretary, the arrangements for the approaching Durbar at Agra are said to have been planned on a scale surpassing in splendour and magnificence the grandest displays of oriental potentates. When Runjeet Sing and Lord William Bentinck exchanged civilities on the banks of the Sutlej, about a third of a century ago, the English Governor-General believing that broad cloth was the highest triumph of human art, a display of that article was made on the backs of himself, staff and soldiery, also in the reception tents themselves, which excited the pity and commiseration of the one-eyed Lion of the Punjaub. He remarked to his courtiers that the English, though a powerful race, were yet wretchedly poor. Poor souls! give them shawls and cloths of gold from my godowns! Since that time the position of the British Government in India has undergone changes which may well remove it from the benevolent sympathy of splendid native rulers. Yet the display of wealth and of the resources of power on state occasions has a political value which it would be unwise to underestimate. The warm oriental imagination and the helplessly ignorant oriental mind alike require to be influenced by sights and ceremonies which are reckoned to be the true criterion of national strength and prosperity. A blazing Durbar will impart a traditional weight for years to come to British supremacy in the East, the effect and momentum of which will be tremendous. If the Government is able by the unsurpassed grandeur of the ceremony to secure a talk all over Hindoostan—in the Courts of the dependent and independent native princes, in the Bazars of the great cities and in the dens of sedition and conspiracy which still exist and thrive in the land notwithstanding the terrible fate of the Wahabee Moulvees of Patna—of this vast gathering of allies and vassals, it may calculate upon an un-interrupted period of peace and safely proceed perhaps to reduce the army. That Oriental nations who live in a thick and constant atmosphere of fancy, whose cowardice and courage are dependent upon a depressed or an exaggerated idea of the danger or opposition they are called upon to meet, who treasure up their impressions with a pertinacity which might appear ridiculous to the inheritors of an expanding and a pro-

gressive civilization, require ties and motives of loyalty suited to their peculiar constitutions and idiosyncrasies, is a fact to which the most careless student of the past history of British India cannot refuse to concede importance. The dynastic feeling in the native mind is so strong and enduring when fed and nurtured by imposing ceremonials that the puppet of Delhi, whose predecessors were painfully remembered for their oppressions, did not fail to attract devotion and vassalage when the revolt of the Sepoy army relaxed the bonds by which the inhabitants of the city and the surrounding countries were tied to the British rule. In Hindoo social life the man who spends his money in feasts and gorgeous festivals, commands an influence and an obedience which his more utilitarian neighbours must despair of enjoying. It is the destiny of the nation, for the present at least, and until a higher order of taste can be introduced amongst it, to be dazzled and domineered over by wealth, and Sir John Lawrence therefore exhibits much practical wisdom by planning a Durbar from which the most dangerous elements in British India will depart with exalted convictions and enduring impressions regarding the prestige and power of the wonderful *Feranghee*.

The assemblage of the Chiefs and princes of Hindoostan periodically under circumstances of a mild social amenity will produce a yet more important benefit. These Chiefs and princes, absorbed hitherto in their own individual glories, were deprived of the stimulating influence of example in the formation of their public and private characters. The rough Rajpoot, enclosed behind the bulwark of his pride, naturally deemed himself a demigod. When brought face to face with the polished chivalry of the Punjaub, he cannot resist reflections about his comparative insignificance, which, by humiliating him, open a door to improvement. The bigoted Nawab beholds an enlightened Hindoo Rajah maintaining a discourse with the Governor-General without the help of an Interpreter and a desire for knowledge to carry him through a similar feat naturally fires his bosom. Intimacies spring up, productive of important political results, and exactly the advantages which flow from an English nobleman's tour through the Continent are secured, though perhaps in a lower measure, to the native princes.

The Durbar at Agra will be enlivened by the investiture of English and native gentlemen rewarded with the Star of India, with the insignia of their dignity. The ceremony cannot be made too grand and imposing. The Knights and Companions of the new order will appear on the same platform with the native chieftains and combine with them to

form an aristocracy recognised and acknowledged throughout the civilized world.

To the Talooqdars of Oude the Governor-General will doubtless make personal acknowledgments for the liberality and spirit of generous accommodation with which they have just ratified their new settlement with the ryots. They have deserved laudation in the presence of their maker, and the Governor-General will not certainly withhold it from them in the presence of the assembled princes and peers of the empire. That the true interest of the zemindar is knit and reticulated with the comfort and prosperity of the ryot is a lesson which Sir John Lawrence, emphatically the friend and protector of the poor, will not we fancy lose this brilliant opportunity of impressing upon his distinguished native audience. Public expectation, encouraged by the past successes of the Governor-General in the difficult line of Durbar eloquence, is anxiously awakened in regard to the vice-regal address on the ensuing occasion. We have not the least doubt that it will rank as a *chef d'oeuvre*, and the expressed determination of Lord Cranborne to extinguish for ever the debasing policy of annexation, will enable the Governor-General to strengthen his peroration with an assurance of peace and protection towards the native allies and tributaries of Great Britain in India which will wring a loyal cheer from every heart.

The Volunteer Meeting.

[Reprinted from the Bengalee, October 6, 1866.]

Periodically the martial ardour of the European residents of Calcutta has to be awakened with flappers in the shape of serious and comic speeches from the few English gentlemen of the city,—Mr. Moncrieff and Mr. Roberts figuring unmistakably as Punch and Judy in a Lord Mayor's show who are blessed with the gift of the gab. The demonstration, like Hilsa fish, has its season. Its exciting causes are bright sunshiny days and cold mornings and evenings. It springs up like the annuals in our gardens in the cold weather, the first blast of the hot winds destroying every vestige of it except perhaps its germ. The hearts of our gallant volunteers, botanically expressed, must be bulbous, and it is a necessity of their constitution that they should be kept in a dormant state during the dog days and rains. Otherwise the gay red plants will refuse to regale the ladies on gala days at Christmas time with toy work evolutions to the sound of drum and bugle. This year the seed-sowing has been rather early. It is to be hoped there will be a vigorous crop.

The gallant volunteers met in earnest in the Town Hall to plan the scheme of their future existence. The military element was represented by Captain Fenwick, who was therefore requested to lead. The Chairman's speech is unexceptionable. He alluded of course to the volunteer movement in England, to the Duke of Wellington, to Prussia, Austria and Russia. Why Napoleon and his French were ignored we cannot account for. But the Emperor was not hauled into the speech—that is a fact. English merchants and English shop-boys were vehemently exhorted to volunteer, the Government having liberally supplied them with an Adjutant and a serjeant to teach the goose step. The Chairman was cheered somewhat out of time and the cheering reached its climax when he culminated to that grand outburst of martial eloquence "that it was the duty of every man who was able to bear arms to join the movement." (Great cheering.) We should be obliged to any little bird that may be able to tell us how many or how few of those who exercised their lungs on this occasion really and plainly enlisted. However, it is exceedingly consolatory to think that Englishmen in India can afford at least to cheer a great orator who expounds to them the clear line of their duty. Yes, every

man capable of bearing arms should join the movement, but alas ! the climate of the country renders every man who is not paid for having his throat cut, incapable of that gallant feat during two-thirds of the year. The oriental habit of taking things coolly is soon learnt with the oriental taste for shampooing after a hot day. Ice water and champagne are such formidable helps to luxury that, as a corpulent Colonel once innocently remarked to us, no gentleman should go to drill who can help it.

Captain Fenwick was followed by the ubiquitous Mr. Moncrieff. The man had not spoken a dozen words before he became offensive. He indeed excused the Hindoos for entertaining villainous feelings towards his countrymen. He would have done the same thing if the cards were altered. But he fell with a will upon the Competition-wallahs. The old scandals about them were served up, their manliness and their status in society were attacked by turns. No Civilian according to him could win fame who was not a cricketer or volunteer. We fancy all the young Civilians now in India must flock to Calcutta in order to learn drill upon the volunteer parade ground and qualify themselves by this means for undying renown.

The Doorgah Poojah.

[Reprinted from the Bengalee, October 13, 1866.]

This year we happen to be established in a locality from which the Doorgah Poojah may be said to have been eliminated. The poor of our place will not perhaps be able to exhibit even a new rag upon their persons in celebration of this great annual festival. Not a drum disturbs the currents of air that freely sport about us, not even the romantic music of a conch reminds us of idolatry and the East. The price of rice has driven out festivity from the heart of the ryot. The ever-recurring necessity of providing an expensive meal for an overpopulous family strains and sprains by its unnatural tension energies which no longer admit of rest or recruiting by a temporary abandonment to holiday rejoicings and idleness. There are sullen faces before us and tearful eyes and clamouring children, all betokening the rigour and the lofty pre-eminence of the price current. The cloth market, it is true, is sensibly depressed, for people in ordinary circumstances are driven to their utmost resources in purchasing rice, which must be daily eaten to preserve life, whilst the covering of nakedness is not so imperative a want, at least to the scantily clad inhabitants of Bengal. But the attraction of appearing in flaming fabrics, however irresistible, has its antagonistic forces, the principal amongst which is an empty purse. Manchester may well weep in contemplation of the famine in Bengal, for she will terribly suffer also by the deplorable event.

Our present subject, however, is neither rice nor piece-goods. These distract already every responsible human being during the best part of the year, we say responsible human being because under the constitution of society a small class only is visited with the necessity of earning money to feed and clothe and turn out on showy horses and well varnished carriages the greater portion of this formidable body. *Pater familias* is the sole guilty man on whom the curse of Adam "thou shalt live by the sweat of thy brow" is practically and painfully worked out. He toils and he speculates, he cheats and he robs, in order that a vast number of persons included in the ruinous word family, may wrangle about the quality of their mutton or the texture of their muslin in the course of an ample leisure. Rice and mutton and muslin are every body's every day concern. It is impossible to clap the door upon them.

But the season of the Doorgah Poojah ought to bring some measure of oblivion and rest. It is not that the price current is more generous, or creditors more indulgent, or employers less exacting and brutal. The sun does not shine with a fresher glow, nor is the wind more crisp or pleasant, the heavens are not more pure, but an amnesty reigns in regard to work. By universal consent we have leisure and ought therefore to have peace. This year the idleness of the Chamber of Commerce and the generosity of the Government of India have beaten out our annual season of rest to as much as a fortnight. How the cockney calculates the days, how his nostrils swell, how his bosom heaves, how his heart expands at the thought of fifteen days' absolute unclouded joy of doing nothing. A thousand schemes are formed and abandoned. To Benares, yes! that city of the saints, that *ne plus ultra* of curious fancying to the close-confined school boy and jaded Telegraph office clerk. A friend drops in, suggests the ravishment of a boat excursion, the dancing waters and the glancing sun-beams, cards and the hooka, cooking on board, and five friends in a circle. The imagination runs riot on the beautiful Strand of Chandernagore and the magnificent architecture of the Emambarah at Hooghly with its fountain in the courtyard and its halls of black marble. Fifteen days and no black Monday intervening will exactly suffice for a trip as far as Culna. The thought is superb. Now for a calculation of the cost. Mr. Massey is not the only person who cannot sleep with an unfinished budget in his bed chamber. The poor holiday maker is troubled with the same distemper. The account is cast and recast. First there is a cook. Then comes a scratch, bold and broad, across that agreeable functionary. Hurry can cook, never mind what the quality of the *cuisine*. Hurry will cost nothing save his feed, and that is a paramount argument. Anxious parents interfere however. Even such a personage as the Lord Bishop got drowned. The Boat excursion—never! It all ends in the fast disappearance of the holidays. The hours fly away at railway speed until black Monday knocks against the door of the slumberer with a fresh coating of soot on his grim visage. All is over at last. Work, work, is the inexorable doom of the poor. Death only will release them from its iron grip!

We will conclude by filing before our readers our usual petition for a holiday on behalf of our Establishment. The next number of the *Bengalee* cannot appear without our men attending throughout the three great poojah days. In a season of universal rest we hope our subscribers will not begrudge them the customary leave.

The Late Lord Bishop of Calcutta.

[Reprinted from the Bengalee, October 13, 1886.]

Destiny indeed is either a monster or a child. It spares not rank, nor age, nor sex in its tremendous crunch, or it is too thoughtless and ignorant to understand the peculiar value of the spirits it flings out of this world in its wayward senseless gambols. Who could indeed have for a moment conceived, in the wildest humour of impossible fancying, that the good, the pious, the benevolent, the patriotic, the philanthropic Bishop Cotton, who was the idol of his church and of the educated native community of Bengal, would meet his death in the eddies of the Pudma, close to shore, without a ruffle in the waters, in the midst of friends, through merely an unfortunate stumble? The event has cast a gloom upon society in general, for Bishop Cotton was a universal friend and favorite. The simple charity of his manners, his condescension, his extreme liberality, his fondness for intercourse of a refined intellectual kind with all classes, the stern impartiality with which he suppressed sectarianism and bigotry, the mild holy influence which he infused into the energies of public and private men striving for general good, the absorbing interest manifested by him in the education of the Christian and the Native, the fine classical effect of his genius on all he said or did, marked him for a person irreplaceable in a country like India with its divided races and sympathies and difficult and anomalous policies and dogmas. The late Lord Bishop fulfilled, in a remarkable degree, the office of mediator between the Christian and the heathen. He suffered not the pride of race or the height of position or the superciliousness of a higher faith to blind his eyes to the ordinary or extra-ordinary excellencies of Hindoo character and customs. Men of such essentially logical tendencies like the late Bishop Cotton cannot indeed perpetrate the follies which are accepted and revered as dignities by the masses of superficial thinkers. They are bound to a system of reasoning which breaks away indignantly from the barriers of geography and chemistry. The light that is in them is too glaring to leave room for the shadows which obstruct the even vision of the less blessed. Standing at the head of the Christian Church in India, governed by the rigid educational impetus of Cambridge, Bishop Cotton did not disdain to accept instruction from the Hindoo. A remarkable instance of the avidity with which he

sought assistance and despised not to receive confirmation in his holy work from the productions of the native mind, may be gathered from his charge to the clergy under him, three or four years ago, in which frequent citations are made from a lecture on female education read to the Bethune Society by Koomar Harendra Krishna. The loss of such a man is indeed irreparable, and the thought of such a loss in the circumstances under which it occurred, is maddening. By the arrangements for landing passengers from the steamer at *Kooshtea* deaths by drowning too frequently occur. A frail plank extends from the banks of the dangerous *Pudma* to the steamer's flat and the passenger, without support or rest, is required to achieve the perilous feat of embarking or disembarking. The Bishop was subjected to the process and his aged limbs sank under it. The story will reach England in all its horrid details. Parliament and the English people will thus be able to form some idea of the neglect which stands for government in India.

Thomas Carlyle and Governor Eyre.

• [Reprinted from the Bengalee, October 27, 1866.]

The most refined thinkers in England have been somewhat scandalised by the circumstance of Thomas Carlyle, one of the surviving patriarchs of English literature, having written a remarkable letter in support of Governor Eyre and subscribed his mite towards the furtherance of the agitation which a body of over-zealous friends and admirers are about to make for the recovery of the reputation of the Ex-Governor of Jamaica, if not for that of his place. Naturally, Mr. Carlyle is credited by the world with sympathies which in a person of his gigantic mind and profound scholarship are conceived to be most favorably developed, to the confusion of arbitrary power and the triumph and glorification of original rights and absolute virtue. The same powerful English feeling which upheld Lord Canning in his policy of conciliation and clemency towards the rebel population and soldiery of Hindoostan, which damned into oblivion the name of Neill and heaped ridicule and contempt on the vengeance cry which arose in one prolonged scream from craven British lungs, shrivelled up with fear and blistered with the frenzy of an indefinite and inexpressible dread, has manifested itself in tremendous weight and volume against a man who clothed with kingly responsibility set his riflemen and dragoons against a population fleeing unarmed in horror and despair from a mob of miserable rioters. The demonstrations for and against Governor Eyre, come with peculiar interest to Indian observers, from the fact of the arrest and punishment of misgovernment in Jamaica forming a precedent for Hindoostan, furnishing contemplations of a soothing character to the people of this country, and affording basis for a confidence in the supremacy of the people and press of England over traditions, policies and petulancies which vainly, yet persistently, endeavour to impose upon foreign races chains and charters repugnant to Christian honesty, outrageous even to heathen ideas of justice and administrative propriety.

It is not however anything very strange that a man of high literary reputation should side and sympathise with tyranny. Nero was a poet, or at least pretended to pay court to the Muses. Your mere man of learning is seldom a man of feeling. The scandal concerning Sterne,

who could whine sentimentally over a dead ass whilst disregarding the wants and the miseries of an aged parent, is not an unique specimen of the difference between actual undisguised humanity and humanity parading the passions and affections upon beautiful letter press. Scholars of the style of thought in which Mr. Carlyle has been accustomed to indulge, are the foremost victims of such an affectation of dignity and quasi-political foresight as is protruded and paraded in the following letter :—

“ Sir,—The clamour raised against Governor Eyre appears to me to be disgraceful to the good sense of England, and if it rested on any depth of conviction, and were not rather (as I always flatter myself it is) a thing of rumour and hearsay, of repetition and reverberation, mostly from the teeth outward, I should consider it of evil omen to the country, and to its highest interests in these times. For my own share, all the light that has yet reached me on Mr. Eyre and his history in the world, goes steadily to establish the conclusion that he is a just, humane and valiant man, faithful to his trusts everywhere, and with no ordinary faculty of executing them ; that his late services in Jamaica were of great, perhaps of incalculable value, as certainly they were of perilous and appalling difficulty—something like the case of ‘ fire ’ suddenly reported ‘ in the ship’s powder-room ’ in mid-ocean, where the moments mean the ages, and life and death hang on your use or your misuse of the moments ; and in short, that penalty and clamour are not the thing this Governor merits from any of us, but honour and thanks, and wise imitation (I will further say), should similar emergencies rise, on the great scale or on the small, in whatever we are governing.

The English nation never loved anarchy, nor was wont to spend its sympathy on miserable mad seditions, especially of this inhuman and half-brutish type ; but always loved order and the prompt suppression of seditions, and reserved its tears for something worthier than promoters of such delirious and fatal enterprises who had got their wages for their sad industry. Has the English nation changed, then, altogether ! I flatter myself it has not, not yet quite ; but only that certain loose superficial portions of it have become a great deal louder, and not any wiser than they formerly used to be.

At any rate, though much averse at any time, and at this time in particular, to figure on committees, and run into public noises without call, I do at once, and feel that as a British citizen I should and must make you welcome to my name for your committee, and to whatever good it can do you. With the hope only that many other British men

of far more significance in such a matter, will at once or gradually do the like, and that, in fine, by wise effort and persistence, a blind and disgraceful act of public injustice may be prevented, and an egregious folly as well—not to say, for none can say or compute, what a vital detriment throughout the British Empire, in such an example set to all the colonies and governors the British Empire has.

Further service, I fear, I am not in a state to promise; but the whole weight of my conviction and good wishes is with you, and if other service possible to me do present itself, I shall not want for willingness in case of need. Enclosed is my mite of contribution to your fund.

I have the honour to be,

Yours truly,

T. CARLYLE."

"To HAMILTON HUME Esq.

Hon. Secy. 'Eyre Defence Fund.'"

The painter in graphic and characteristic words, of the horrors of the French Revolution, has been confirmed in estimates of popular out-breaks which may be sincere as coming from a habitual fancier of the wild and the extravagant, but to which less imaginative and more practical people have only contempt and ridicule to offer. Had Mr. Carlyle lived in the world of real politics instead of in a shell of abstraction and literary dreaming, he would have experienced little difficulty in fathoming the depths of honor and classic righteousness from which emanated those reproaches with which Governor Eyre was beaten and battered off the viceroyalty of Jamaica and held up to the execration of a God-fearing and a generous race. The din and clamour against the official who ruthlessly massacred or directed the massacre of unarmed men, women and children, does not proceed, as Mr. Carlyle in the quaint contortions of his language believes, from the teeth outwards only. Englishmen, if he had observed them more carefully than he seems to have had time or inclination to do, at least Englishmen who are not adventurers or colonists or removed far from the centre of that traditional justice and strength of feeling which make the Anglo-Saxon feared and respected in every corner of the earth, are the last to stand accused of simulation in wrath or in love. They do not deign to talk unless violently moved to utterance by some impulse whose source is situated much lower down in the human organism than the organs of mastication. They speak through the

set teeth and not with them, and this is what has saved the nation from foolishness of which its neighbours become guilty almost every day in the year. The clamour against Governor Eyre, and which proved so strong as to procure his ignominious dismissal and downfall, is not tainted with any sensational or mobbish influences. Those who have deemed it their duty to twist the official neck of a man who in the presence of by no means an appalling danger lost the balance of his mind and sanctioned and personally commanded excesses which are justly characterised by brave and unmisguided eye-witnesses as monstrous, cannot by any construction of the word or manipulation of logic be termed superficial. Statesmen and men of letters, soldiers who are accustomed to value human life lower than a strip of ribbon, have unanimously concurred in demanding the removal from responsible authority of a person who could not preserve his senses in the sight of blood, but like the *Chourinier* of Eugene Sue saw everything red and ran amuck of every body. It was not a mere prejudice of the teeth that produced a demonstration compelling a strong ministry to an act seldom resorted to for the vindication of British justice and good sense after violent official transgressions. Mr. Carlyle's sensational conception of fire in a ship's powder-room in mid-ocean proves the brilliance doubtless of his faculty of imagination, but God save his understanding. Was the Negro population of Jamaica so formidable an element of danger to a strong British Colony that its explosion in mid-ocean would, with the certainty of fate, have destroyed every vestige of the settlement! If Governor Eyre was justified in undertaking a general massacre of the black inhabitants because a few of their number had embarked in a miserable and mad sedition and if apologists or admirers can spring up in British ground for that cowardly act, then the Governor-General of India should have been impeached in Parliament for refraining to destroy the native inhabitants of Calcutta when mutiny shook its mane and shewed its teeth and made its spring on the parade ground of Barrackpore, for justice, and humanity and valour lay only, according to the reasoning or dictum of Mr. Carlyle, in such a course. We are sorry, the author of the *History of the French Revolution* should have set his well-earned reputation upon such a dung-hill without any active call from outside. But age is second childhood and the learned world will doubtless therefore acquit him of serious responsibility for the freak which has landed Mr. Carlyle in the midst of such a movement as that made for the defence of Mr. Eyre.

The return of the Lieutenant Governor.

[Reprinted from the Bengalee, October 27, 1866.]

On Tuesday last, at half past seven in the evening, Sir Cecil Beadon, accompanied by his son and Lieutenant Colonel Raban, arrived at Howrah by Rail on his way back to Belvedere. The police was drawn up to receive him, headed by Captain Gordon, and Mr. Steuart Hogg had taken the trouble to cross over. On the other side of the river also there was a grotesque array of the red turbans. Sight-seeing people must have returned disappointed, but the Lieutenant Governor could not, we fancy, have repressed a smile of satisfaction at this loyal muster of the white and blue defenders of his provinces. It was some consolation to him to find, after a long absence from his capital, during which the rascally press of Bengal had taken sacrilegious liberties with his name and his fame and had influenced by its small talk the Great Thunderer of the British Isles into the expression of a savage growl against his administration and his person, that his Police at least had continued to respect him, showing all the usual anxiety to present staves as he marched in procession through their files into his carriage. We cannot presume to enter into the depths of a great official mind and take stock of all the thinkings and the throbbings which fill up its vast expanse, specially on an occasion like the one we have referred to. After a protracted holiday, passed amidst delightful Hill scenery and in a temperature that throws a cool oblivion over such tormentors as burning suns and heated winds and dozing punkha coolies, and unlimited work, human nature, whether creeping and crawling within the dull veins of the Keranie or bounding and flushing inside the arteries of a Lieutenant Governor, at first refuses to settle itself down to drudgery. The feeling is a peculiar one, midway between compulsion and will. In the case of Sir Cecil Beadon an extraneous sentiment must have supervened—a sense of duty unfulfilled, mingled with the irritation of recent rebuke from Indian and English public opinion for the neglect. The first expression which found its way out of the Lieutenant Governor's lips, after his arrival in Calcutta, was that of a wish to visit the pauper lines at Chitpore. He had some energy once, the *Times* had declared with a sigh or a growl, and he was anxious to prove by a six miles' drive from his Head Quarters that he had not ceased to possess it. He would visit the pauper encampment though we little see what benefit to the poor fellows or the public can result from such an expedition. It is probable the Lieutenant Governor, with the

incredulity attaching to all official minds in India, from the Governor-General who firmly disbelieves in the reality of any rights in a native Chief, to the Police Constable who swears away every report of theft or dacoity as apocryphal, entertained doubts as to the existence of such an encampment altogether. The newspapers may have set it up and combined to humbug him. He certainly was not called upon to acknowledge the fact of a famine until he saw with his own eyes the persons about whom such a parade had been made in the Indian and English papers, and who had been turned into a peg for hanging the blackest rags about his face. The desire was quite official and the Lieutenant Governor cannot be blamed for expressing it. But thoughtless people are discourteous enough to think that the Lieutenant Governor's visit is somewhat ill-timed, that it should have been projected and paid exactly three months earlier, when Calcutta overflowed with human skeletons dragging their bones from street to street under an impulse of intense devouring hunger. Even now the proper scene for the Lieutenant Governor's peregrinations and visits of charity is Cuttack, where the famine still consumes its two thousand human beings per week. But, in rather undignified imitation of his famous Bengal Policeman, his Honor's shadow is not likely to darken that land of misery and death before the scuffle between life and the Grim Leveller is over and the atmosphere has cleared up and the roadsides have been disburdened of their ghastly occupants. If the Lieutenant Governor is really and in earnest desirous of retrieving his reputation, so grievously wrecked on the corpses of his starved subjects, he will do well not to defer a moment his visits to the places in which the famine continues to rage with unabated vigor. His presence in those spots will produce effects little short of miraculous. Every officer of Government will suddenly find energy and strength and humanity infused into his sluggish veins. Men of money will awake from bed and find themselves charitable. All the graces of sympathy will resort to souls hitherto steeled against human suffering. Funds will start up in abundance to meet the most exaggerated demands for relief and their distribution will assume features of patriarchal benevolence. The people of the suffering districts will feel assured also that their existence is a matter of some moment to the Government, that the theory of their being ruled is not limited to the sole question of their being taxed and that the criminal Jail is not the only asylum for their destitute. They will find their pluck returning to them. Hunger will lose its most poisonous fangs. All this it is yet in the power of the Lieutenant-Governor to effect. If humanity do not move him to it, a sense of his blasted fame ought to be sternly efficacious instead.

Lord Napier's minute on the Famine in Ganjam.

[Reprinted from the *Bengalce*, November 8, 1866.]

In noticeable contrast to Sir Cecil Beadon's supine inactivity and indifference in a calamity such as the one now sweeping with a simoom blast over some of the finest provinces under his rule, are the proceedings promptly and vigorously adopted by Lord Napier, the Governor of Madras, for the arrest and mitigation of the miseries which under precisely similar circumstances afflicted the famished population of Ganjam. His Lordship's minute, which is too long to be reproduced in our columns, is a paper which, for fulness and lucidity, its enlightened and generous tone, the deep foresight and insight it reveals and the wisdom and benevolence which pervade every sentence of the well-chosen words, pre-eminently excites our admiration for the man and the Governor, the scholar and the Christian. The object of his Lordship's visit to the scene of the famine in his Presidency in thus beautifully described. How deplorably we miss the feeling in the Lieutenant Governor of Bengal ! It "was prompted by the desire to show sympathy and encouragement to those who are laboring or suffering, and to stimulate the application of remedial measures which were already commenced or contemplated." Deep benevolence and statesmanship underlay a course which is perhaps sneered at as sentimental and frivolous by men whose interest in India is a purely selfish one, who, though placed in the exalted position of governors of men, cannot realise the measure of responsibility involved in the office, the devotion and heroism demanded of the office-holder ; but strew their chair with roses are unscrupulous in flying at the most critical moments, from the heat and turmoil of their ordinary and recognised places of work, to enervating Hill stations where sloth and ease and a sense of exquisite individual comfort drown every care or qualm for the sufferings of immense classes of the destitute and steel the heart and numb the hand against influences and acts which those placed in the midst of appalling distress and death, though themselves removed from their range, are incapable of resisting. The worn out Civilian is frequently an animated mummy. He has lived out strange times and scenes, and perpetrated strange follies. Immersed in things of the past, he cannot conceive

that an essentially different present is his immediate ground of occupation. Dreaming blissfully of the times in which rice sold at forty seers the rupee and servants flourished in flesh and looks on three rupees a month, he cannot conceive of famine or of the lingering death of hunger. Accustomed to ride his carriage and four over the necks of the poor obstructing his path, he cannot understand why the decimation of such a class which, like the weeds and the brushwood of our gardens, generates only malaria and poison, and is better trodden out and removed in rubbish carts to the sinks prepared for it by nature in the shape of wide rolling rivers, should disturb the souls or take away the slumbers of the great and the fortunate, mar the appetite for luscious roasts or withdraw contented and self-complacent or aspiring humanity from the clouds into the mire of squalid villages and the miasma of festering hovels. The mission of the Bengal civilian is too intensely and exclusively one of punishment to render him a heart-whole man in the generality of instances. He is too much of the recording and chastising angel, whose lot is cast in the foul atmosphere of the Cutcheries, amidst thieves and rogues and murderers and such vermin, to have room or resting places for the purer sympathies. Habit wears away the gloss of human charity and his charity, where it happens to be actively displayed, is therefore more a creature of fame and of fashion than of that natural fervour which produces it in ordinary men. There are undoubtedly those of extraordinary powers of abstraction and concentration who are capable of preserving the fountain of the emotions unsullied by the hardnesses which a deep sense of duty daily demands at their hands; men who can weep in their chambers at night like a woman or a child, after having worn the black cap during the day and pronounced sentence of death upon felons, but the specimens are rare or at least not numerous. The generality of minds assimilate themselves to the characters they assume for the purposes of government or authority and a thick crust of roughness, if not ruffianism, attaches to them from the circumstances of their daily lives which hardens into an almost brutal inhumanity. Hence the contrast between the Governor of Madras and the Lieutenant Governor of Bengal, striking the beholder with the sense of a huge difference of education, association and feeling between the English-bred and the India-bred official. Few Bengal Civilians could give such a history of the famine in Ganjam as is condensed into the following paragraph :—

“ There can be no doubt of the extremities of distress which they have endured and still endure. Some of the Ooryah cottages I have myself visited, where destitution and starvation might be seen in every pathetic and terrible form. The same story was told by the

multitudes of persons gathering a precarious and unwholesome sustenance from half-edible roots, berries, and leaves, of which Mr. Forbes, the Collector, possesses a variety of specimens. The miserable condition of whole villages was attested by the emaciated appearance of their leading inhabitants, sent in numerous deputations to solicit help from the Collector at Chetterpore. The roads were full of wretched creatures prostrated on the earth. In many places I was pursued by clamorous crowds which might be likened to flocks of skeletons or ghosts. To an unpractised European eye, the distinction between the ryot in his ordinary garb or ordinary nakedness and the landless labourer, is scarcely perceptible, but there is no doubt that the substantial ryot, especially on Government lands, feels his social elevation as much as the farmer in England. It was pitiable to see the reduction and ruin of an industrious order of men, invested in primitive forms with all the duties and obligations of property, and to reflect that nothing less than a succession of prosperous seasons combined with considerate usage on the part of the Revenue Department, can restore these people to physical vigour and material welfare. While the peasant farmer starves, his cattle thrive. Repeated showers had fallen in the country, and the forage was abundant. The Hindoo peasant will perish by hunger beside a fat bullock. The prescriptions of superstition, which appear cruel to the individual, are conservative for the community; and the preservation of the labouring cattle secures the power of cultivation, and the sources of future life and wealth. It may sound harsh and sad to say so, but in India it is more easy to replace a man than an ox. The chastisements of nature are rarely universal. There will still be some feature of consolation and promise. In the condition of the live stock I saw the attenuating circumstance of the Ganjam famine. It was reported that the pastoral ryots, who would under no pressure kill the cows, drink the blood of their living goats, and reserve the animals for successive depletions."

The entire facts of the calamity are thus before us. Its philosophy is clearly separated from the dross of its misery. The highest benevolence is excited by the account, for the benevolence of the writer is reflected on his paper, and acts with a magnetic energy upon the reader. These are the leaders of men, the guides and monitors of the masses of human beings. Society is moulded by them into the most beautiful shapes and those countries are fortunate whose destinies are governed by their will.

Income Tax encore.

[Reprinted from the Bengalee, November 3, 1866.]

Silently, though not the less surely, the Government of India is taking down the traps and the toggeries which, two years ago, Sir Charles Trevelyan had deposited, with considerable applause from the tax-payers of India, in the lumber room of the Treasury, ready to be re-imposed, it is true, on an occasion of difficulty when the failing resources of the state might demand such an infliction, but deemed to have been cast aside for ever as useless and unserviceable in a country like India in which their application produced more sores, galled necks and bruises, than the society for the prevention of cruelty to animals might be disposed to overlook or tolerate. The Income Tax had indeed been abandoned as an impracticable and uncongenial means of raising money in the East and, notwithstanding the threat that it would undergo resurrection at some future crisis, the circumstances under which it had been hissed and groaned and caterwauled off the stage, did not leave any but the remotest prospect of its being encored with any degree of energy or will. The fact however at the present moment, unmistakably, is that high and low officials, those in fact in the confidence of Government, are eagerly searching and enquiring after records and returns connected with the hated tax and there is ample ground for believing that this curiosity and bestowal of attention and labor in a direction not called for by the requirements of current duties are symptomatic of coming events. There are long shadows about us and the tax-wise are seriously apprehensive that the clouds which are gathering around next year's budget will in their terrible monsoon season flash out and growl out a thunderstorm not less appalling or ruthless than the one which first rained down an Income Tax upon the Hindoos. These clouds are fierce-looking and exceedingly dark and grim. The customs revenue has gone down an inclined plane owing to the stagnation of trade. Exports have nearly ceased and imports are dwindling away. Commercial men are breathing hard after the ghastly collapse at Bombay and the failure of the Agra Bank. The market is unprecedentedly dull and its action is fearfully exercised on the customs revenue. This important source of supply dammed up, a source which was calculated to be as rich as a mine, more profitable than the land revenue and elastic to an extent capable of bearing

any amount of pressure—the Government is justly alarmed. There is ample reason for the apprehension that the dearth will continue for some time, at least until the mercantile interest recovers its losses and from the panic consequent upon them.

As if to prove the accuracy and applicability to Governments as to individuals of the shrewd saying “misfortunes come not singly, but in battalions,” the opium revenue on which immense weight is laid by financiers and budget manufacturers, which fills up many a big hole dug in the balance sheet of the state by improvident expenditure and reckless jobbery, has suffered considerable damage. It has disastrously failed, mocking figures and foresight and knocking them somewhat rudely on the head. Frauds in the making up of the chests have cropped out to the ruin of purchasers. Shippers of Malwa opium, when the commodity arrived at the markets in China, were painfully informed by their agents and constituents that they had shipped Ganges mud in place of the drug. The trade partakes of the vicissitudes of gambling at all times. Now, the purchasing of the article at the Government sales is an affair of luck and lottery. One cannot be sure whether for his money he has drawn a prize or a blank, Behar opium or Bhagiruttee mud. The natural result of such an absence of confidence and a dread of consequences is depreciation in price, so that the chest which formerly sold at a thousand or twelve hundred rupees and was down in the budget at the former rate taken as a minimum one, actually fetched eight hundred rupees only. The entire loss may be estimated at somewhat near a crore and this ghastly Death's head in the Government cupboard is set out by ghosts of revenue lost in Cuttack. The prospects of the ensuing budget year are therefore most gloomy and the distracted authorities of Finance are irresistibly driven upon the resource of an income tax. The Atlantic has or is about to overflow, but it may not be the first foolish thing a journalist ever perpetrated, to sturdily use his mop on such a calamitous occasion. We may perhaps arrest the waters before they rush upon us in volume by patching up a few bungholes, though presentiment sets quite contra-wise and we may have to gulp our hearts as often as they fly up to our mouths in the natural wish to secure an early escape.

That Mr. Massey is not merely playing at Income Tax, may be inferred from Lord Cranborne's speech in the House of Commons on the last Indian budget. It appears to have been officially settled that the Hindoos are a big set of rogues, up to every trick of concealment and falsification; that also they are intolerably rich. Screw them and bully them, and the pagoda tree will rain down a glittering harvest.

We confess that Income Tax returns are here and there cooked up by native mohajuns, but they have actually no help. These generally keep no well balanced accounts, and as they must guess, it is not deemed sacrilegious to guess to one's evident advantage. People do not willingly stretch out their necks on the block and the severity of Government produces a natural wish to evade it. The feeling is not a rare one in England even. Neither Lord Cranborne nor Mr. Massey need be reminded of the Irish Lord who swore before an Inspector of the dog tax that he kept no such animals about the house, but a favourite spaniel happening to bounce in just at the moment to the discomfiture of the noble Lord's oath, he had the audacious presence of mind to feign running away from the brute, screaming that it was a mad dog, making the Inspector also bolt out of the house for his life. These are stratagems of war deemed fairly admissible. Strict morality is, by universal assent, excluded from war, love, electioneering and rate-paying. If the Income Tax assessor deems it a duty to the state to surcharge, the Tax-payer deems it a duty to his wife and children to conceal his real affairs. The demoralization in both cases is upon a par, but in India it obtains still more expansive range, and results in sterner consequences from the fact of a huge army of collectors and chuprassies being let loose upon the country, displaying vices which rot and fester in the remotest corners, leavening the entire population. It was a statesman-like dread of consequences like these which influenced Sir Charles Trevelyan in his consistent opposition to a measure which the Government of Sir John Lawrence found itself unable to continue, notwithstanding every wish to do so. We hope therefore other means of taxation than the taxing of imaginary incomes will be resorted to, to restore the figures of the budget, and that they are not wanting, we will prove some other time.

Action in Bengal.

[Reprinted from the Bengalee, November 10, 1866.]

It is a serious mischief that go-ahead reformers amongst our nation cannot settle themselves to ease and comfort in bare contemplation of the listlessness with which the sublimest thoughts in religion or politics are received by the masses of Indian thinkers. The sight is pitiable, of young men with gushing enthusiasm, who evince the most orthodox horror of idolatry and the most old-spinnerish aversion for nautches, left alone in the centres of their own wrath, unheeded by the multitude or heeded only with demonstrative shrugs of the shoulders, cautious warnings for avoidance, suppressed sympathies for their condition, or openly avowed expressions of indignation that their parents do not take care of the young unfortunates. It is difficult to see why a Hindoo of any complexion of thought should evince a horror of idolatry. There is nothing in his creed, whether Vedic or Puranic, which proclaims the absolute sin of image worship. The Bible of the Christian, we know, represents God as a jealous God, jealous of wood, stone and clay, jealous of all things created ; and therefore there is a basis for the hate which the pious Christian deems it religious to manifest against idolatry. Right or wrong, there exists a plea for his extravagances in the presence of a Hindoo pagoda, which we can entertain as rational, viewed with reference to his early education and subsequent habit of thought. The Mahomedan, with whom image breaking whenever it can be safely indulged in, is a duty and, was once a pastime, has a similar plea to urge with the Christians. The reverencing of God in an idol interferes with his future possession of heaven and better than heaven, the houris. A strong selfishness prevents both these orders of religionists from extending charitable sympathy towards the Hindoos in their primitive mode of worship. They fear to lose eternal bliss by a toleration denounced as a crime in their religious books, and we have sufficient charity to acknowledge and allow the rigour of their necessity. But to the Hindoo, whose sublimest conceptions of the God-head are the offsprings of a pure philosophy, who is a naturalist in his most advanced form of worship, who is released and disentangled from the bondage of a book-revelation, the motives for a frantic repudiation of idolatry are non-existent, and where

such are exhibited, must be declared to be pitifully affected, an affectation borrowed from the Christian missionary and therefore contemptible as a work of art and hollow as a feeling of the soul. The Brahmo, we confess, is a more enlightened conceiver of the attributes of the deity than the man who prostrates himself before an incarnation of straw, clay and paint. Mumbo Jumbo is nevertheless as clear an embodiment of the religious sentiment in man as the most refined sermon spun out by aid of language about the omnipotence, omniscience and other virtues which those who adore God in spirit may conceive and utter for the edification and effect of wondering congregations. If God understands the sentiment, which few possibly possess the necessary strength of blasphemy to contest, then the position of the idolator and the pure worshipper of the God of modern theology is scarcely different. If stupid people choose to set up a bit of flint, surround it with garlands and incense, mutter sanscrit, and prostrate themselves foolishly before this creation of their fancy deity, what's the harm? They idolise a material substance, we idolise a sentiment. The form of worship differs, but the feeling of reverence towards the Supreme Ruler of the universe is the same. The Brahmo shuts his eyes and repeats what he in the smallness of his soul and the confinement of his knowledge, conceives to be the attributes of the Lord. It may be that the real God is endowed with virtues which it is not given to man to fathom. The idolator makes a God of human features, hands, eyes, forehead and feet. The spiritual worshipper prepares a deity of mercy, of justice and the various components of the human soul. We fail to see the difference between the two. Both copy from frail, wicked, sinful man. The God of Nature may be fundamentally distinct, infinitely superhuman, or originally different from human. The idolator gives his God a multitude of eyes, the spiritual worshipper calls him omniscient. The sense intended to be conveyed by both is the same. Why then these mock heroics against idolatry? We are exhorted to action, to martyrdom, to violence, if not in deed at least in feeling. The hypocrisy and cant of the thing is nauseating, insupportable. In the name of religion we are treated to a puritanical persecution. Is this reform or rebellion? Truth is modest, not blustering; the surest laws of nature work the most silently. Progressive Brahmos will escape much foolishness by thoroughly digesting this great fact. The human mind was never yet won by storm for any good purpose.

The Famine Commission.

[Reprinted from the Bengalee, November 24, 1866.]

The Secretary of State for India has superseded the action of the Lieutenant Governor with reference to the Famine Enquiry Commission. The functions of Mr. Dampier will cease and Mr. George Campbell, assisted by efficient coadjutors, will take up in detail the investigations by which the reputation of the Bengal Government will stand or fall. Public opinion has been so violently roused in England by the incidents connected with as heavy a misfortune, as can afflict a nation, that the responsible head of the Indian Government had no alternative course to a proceeding which will sensibly detract from the authority and dignity of the local administration. There was little apprehension of a person of Mr. Dampier's energy and public virtues succumbing to superior influences in his narration of facts connected with the Bengal Famine or in his diagnosis of the causes which led to that calamity yet the natural wish and inclination of every official who has amenities to preserve and a bureau to support or befriend, so silently mould his sincerest convictions that there is always danger in his nomination to an office requiring judicial severity of examination for the ascertainment of fact and the awful solemnity of the black cap for the utterance of a verdict, rigidly, impartially and perhaps terribly arrived at after a laborious investigation. Even a most thorough and conscientious discharge of the duty of reporting and remarking upon a question in which is involved and endangered the administrative repute of the Head of the Government of which the reporting officer happens to be a subordinate, is liable seriously to the construction and imputation of having been shaped and directed by superior and clandestine influences. So that the moral effect of an important state paper, thus anomalously obtained, is lessened or utterly destroyed, and the public mind continues to be guided and governed by vain conjectures and extravagant guesses in the decision of points demanding philosophical calmness of enquiry and accumulation of detail to render that decision valuable for future use as the basis of an infallible remedy. A most suspicious element in the Commission nominated by the Lieutenant Governor was furnished by the fact which had somehow oozed out that its report was demanded to order in point of time. A rumour, whether true or false, had widely

spread, that the document on which the future historian and administrator were to found the most essential theories for the benefit of their own and subsequent ages, was required to be concocted with the rapidity of steam or electricity merely that the next Parliament which opens in February 1867 might not proceed to the discussion of the Bengal famine without a sop or find the Bengal Government, which cannot sleep in quiet under an anonymous attack from such a paper as the *Friend of India*, unprepared with a defence against charges urged vehemently and in volume against it by the singularly unanimous voice of the Presses of India and England. It is evident that the sole object of the report which Mr. Dampier is flying about the country, in such haste that he often has to dine only upon tea and biscuit, to get up, is to silence Parliamentary uproar, to stop the voice of cavil in an assembly notorious for its indifference to and ignorance of Indian subjects, to pose and bamboozle the few old Indians, like Colonel Sykes and Mr. Smollett, who endeavour feebly and spasmodically to rouse the echoes of St. Stephen's Hall in favor of the one hundred and eighty millions no longer, for the famine has diminished the census on which that computation of Indian population was based, who groan and grumble under the crotchety sway of English officials, we can hardly say of the English nation. For such a purpose only is Sir Cecil Beadon anxious to procure a report and afterwards perhaps to write a minute. The world will gain nothing by either document, and the Bengalees who are crying aloud for bread and dying for want of it, will get only a stone. No object of benevolence or statesmanship is aimed at and will therefore be obtained. Sir Cecil wants a vindication ; a party pamphlet. But India requires a scientific diagnosis of a new and fatal disease. Why should Bengal starve with the waters of mighty rivers rushing in torrent through her fertile plains ? with a peasantry industrious and economical ; with a land settlement which is pointed at with pride by her governors and revenue officers. This statesmanlike question is asked by the Sphinx who stalks with its famine maw, along the country, seizing and devouring with famine appetite men, women and children who fail to unravel the bewildering enigma. Why indeed does Bengal starve ? the granary of the world, the land overflowing through ages, with milk and honey, where the able-bodied labourer can enjoy plenty for the sum which an ordinary labourer invests in tobacco and tea, starve ? Here is a riddle, a Gordian knot, a Sibylline proposition which Mr. Dampier is required to decypher, untie and answer during a month's hard knocking about the country on biscuit and tea. Lord Byron, it is said, could not write poetry with a full stomach. Six biscuits and a bottle of soda-water

comprised his poetical ration. Perhaps the Famine Commissioner will be enabled to mock time by a similar contrivance *Nous verrons*. In the meantime what a civilian of twelve years' standing is expected to finish in forty-five days, a judge of the High Court, aided by an Engineer officer of the rank of Lieutenant Colonel, has been commissioned to effect probably in as many weeks. The most intricate questions in political economy and fiscal policy, combined with scientific investigations into the nature of soils, produce, levels and rain-falls, will so crowd and multiply upon the hands of the Commission that we shall not be disappointed if the enquiry is prolonged to as much as forty-five months. We shall insist however upon a thorough, radical sifting of the requirements of agricultural economy, of the systems of landed tenures, of the impediments to irrigation. Evidence should be taken upon all these points, and the general public, with the ryot population, indulged with an opportunity of stating and ventilating cardinal grievances. We have confidence in Mr. Campbell's ability and faith in his benevolent instincts. The best may safely be expected from him if only the local Governments can be prevented from introducing chilling interferences.

The Durbar.

[Reprinted from the *Bengalee*, November 24, 1866.]

One of the most splendid pageants ever witnessed in India, since the victory at Plassey, regaled during the last and present week the princes and the people of the North West, reminding them that the mantle of the Great Mogul had fallen upon shoulders not pre-eminent only for broad cloth and *Khakee*. The Durbar at Agra is one of those events which only a strong Government can undertake to realise, manifesting its prowess and dignity to surrounding princes and chieftains depending wholly or in part for independence, prosperity, and protection, upon the paramount authority. What the Rajahs of ancient India, what Ram Chunder of Adjoodhya or the Pandoos of Hustinapore effected by a ceremony such as the sacrifice of the horse, the Mogul, deprived of the resources of superstition, endeavoured to secure by the pomp and the pageant of a Durbar.

The imposing ceremonials of Hindoo worship, the feasts and the largesses, the holiday feelings and enjoyments of vast populations, certainly produced emotions, distinct and different from those excited by a Mahomedan Durbar. Less of gaiety, less of soul, less of that universal feeling of festivity which held in rapturous bondage vast concourses of men of all classes to whom Kurno distributed sweetmeats or Krishna, the incarnation upon earth of Vishnoo the Preserver, performed menial offices of hospitality, prevailed of course in a mere gathering of the nobles. The Lord of Muthura and Dwarka, the Commander of the Narayance host, washing meekly and sedulously the feet of the Brahmins, is a spectacle the like of which people must have despaired to meet in the reception halls of a race un moulded by the civilization of three thousand years or the religious humility produced by the events and developed philosophy of such an immense measure and leisure of time. Still the Mahomedan Emperor did not mount upon steam or electricity into the clouds. He unbended and unfolded himself before the chiefs whom he deigned to honor. There was a deal of ceremony it is true, much *Kaida* and *Kow towing*. But when the ceremonials ended, a genial flow of conversation ensued, untrammelled by repelling programmes. The Durbars of the English are ponderous and stiff. They are measured by rule and compass. Heavy

clogs encounter the actors. One cannot sit without some awkward mistake still more awkwardly rectified. The booming of cannon and the gloomy presentation of an *aturdan* do not satisfy the yearning of the soul. The native prince is bewildered and disappointed. There are marked differences of treatment. The Scindia and the Begum of Bhopal, the Rajahs of Jeypore and Jodhpore are served with *pan* and *atar* by the Viceroy in person ; whilst Ulwer and Kerowlee are helped to the conventional delicacies by a full or half Secretary. The feeling of disappointment, and more, of wounded pride and dignity, is heightened by the consideration that it is an effigy of the sovereign, a servant proxy, who imposes the intolerable drill. Several chiefs have been outraged and insulted by forms not meant to hurt, but which have produced nevertheless deep wounds. The pomp and ceremony of the Durbar were however brilliant, and the reviews, illuminations and speeches—the last of which only are reproducible in Calcutta and which we therefore extract below—must have created the usual impression of fear, wonder, mystification blended into a predominant feeling of—our readers will excuse us for having recourse to slang for want of a better word—rumness.

The Bethune Society.

[Reprinted from the *Bengaloe*, December 1, 1866.]

The only public institution in India which approaches in its character, importance and national co-operation, the great literary and scientific assemblage of Europe, opened its present session in the theatre of the Medical College on Thursday the 8th ultimo. The attendance was rather scanty and the absence of the President, who was confined by duty to Simla, failed to give the meeting that tone of enthusiasm which invariably follows the presence of distinguished visitors. We are not competent to speak authoritatively of the prevailing feeling in European Societies, but in this country, an atmosphere of sadness and ennui, a creeping insidious sense of incompleteness and indifference, is thrust upon public meetings and even private gatherings when one favorite man, one leader of mark, one buoyant and heroic spirit, is missed from his accustomed place. He may be dumb and otherwise useless, his active interference with the proceedings may be withheld, he may sit in an attitude of profound repose with an elbow luxuriously resting upon the table and his chin reclining in the warm embrace of his own palm. Yet his bare presence suffices to infuse energy, which is manifested in even the drone of the Secretary as he reads the minute. That unmitigated piece of routine is accomplished charmingly. There is a solemnity in the tone, a pathos in the voice, a crack about the pauses, which the least observant cannot fail to remark. The eye of the chief transmutes dress into gold; the magnetic play of his soul catches in its vigorous gambols the least earnest and the most dull. Fire and force are not confined to mere numbers. A quorum of twenty-five is raised to the action and calibre of ten times that number. If a lecture has to be delivered, the happy man who has the privilege of passing his talents in review before one of the most distinguished men of the day, falls to his task with a will which wonderfully supplies all the wants of incapacity. Words come up to his aid which do not ordinarily bless his efforts to appear eloquent. Thoughts flash upon him to which he formerly was a stranger. The desire and effort to shine, produce for a while the inspiration of superior power, and the homeliest sentences rush out glib and glorious from his no longer masticating, screwed up, mouth. If the President nods, the audience cheers. A sensible impression is created by his smile. The opening of the present session of the

Bethune Society was unaided by any such powerful auxiliary to popular enthusiasm. Yet the proceedings were of a most grave and impressive character. Mr. Woodrow filled the chair and very ably filled it. He had a melancholy task to perform. The last meeting of the last session of the society had closed with a remarkable lecture from the then living Bishop Cotton. The first meeting of the present session had to be opened by a motion of condolence for the dead Bishop Cotton. The acting President had been a guest and constant companion of the lamented prelate throughout the peregrinations which terminated so fatally. In his pious visitations to the Eastern Districts of Bengal one paramount motive governed Bishop Cotton. Personal convenience and comfort were subordinated to it. Life was freely risked under its influence. The encouragement of education was uppermost in his mind—education to the Christian and the heathen alike. In order to visit Nowgong, a station in Assam, not easily accessible by steamer, this servant of God and worthy pastor of the Church, proceeded up a treacherous river in a common rowing boat which did not offer the convenience even of sleeping. He journeyed two days and two nights in this boat, so uncomfortable, so unlike the palace he was accustomed to use. His other comforts during the tour could not have been satisfactory, for he lamented that in Assam four things, usually considered as necessities of life, were wanting. There were no clocks, no roads, no servants, no food. A wonderful place indeed, which some years ago used to be described by poetic tea-planters as a wilderness reclaimed by English genius and English capital into a garden. The Headmaster of the native school at Debroghur told the Bishop that “in Assam nothing is cheap but rupees,” a view of political economy which was warmly approved and the comparative price of food during the last five years furnished by Janmejy Doss, exhibiting an astounding disparity, found a place in the good Bishop’s diary. A feeling resolution was recorded by the Bethune Society, in connection with the Bishop’s death and another with that of Rajah Pertaub Chunder Singh.

Notwithstanding the grave and melancholy character of the proceedings of the early part of the evening, the lecture on Shakespeare with readings delivered by Mr. Tudor Trevor broke the spell of sadness. The readings are said to have been equal to any delivered by D. L. R. or Mr. Hume. The character of Shakespeare was artistically drawn; piquant anecdotes concerning the poet were plentifully thrown in, and a just and tasteful criticism on his works procured the lecturer a hearty and unanimous vote of thanks.

The Darbar Speech.

[Reprinted from the Bengalee, December 1, 1866.]

State orations are generally judged by a standard different from what suffices to weigh the requirements of private intercourse. As immeasurably superior are the tone and tenor of an edict to those of an advertisement about kid gloves and satin shoes, so is a speech from the throne or the harangue of a Viceroy pitched above an address to a jury or even an oration on a Bill in Parliament. The eloquence of the man in power is of a different kind altogether from the eloquence of the forum, the pulpit or the platform. For the dignity of an acknowledged, undisputed and duly revered position of eminence, demands a sobriety and plainness of diction, intelligible to all and rendered solemn and terrible from that studied avoidance of mystery. The General commanding an army and the Viceroy administering an empire have and ought to have little time to elaborate tropes and metaphors. They are the men of action, of hard clattering thought, of toil inconceivable, of finished practical education. It would be ridiculous to see them rattling to school-boy compositions, or even to compositions of a character which the world invest with the halo of literary grandeur and effect. Epicurianism of language is so inconsistent with heroic work that taste is outraged by their monstrous combination. The best generals of antiquity and modern times were terse speakers. That single sentence of Napoleon, "it is the sun of Austerlitz," electrified a host and led it dashing to the cannon's mouth with a shout of victory. And that final charge at Waterloo by which Napoleon was crushed, was sounded through those memorable words of the Iron Duke, memorable so long as the English language will last, "up Guards at 'em." The words are as ungraceful as can be conceived; perhaps the London cabman urges on his beasts by means of more polished sentences. But the conqueror of the greatest military genius of Europe had scant leisure to elaborate a graceful speech whilst the fortunes of the world hung in the balance. He was all action and had no room for humbug. The crisis had arrived, and, "Up Guards, at 'em," was barely utterable in the haste and excitement of the moment. But the simple words thrilled in the hearts of the Duke's listeners. The cuirassiers of the Emperor recoiled in confusion and rout from the soldiery whom the contemptible

monosyllables had nerved to supernatural strength. Napoleon fled and Europe was saved.

Not the words which the man of authority utters but the feelings which fling them up, impress and influence his hearers. The success of Sir John Lawrence in the difficult school of Durbar eloquence is due, not to the choice of his expressions, to the blaze of his sentences, to the ring and rhythm of his periods, but to the deep earnest tone of advice and admonition which, with almost parental weight and solicitude, conspicuously marks his public demonstrations towards the Princes, Sirdars, Chiefs and Jagheerdars of India. The Durbar speech at Agra which we reproduce elsewhere, is a brilliant specimen of this style of address. It is homely and plain, without ornament, without any affectation even, of dignity. Uttered in the language of the princes and the chiefs to whom it was addressed, delivered with the soft hesitancy of manner and voice which mars Sir John's English speeches but which set off and render impressive an address in Oordoo, it must have fallen with tremendous effect upon the eighty-four rulers of principalities and fiefs who listened with absorbed attention and profound reverence to the representative of their sovereign laying down like one of the sages of the past, like Vyas or Vysistu, the true theory of Government. Reading the speech in its diluted English version even, one is carried in imagination to the times, when the Hindoo Kings solicited and accepted the noblest truths of religion, of social law, of administrative policy, from their *guroos* or spiritual guides; from men who, making mankind their study, retired to mountain fastnesses or into the wilderness, to contemplate what was good and holy and beneficent and kingly. The tide of Mahomedan despotism swept away and obliterated this class of advisers who spoke without fear and served without reward. The Governor-General has well taken up their place. Wielding an authority superior to that of the bulk of crowned heads in Europe, invested with powers Imperial in their range and magnitude, representing in his office the weight and dignity of a sovereign whose nod can unsettle the peace of the world, whose navy can overspread the seas, and whose armies have not yet known defeat or retreat, the Viceroy of the Empress of Hindoostan was not called upon to bandy compliments with princes whom he had summoned to pay homage to the throne. They stood, many of them how seriously, in need of advice, substantial explanation of the standard by which the paramount power was prepared to estimate greatness and worth, and recognise, and reward them. The contest for precedence was openly rebuked, the vanity of salutes was constructively ridiculed. That chief who made his subjects happy would be the

foremost in British regard. Such was the encouragement offered. The native rulers of India were proudly reminded that the era of rapine had passed away for ever. The flag of England waved over an empire at peace. Not a shot could be exchanged without British permission. The days of military glory, of Marhatta horsemen and Pindaree freebooters, had passed out of the sands of time. If glory was now aspired at, it must be that of peace. The triumph of engineering, of political economy, of mind in fact in all its varied departments of knowledge, this alone is available now to ambition and to genius. A new chord has been struck in the hearts of the native princes. Many of them have already turned their energies to education and to facilities to trade. Ulwer and other States have heartily entered into the enlightened policy of the age ; the words of the Viceroy will add the sanction and approbation of the paramount authority to the motives which have led to that policy. The simple force of the Governor-General's speech, the studied avoidance of ornament or display, the beaming philanthropy which sweetly pervades and mellows its official asperity, the paternal character of its precepts, the honor-giving personality of its illustrations, these and many other happy phases of it, place the performance far high up in the list of Durbar oratory and enable us to class it amongst the master-pieces of Imperial eloquence.

The Religion of the Educated Bengalee.

[Reprinted from the Bengalee, December 1, 1866]

There is something laughable if not positively ridiculous in the manner in which superstition and sentiment mingle in monstrous discord in the formation of what is called, or rather stands for, society in Bengal. Not a few amongst us will be found pursuing the worship simultaneously, of Kali and of Kant. There is a charm about our mythology, a mystic grandeur in our ceremonies, the influence of which survives the most elaborate and finished education in the English classics. We are at the same time idolators, theists and atheists. Unable to resist the pressure of ancient association, we betake ourselves to modes of worship which our numerous friends, neighbours and dependants reckon as orthodox. But whilst bowing reverently to the images set up in our temples, we are laughing inordinately at the ridiculousness of our position. Every sentiment of philosophy looks thunder at us for a hypocrisy which reduces the admirer of the Platonists and the Stoics, the Kantists and the Cousinists, to the sordid level of the *Tantrist* or the *Vishnuvist*. There is a great deal outrageous and intolerable in the classification, under one sweeping term, of men of the grandest intelligence and men of the densest stupidity. We have recently been amused by a confession that the native convert to Christianity rebels against the prenomén of Baboo because the meanest Sircar in a counting house revels in all the glories intended to be shed by the use of that titular distinction. What must indeed be our annoyance and soreness of feeling when we think, that the most enlightened of our body bow down before a thing as gross and fully as despicable as that which the Sonthal worships as his God. The provoking question is urged, what is the difference then between the Sonthal and the reader of Shakespeare, the Khoond and the thinker modelled and finished after the system of Bacon. The man who rises to the seventh heaven, if not of creation at least of mind, on the philosophical fleece of the Theory of Progress, descends the very next moment without sufficient time allowed him even to blow his nose or rub his eyes after the sunny feat, into the abyss of the grossest fetichism. He dares to think but he dares not to act. A thousand hindrances surround his path; most of these, to earnest and romantic natures insurmountable. There is the father bowed down with the weight of years, venerable and grey, religious to the degree perhaps of bigotry. There is the aged mother,

who rises with the dawn and through the flinty streets barefooted and shivering with cold and infirmities, accomp'ishes a two miles' walk in order to dip her body in the holy stream and say her prayers neck deep in the cold water. The choicest flowers in the garden are ransacked to form an offering to *Shiva* or to *Vishnu*, the steps of the temple have been worn hollow by constant bowings of the head to the dumb deity enshrined within it. Such piety, such earnest belief, such religious enthusiasm are an honor to the race, a joy of this life, a promise of heaven in the next. Is it a son or is it Satan that openly, undutifully, violently outrages these holy feelings, these heavenly hopes, these eternal aspirations. The heart must be stone, the mouth must be a poison fang, the mind must be a demon's legacy which can repay parental care, affection and solicitude, by a mockery uncalled for, dishonorable, ungrateful. The ways of heaven are various. God judges however only by the wish and the will. The educated Hindoo is governed by no sensational horror of idolatry. His religion is a sentiment, not a belief. At the threshold of learning he was asked to abandon belief and follow the guidance of reason. He could not disobey his tutor for then he would have been compelled to abandon every thought of education. It is necessary for a learner to put aside faith, for faith is a prejudice, a thing preconceived, a state of mind antagonistic to enquiry and reason. He put aside his faith and accepted philosophy accordingly. Thus fully primed for enquiry, he carries his formulæ to the examination of all established religions. To his dismay he finds faith at the bottom of all. The Christian is reduced to atheism without faith, the whole Church must march out in procession in the train of David Hume. Faith is the cry of the missionary. Yes, faith! after having first bade the Hindoo abandon faith. But the tiger-cub has tasted blood, the teeth of the dragon have been sown and they have sprung up from the earth—armed Minervas. The first appeal to reason is accepted, the subsequent ratting back to faith is spurned. Religion must either be a glorious wreath of ideas all tested in the red gleaming crucible of reason, or, if we are compelled to swallow faith, let it be fetichism. The symbols and the ceremonies of idolatry do not thus terrify us. We can afford to humour our parents without shocking our consciences; to bow down to the images in our temples, without undergoing a feeling of sin; to respect the earnest follower of the prophet who gives away a fourth part of his income in charity, and to adore the Christian, who in his acts, justifies the heavenly doctrine of universal brotherhood and love. Here is the true history of our inconsistency. May we not be permitted to add, also the bold outline of our educated consistency.

Mr. Cornell and the Bengal Government.

[Reprinted from the Bengalee, December 8, 1866.]

The inhabitants of Howrah remember with gratitude a sharp energetic yet courteous young Magistrate, who in the surges of official appointment was for a time left in the cutcherry of that station to distribute justice, administer and collect the revenue and drive and direct the sluggish Municipality as no body else had driven it. The wonderful vigor and activity which he infused into the course of official routine, the decision and firmness with which he closed and shut up every debated question, the legal acumen and stern common sense which he brought into the transaction of heavy and multifarious duties, his fine undisturbable temper and strong undeviating sense of justice, these marked him for an official of high ability and promise. When he left the station to fill the Magistracy of Cuttack the inhabitants of the district felt they had lost a friend, a guide, an administrator, whose place would not be easily filled. But Mr. Cornell had departed with a promotion; his talents were required in a more important district. The low faint presage of a famine had commenced to be entertained in Orissa, and the demand of the probable crisis would soon have to be met by ability, by energy, by foresight, by humanity. All those qualities Mr. Cornell was known to possess in no inconsiderable degree and the withdrawal of a person endowed with all those qualities from a place like Howrah, with its large European and native population, was a misfortune for the infliction of which the inhabitants did not at the time thank the Lieutenant Governor. But Mr. Cornell's deserved prosperity was a gratification which compensated for the irritation caused by his loss and if the Lieutenant Governor had only known how to use and economise the abilities of the new Magistrate of Cuttack, the scandal would not have occurred to his Government of a Magistrate so full of promise, of such acknowledged good service, rare energy and facility of executing a large amount of work in a comparatively short space of time, so prized, being turned into a scapegoat and a sacrifice to cover the delinquencies of the head of the Government. If Mr. Cornell's services had not been well attested already in positions of great difficulty and delicacy, his supersession would scarcely have attracted notice. Suffering merit does not always fling itself before public sympathy and the vagaries of the Lieutenant Governor in the

distribution of patronage are so notorious that busy men cannot afford time to stop and examine each one of them critically. But Mr. Cornell happens, to be an officer of established reputation, whilst the reputation of Sir Cecil Beadon in connection with the famine in Orissa has gone down and been demolished for ever. Alone, unaided for months together by even a native Deputy, the Magistrate of Cuttack performed Herculean tasks. The brunt of the work, both revenue and magisterial, fell upon him singly at a time of extraordinary pressure and peril. Those who know the gentleman and are familiar with his habits of work, cannot conceive that he ever shrank or shirked. But a Commissioner like Mr. Ravenshaw, whom the people of Cuttack would, in the exasperation of their distress, have stoned to death if they had not been afraid of felony, perfunctorily reported against him. It was sufficient. The Lieutenant Governor, badgered and baited by the Press and pricked also from within by an outraged conscience, was on the look out for a victim. Mr. Cornell was sent up, ready washed and marked with the sacrificial red powder. The high priest grimly scowled and at one blow hoped to propitiate the *Devi* of public opinion. But the Goddess is only still more exasperated. She demands the blood of the high priest. What is Mr. Cornell's offence that he should be hurled down into the abyss of a Joint in the very station in which he was full magistrate? We hope the Commission in Orissa now unravelling the causes of the famine, will unravel also the history of this—its most disgraceful episode.

Kopal Koondola.

[Reprinted from the Bengalee, December 8, 1893.]

One graduate at least of the Calcutta University has proved that the imagination, power of soul, subtle knowledge of human feeling and of the springs of human action, nurtured, educated and developed in the Charter-house or in Oxford are susceptible of the same vigorous growth in the East, the taste equally refined and the passions equally capable of being bent, turned and moulded according to the standard of a brilliant ideal. About a year ago we reviewed in these columns the first Bengalee novel deserving the name written by Baboo Bunkim Chunder Chatterjea, B.A. The charm, vivacity and historic interest of the book invested it with the value of an acclimatised exotic. None but a first rate English scholar could give to the incidents and the spirit of the *Doorgesh Nundinee* the light of Scott or the humour of Thackeray and whilst perusing the tale one involuntarily asked himself whether the masters of English fiction could produce æsthetic combination of a more emotional character. The same Roman hand has essayed another novel though in an altogether different style. But the same sparkle of the spirit is there, the same wild vigor of the description, the same deep diving into the feelings. This novel, the name of which we have placed at the head of this article, is a wonderful specimen indeed of the ability of mind to crush its way through difficulties which language presents to the onward pressure of glorious thoughts. The man of genius creates and cuts out a language which falls with the brilliancy of a fresh, unheard of world upon the gaping spectator. *Kopal Koondola* takes by storm the most sceptical in regard to the capacity, power or destiny of what was once the Bengalee dialect. All is race, said Disraeli ; all is thought, say we. The writer who thinks originally and can catch in the nib of his pen the varying, unnoticed gleams of nature, can sanctify and raise to classic excellence even the language of the Ooryahs. Baboo Bunkim Chunder Chatterjea thinks, and deeply thinks, whilst engaged in writing a novel, and the result is, we have a work of art, a mosaic, a filigree which, whilst it charms the senses, takes captive also the understanding. We do not allude to the grace or finish of the sentences, to the sound or jingle of the words. Any fool who knows how to hold a dictionary can perform that feat.

But we are lost in admiration of the subtle sense of the grand and the beautiful, the chaste estimate of human emotions which ennobles the thinker as much as the produce of his thought, which reflects as in a mirror the face, nay even the soul of the beholder, which drags the eye through a garland of brilliant fancies, knotted and festooned after a peculiar style of loveliness.

The plot of the novel is simple. At the outset, the reader is introduced to a pilgrim boat from Gunga Saugor (Saugor Island) beating up the wide expanse of river which may be well mistaken for a sea. There was a gale at night and the solitary boat with its pilgrim inmates of old men and young men, widowed women and married wives, has been separated from its companions, that is, a fleet of similarly laden boats. Morn has dawned, but the sky is overcast by a heavy mist. The boatmen have missed their track and are gloomily exchanging fears and suspicions with each other; some of the passengers, one of whom is the hero of the tale, overhear these ominous mutterings; the news runs from mouth to mouth that the vessel is drifting into the Bay of Bengal. The men passengers shout and betake themselves to prayers, the women passengers scream; the crew look more gloomy and more sulky. A master stroke of genius is here exhibited by the simple remark that one of the female pilgrims had recently thrown her child into the sea as an offering; she does not cry.

However, the sun rises in the heavens, the mist clears away and the afflicted passengers and boatmen descry land. With a din of joy the vessel bounds towards the green haven which is easily reached. The ebb-tide has set in, the vessel can no longer make its way upwards, it is secured to the beach and the pilgrims commence their ablutions. Food will be soon required. But the supply of firewood has been exhausted. Nobocoomar, our hero, volunteers to hew it from the forest, but the dread of tigers deprives him of the aid of a companion. He proceeds single-handed upon his mission. During his absence the flood tide has set in, the vessel breaks from its moorings by the force of the current. Nobocoomar is charitably assumed to be undergoing chemical decomposition in the alembic of a Royal Bengal tiger, and his friends leave him to his pleasant fate.

The abandoned youth in vain rambles along coast and sand-hill in order to catch a sight of the departed craft. Night succeeds to day and still he wanders. Faint and desperate, he stretches himself upon the shrubby coast and dreams and slumbers. Awaking, the red glare of a distant light reanimates his drooping frame. He rushes towards the welcome sign to find only a dreadful *jogi* at his worship,

seated on a human carcass. We cannot condense the tale within reasonable limits. But the young man encounters in the forest a beautiful daughter of the desert with whom he escapes from the toils of the dreadful *jogi*. They are married, but the wayward child of the woods cannot settle herself down to the confined life of a Hindoo wife. Jewels are given to her, but she presents them to the first beggar that she meets, her very life she at last abandons for the benefit of her husband's first wife. The first wife, at an early age, with her father and family, had been forcibly converted to Mahometanism. Her Hindoo husband therefore had forsaken her. But her beauty attracted to her arms the heir of Akbar. She had run through every whirl of profligacy in the Imperial City, but she was not happy ; she played for the game of empress, but the world renowned Meher-ulnissa supplanted her. Defeated and disgusted, the woman who despised princes and omrahs, flew to the feet of her beggar husband, who spurned her as a *melecho*. We have given only a faint outline of the work before us, but how rich and gorgeous is its minutest coloring. One must read the original in order to understand the reasons for our admiration.

Whipping in the Jails.

[Reprinted from the Bengalee, December 15, 1886.]

The horrors of the Whipping Act have at last made their way into official breasts. The Sessions Judge of Rajshye is neither a philanthropist nor the sensation editor of a weekly newspaper. Being a Civilian, he may be deemed hardened in some measure to the infliction and sight of punishment. Having graduated steadily in all the inferior offices of the service, having learnt law according to the famous system denounced by Courtney Smith, viz., by dissecting living men ; having perpetrated the usual complement of errors and follies the least one of which could not have failed to spread consternation in populous districts he cannot be expected to have retained any exquisite human sensibilities or to be troubled with extra-ordinary sympathy for his species. Yet such a person, so trained, thus daily accustomed to crime and criminals, six hours of whose time were each day passed in distributing pains and penalties, has at last been grievously out-raged by the manner in which Mr. Assistant Magistrate Humphrey and Mr. Full Magistrate Wells caused the prisoners in the Rajshye Jail to be flogged and lacerated. He was so scandalised indeed, that the evil seemed to call at his hands emphatic denunciation. He deemed it his duty to report, and what a tremendous report. The temper of Sir Cecil Beadon's Government, will not, we can conceive, be much ruffled by the disclosures made. The Lieutenant Governor's Christianity has been already exhausted upon schemes for preventing dying Hindoos from obtaining the consolations of their religion in their last moments, upon vigorous sentimentality in favor of societies for the suppression of cruelty to animals. There is nothing left now for his Honor's numerous subjects and obsequious slaves. But the statement made by a Sessions Judge of Bengal that in the Jail of Rajshye, twenty-five native prisoners were flogged nearly to death in course of a single fortnight, under the orders of a Magistrate passed in spite of the humane and responsible protest of the Civil Surgeon of the station, will rouse the indignation of the English people to a pitch of ferocity of which the demonstration against Mr. Eyre, may be assumed to give some foretaste. One English soldier, who was confined to his bungalow by Colonel Crawley, died of heat and the English Press growled and thundered till Colonel Crawley

was removed. Here are twenty-five poor wretches sent to Hospital by brutal flagellation administered in opposition to medical opinion and in a form compared to which mutilation is a mercy. The barbarity is the work of only fourteen days! Who can say how many murders have been committed in the same style since whipping was introduced into the Penal Code? We are confident numbers who died under these inflictions have been reported "died from fever." If the medical officer of a Jail can be bullied into silence when the Magistrate is fiendishly inclined, nothing prevents his swallowing his tongue when "accidents" occur. The enormity of the disclosure now made is equal to any in the history of judicial crime. And if the country cannot demand signal punishment of the privileged offenders, it can constitutionally clamour at least for the abrogation of the law under cover of which such hideous cruelty could be perpetrated.

The Famine Commission.

[Reprinted from the Bengalee, December 15, 1866.]

The Government of India has published its manifesto regarding the famine in Orissa. A feeble attempt is made therein to extenuate the supineness with which one of the most dreadful visitations recorded in history, more dreadful than the London plague, than the London fire, was met by the head of the local administration. It is argued that the time of the officials in the devastated, it would be mendacious to call them distressed districts, was too valuable during the period the devastation was at its height to be wasted in enquiries regarding causes and courses. The energies of the Lieutenant Governor were enjoying holiday in Darjeeling; the energies of the old women who constitute the Board of Revenue were undergoing sickly exercise in endeavours to make the starving wretches in Orissa pay remunerative prices for the rice imported with Government funds; the energies of Mr. Commissioner Ravenshaw were devoted to bullying Zemindars who could not realise their rents and had given away their grain to the ryots to keep them alive, and slandering subordinates who single-handed were performing double work. The enquiry, in point of fact, was not delayed with a purpose, as the Resolution of Sir John Lawrence would fain insinuate, but was not imagined or thought of before pressure was in the first instance applied by the public press and in the second instance by the Secretary of State. What would indeed have been the difficulties and complications which the Government of India so nervously refers to, if a special Commissioner, armed with the powers and invested with the responsibilities of a dictator, had been at once deputed to the affected districts, with a large credit in the books of the Accountant General, to distribute life to the starving and health to the suffering. The present Commission is composed of officers who could as easily have been spared from their duties at the end of 1865 as at that of 1866. The Hon'ble Mr. Justice Campbell would scarcely have been missed from the bench of the Appellate Court twelve months ago, when by all accounts, there were more Judges in that Court than suitors; and Colonel Morton certainly was never busily engaged during any part of his career in mitigating the horrors of an urgent famine. The excuse advanced for the delay in sending

forth the Famine Commission, is therefore not only untenable, but discreditable to a statesman of Sir John Lawrence's thorough honesty. It looks so very like dodging and palavering, that its insertion in an important state paper is exceedingly to be regretted. The Government of India openly proclaims its disbelief in the stories circulated in England to the discredit of the Government of Bengal and is anxious to see justice done to the officials who have been denounced by the newspapers. Is it consistent to appoint a Commission of Enquiry and in the same paper forestall its functions by casting the blight of unbelief on the facts the Commission will have to investigate and perhaps prove? The causes of a famine it is not difficult to discover. Such a visitation is governed by the laws which regulate earthquakes and hurricanes. It recurs at long intervals of time when busy men are least prepared to meet it by ordinary precautions. They will have forgotten everything about the present Commission; its report will have been destroyed by age and worm; when the next famine falls to the lot of our great grand children. Energy is the ruling power when such a calamity occurs, is the sole remedy for the disaster. The same energy in fact with which rebellions are crushed and invasions are repelled, suffices to stop the *sans culotte* fury of a famine. We cannot conceive why a war with men should be deemed more legitimate and glorious than a war with nature. The recovery of prestige in Bhootan cost us a crore of rupees. Why were we so little sentimental as to begrudge an outlay of fifty lacs in order to rescue from extermination a hundred times the population of the Dooars? The scandal and blackening of history, will save us from repetitions of the folly and crime it has been our painful duty to denounce in high places. But we now want some grand victim to soothe the Nemesis of a grave administrative outrage.

The Epidemic.

[Reprinted from the Bengalee, December 15, 1866.]

Again the wail of death is heard piteously extending from the Hooghly district. The land is cursed. One evil scarcely subsides before another shows its Gorgon face. We have hardly yet done with the famine ; the price of rice has not sensibly abated ; the deaths from starvation have diminished only by comparison ; when lo ! the formidable epidemic fever of Bengal again chases its victims from paddy field to barn, leaving the crops unreaped and the grain un-stored for want of men. The rate of mortality in the affected districts is astounding. One-third of the inhabitants of Palarah in the Serampore Sub-division have been destroyed in little less than two months, and more are dying daily. Is the Government not responsible for this huge holocaust ? the Government that raises taxes and has instituted a Police which is a terror to honest men. This rule and compass system of modern civilization will at last land us upon a desert empire. It cannot be contended that the authorities were not aware of the state of the villages. What is the use of the authorities if they cannot ascertain such broad palpable facts as the decimation of entire populous tracts ? Prompt medical aid at the outset of the calamity might have sufficed to drive it out ; or at least to mitigate it to a sensible extent. But the cost of the aid was not probably in the budget ; and the keen sub-official mind grasped at once the difficulty, gasped, and abandoned thousands to a terrible fate rather than accept or incur the responsibility of framing and submitting a supplementary budget. Again, the conservancy of the villages is ghastly. The water lodged by the September rains has not yet evaporated or been sucked into the soil ; for the absence of drainage leaves either or both of these primeval methods of getting rid of wet and damp as the only ones available to the country, though municipalities have sprung up and the inhabitants are heavily taxed. In our own station for instance, where the bulk of the population resides the roads are mere ruts in the mud, drains are nowhere, the rank vegetation is enormous and awful. Yet we are included within the municipality of Howrah, pay rates and taxes with the best of them, enjoy the full blessings of dis-
traints and attachments and are compelled to follow every form and fashion prescribed by municipal despotism. Whilst we are thus cared

for, a gas company is erecting buildings in Howrah proper, and laying in a stock of pipes to extract a dividend from the custom of the municipality. Such a mockery and affectation of civilization in one part whilst another is steeped in jungle and dirt; enveloped in night and nuisance, demands positive interference from the departments and men entrusted with statesmanly power and responsibility. The first object of a municipality is the bestowal of life and health on every class of rate-payers. This accomplished by the agency of dry roads and clean drains and well-kept grounds, luxuries may follow if funds are super-abundant. But whilst the native population dies by hundreds and the most important thoroughfares are left unmetalled in order that the hoofs of the horses on which English gentlemen take equestrian exercise may find comfort, a deep hole in municipal revenues is opened in order to serve the greed of a sanguine gas company. This trifling and toying with native interests has been the rule of years; and to the supineness of the head of the Government is due the enormous amount of death with which the country has been and is still afflicted. We demand a Governor like Lord Napier who will go amongst the people and ascertain their wants: humane, energetic and bold; superior to red tape and endowed with generous instincts. Every year this dreadful epidemic recurs and devastates large areas. What is the difference then between a misgoverned native state and a well-governed British province? We have been rescued from Marhatta moss-troopers it is true, but fever carries us off with less compunction and greater certainty. The form of death has been altered, but the substance of misgovernment endures. It seems we can expect nothing from Sir Cecil Beadon whose attention is now pleasantly divided between the Dalhousie Institute and St. Xavier theatricals, whilst the country lies gasping at his feet.

Miss Mary Carpenter.

[Reprinted from the Bengalee, December 15, 1866.]

One by one almost all the young native gentlemen from Bengal who had proceeded to England a few years ago in order to qualify themselves for a profession such as only Englishmen aspire to, have returned to the parent hive, to make honey or astonish less enterprising bees with traveller's stories. We happen to belong to that staid, sober, unenthusiastic class of thinkers who descry nothing grand, extraordinary, sensational or necromantic in the fact of a few native youths having, after hard uninterrupted study in a climate favorable to physical and mental exertion, succeeded in opening for themselves ingress to the civil or medical services ; or even to the bar. Ordinary Englishmen perform the feat daily without eliciting popular cheerings ; and it would be a somewhat dishonorable admission of native incapacity, to run about the streets, shouting for joy that at last one native youth has attained the height of a Civilian's great destiny or been blessed with a Counsellor's gown. The average civilian is not a very brilliant specimen of human intelligence ; nor is the average barrister a man of fearful learning and wit. There is no reason therefore why the nation should be urged to extravagant demonstrations in favor of successes which the sons and relatives of many East Indian gentlemen in this country, holding a very inferior position in society, have quietly attained before us, without society being called upon to do homage to the happy men. But such amongst the native gentlemen just returned to work in their mother country after a lengthened noviciate and probation in England, as have contrived to retain their national faith, are valuable as examples of moral courage to future aspirants to like professions. And the gratitude and wisdom of that section of the Hindoo community which has been educated to despise caste and to appreciate the enterprize of men who, in defiance of it, leave their homes for the privations of a sojourn amongst strangers in a foreign land, will be shewn by a movement for which the time appears to be ripe, the object of which shall be the inclusion of these bold, defiant adventurers, in the rolls of the community from which, under existing arrangements, they are unfortunately now excluded. Such a movement will not be necessary twenty years hence, when every family of note in the country will have contributed its offering to caste and

England-earned professions. But now, the voluntary concession of what will hereafter be an extorted act of grace will redound to the honor and the glory of our generation.

The young men just returned from English soil, have brought with them however, the instrument of their own and their country's freedom. The gratitude of the nation must flow in a perennial stream towards Baboo Mon Mohan Ghose, whose chaste Hindoo manners and amiable simplicity induced Miss Mary Carpenter, a name endeared to English ears by gigantic benevolence and practical piety, to visit the home of the race he so well represents, and bless the daughters of Hindoostan with the light of her pious presence. The advent of the venerable lady will mark an epoch on the page of Indian progress. Devoted to the service of her sex, enthusiastic, masculine in her understanding and in the conception of difficulties and their remedies, she has already moved the great and the good to sympathy and support of her holy mission. Too practical and decisive to let her energies evaporate in impracticable schemes, she has discovered the real obstruction to female education in the East and eloquently set forth a plan for its removal. With essentially Hindoo feelings and delicacy she has denounced the early training of feminine instincts by the grosser instincts of the opposite sex. It is a curse and a scandal that young men should be allowed to approach even little girls on the soft yielding ground of education. Miss Carpenter's fine sensibilities have most naturally taken the alarm and her strong mind has been bent to the vindication of the outrage. We will discuss her plan at length in our next issue.

Whipping again.

[Reprinted from the Bengalee, December 22, 1866.]

Mr. half fledged Magistrate Humphrey, whose achievements in the flogging line the Sessions Judge of Rajshye so feelingly and thrillingly brought to the notice of the Lieutenant Governor, has not been idle. His tremendous humour has this time, if we are to believe the *Dacca Prokash*, culminated in a murder. A brahmin lad had stolen a guava. The offence is a common one in the mofussil, where guavas are as plenty as black-berries in England. Nobody bothers himself with thoughts about a guava. These grow in bunches on the way sides and may be obtained for the mere plucking. It is only when some ancient feud has to be revenged that persons harry each other with criminal suits about guavas. We can even admit that some brahmin lads are such impudent and pertinacious robbers of guavas that they deserve to be occasionally flogged. But the lad who stole a guava and was for the offence subjected to the unhewn mercies of Mr. Humphrey was of too tender an age to have grown any considerable height in crime or even mischief. Eight summers had scarcely ripened him, and this stripling was sentenced to ten stripes for plucking a guava in a neighbour's garden. The Civil Surgeon, like an angel of mercy, interposed and obtained for the trembling urchin a remission of seven stripes. The blows of the rattan, however, inflicted by a strong *Fouzdaree* peon, who probably had not been softened with a doceur, were enough to make the child scream and shriek for mercy. But Mr. Joint Magistrate Humphrey had the stuff in him of Blue-beard. The cries of the lad disturbed the even current of a soul unaccustomed to the soft or the sapient. The Huzoor was in repose and what dare dared dissolve the silent charm of his temper? With a brutality equalled only at Cawnpore, this child of eight years, who had stolen a solitary guava and had screamed and bellowed for mercy whilst undergoing heavy flagellation, was, for this second offence of screaming and bellowing, ordered to receive thirty stripes! The bayonet thrust of the mutineer had at least this advantage that it killed outright, without prolonging the sufferings of the infants subjected to the appalling massacre. But the mercy of Mr. Humphrey made his victim die a hundred deaths before death more mercifully interposed and released him from torture and pain. Each crack of the rod must have frozen the life-blood of the

poor little creature, as he lay writhing and rolling upon the ground. Could Christian eyes behold this and not weep? A curse settles at the point of our pen, but we fling it out as insane and unmanly. We denounce the man who, placed in charge of a Sub division, perpetrated a monstrous murder. The child had fainted before the full thirty stripes could be completed. He was carried to his home, where he immediately died. Virtually, under enlightened British rule, in the nineteenth century of the Christian era, the punishment of an infant, for plucking a guava in a neighbour's garden, is death! In barbarous England stealing sheep procured death. In civilised India we have Draconised even the theft of a guava. Wondrous power of British Law! Whilst Sir John Lawrence holds levees and drawing rooms in imitation of the refined pageantries of St. James, a Civilian Joint Magistrate feasts his senses with the agonies of an urchin of eight years in imitation of the humour of a brutal Mahomedan Nabob. The story of this foul magisterial murder has trickled softly through the columns of a Provincial Vernacular newspaper. Is the Government officially apprised of the fact? If not, where on earth is the use of Mr. Commissioner Buckland? And now that the fact has crushed its way before the civilised world in spite of Mr. Buckland, will it suffice to allay the ghost of the murdered Brahmin child that Sir John Lawrence and Sir Cecil Beadon gather at the feet of Miss Carpenter to hear lectures on social science and blandly discuss schemes about Jail discipline and infant Reformatories?

Miss Carpenter's Plan.

[Reprinted from the *Bengaloe*, December 22, 1866.]

The first conflict between civilization and barbarism is disastrous to both. The virgin energy of the dark ages, their solid compact obstruction of light, the deep shadow they cast upon all concerned—the reformer as well as those to be reformed, just as the moon in eclipse darkens herself as well as the world she lights—are elements of doubt and despair which appall the boldest and petrify the ardour of the most vehement. The lion in the way has before our time turned away from the path of glory many whose names might otherwise have illuminated history. The cant and rant about the impossible, is the formula of weak minds which freezes up the action of their possessors, equally with that of the possessors of stronger minds who are included within the charmed circle of vociferous incompetency. India is specially the Ghouland where the demon of obstruction binds fast and ferociously every class and coterie of public thinkers. Every movement is opposed and put backwards with a skill and a persistence which may well excite admiration, the same skill and persistence in fact, with which the superintendents and keepers of mad hospitals are not unfrequently thwarted and puzzled in their efforts to maintain order and restrain freaks and dangerous follies. Whether it be a Railway or a School, a change in the form of accounting or an alteration in the list of holidays, Indians and Anglo-Indians, high officials and low mohurirs, rise tumultuously “armed with hell flames and furies” in order to crush and overpower the adventurous schemer. The rivers are drained to souse him with cold water; the dictionary is emptied to denounce his disturbing project. We cannot bear to be touched or treated with strange instruments. Kill us with the primeval physis and we shall die content. The feeling of the old is too sore and too old to be amused by novelties. Our doxy is hoar and venerable—almost a demigod. And it costs us a violent wrench to separate ourselves from it. Yet we have gradually abandoned a great part of the outer works of our temple. We now have been brought to accept as righteous the theory at least of female education and elevation. We send little girls to school, who twenty years ago shuddered at the sight of the alphabets; for by a ludicrous superstition these were associated with awful or woful widowhood.

They not only now go to school but readily adopt strange forms of manner and social conduct. Still, all the benefit that may be secured by this altered phase of national feeling unfortunately remains unrealised owing to the impossibility of procuring the class of tutoresses whose example merely suffices to remove loads of moral filth and shape or tincture habits which sweeten and sanctify civilised existence. The pious exertions of Miss Carpenter have been directed towards the creation of this class of instructresses. She has encountered opposition. But her masculine mind may well laugh at the phantoms that have been raised to frighten her. We can fully understand the moral of the patriotism which seeks to cover under the shield of the Zenana distresses which drive pious Hindoo matrons and even girls, to occupations little removed from servility. The caste of the Hindoo carries the mark of respectability to hovels which on English ground are the receptacles only of the scum of the population. Fortunately, in this country it is not money which invariably secures social and moral position. The wife of a millionaire will remain uncared for in Hindoo female gatherings, whilst the wife of a beggar is devoutly saluted and placed upon the seat of honor. It is true that the infection of English servility to wealth is producing ghastly sores also in our society; but they are confined solely to the Presidency towns. The bulk of the population still retain feelings which have preserved unimpaired the policy and institutions of five thousand years! To these, the Brahmin woman still affords an outlet of religious devotion, unsullied by the taint of worldly riches, the contemplation of which may well excite the romance of the least ardent natures. This element in our female economy will enter vigorously into Miss Carpenter's scheme of female normal instruction. Sedate piety may certainly be expected from a class of learners which hitherto performed the menial office of cooking in Hindoo families for a pittance at which the *babourchies* of an English family would turn up his whiskers, without a reproach upon their moral virtues. A brahmin lady of respectability now fills the head mistress's chair in the female school of the Moha Raja of Burdwan. Her husband is a Koolin and therefore released from the care of maintaining his wife. But this able lady, who is a scholar in Sanscrit and a model of female excellence, maintains grown up sons and daughters from her handsome pay. Her class in India is legion; and the attraction of Five Rupees a month with guarantees of non-interference with caste which a Committee of orthodox native gentlemen like the Rajahs of Shova Bazar can alone offer, will bring forth candidates whose numbers shall afford room for the widest selection. The scheme needs only to be vigorously worked to ensure unmeasured success. And the name

of Mary Carpenter will go down to posterity as that of an Angel of Mercy who crowned the decline of a life of active benevolence in her own country by an act which broke the fetters that long confined the limbs and the souls of millions of her sisters in a foreign land.

The Howrah Municipality.

[Reprinted from the *Bengalee*, December 29, 1866.]

On the evening of the day on which we published the grievance connected with the application of our manager to the Municipal Commissioners of Howrah to send a reporter to their general meetings, the following letter from their Secretary was placed in his hands.

To Baboo B. R. Chatterjea,
Manager of the "Bengalee."

HOWRAH,
22nd December, 1866.

SIR,

In reply to your letter of the 5th Instant, applying for permission to send "a reporter" to the meetings of the Commissioners, I beg to inform you that the Commissioners have rejected the application.

I have the honor to be

SIR,

Your most obedient Servant,

W. H. D. DUVAL,

Secretary.

The Municipality have, to this extent, bowed to public opinion that a cracking editorial was the means of procuring a simple act of courtesy. This is hopeful. But the studied laconicism of the reply, the quasi-judicial precision of the denial, the smack and relish, the ring and the rhythm of the term "rejected," are provocative of very curious feelings. In their collective wisdom the gentlemen who are entrusted with the custody and disposal of our Municipal funds have "rejected," that is the term, the application of our Manager to billet a reporter upon them. Rejected! as if the application was for the building of a latrine or the acceptance of a contract for the supply of municipal

hay. Rejected the Press. Rejected public opinion. Rejected taxpayers. This is cool. But will the Press spare noodledom, nevertheless? Will the Press desist from shewing up the municipal worthies that bray, or pulling about Midas' ears, wherever they may lie hid. If it cannot get hold of authentic facts, it must needs content itself with rumours of facts. And the Howrah Municipality forgets that it is possible, nay natural, to paint the devil blacker than his Highness actually is. The freedom of the Press is a lie and a sham, if rate-payers cannot thoroughly vent their feelings against the men who unworthily fulfil the trust assigned to them by Government of the funds which the public supply. Rejected! It will soon appear whether the Editor's portfolio is so ill-supplied or so little formidable as to be posed with such a pitiful tri-syllable. We wonder whether the verdict comes from the Commissioners or from their Chairman. Mr. Balfour was himself competent to decide on a pure business question like that involved in our Manager's application. If he abnegated his functions through a fear of responsibility, our confidence in his ability must be shaken. Under Section XX of the District Municipal Act the transaction of business, which means the prescription of the order of business, the maintenance of decorum in the meetings of the Commissioners, of order and regularity; the repression of low personalities; for some Commissioners may naturally be ill-bred and others given to violent American proclivities; rests solely with him. If in every little thing he is accustomed to submit his judgment and his powers to a majority, Americanism will too surely prevail; and we are decidedly of opinion that the question of admitting a reporter into the meetings of the Commissioners was one falling wholly within his province to determine. If he abandoned it to the mercies of a Municipal majority, all that we can say is, that such majority will some fine morning decide that the Chairman must cease to be Chairman and surrender himself up to a Committee of vigilance. In our case there will of course be an appeal to the Commissioner, and if necessary, to Government. The point is a purely constitutional one in which the public is deeply concerned. In the meantime, the independent Britons whose jealousy has possibly procured the rejection of our Manager's application, are themselves supplying official papers to the *Friend of India* on the sly, in order to procure Serampore support, such as it is, to wildnesses which, in their mock heroic impotence, are simply ridiculous. Here is the *Friend's* canvassing for his friends.

"Take Howrah, for instance. That town contributes Rs. 2,454 to the cost of police for whom Government gives only Rs. 1,303, yet the Bengal Office addresses to an independent body of gentlemen working

for the public good, language, of which it is difficult to say whether the impertinence, illegality or folly is greater. The Howrah Municipality *must* pay the amount required for the police. The amount has been fixed by competent authority, and the liability of the municipality is unquestionable. No non-official, Native or Englishman, will consent to the annoyance and loss of time involved in acting as a Municipal Commissioner, if such language is to be used and that in a case of at least doubtful legality."

It is forgotten that the Government of Bengal is the official superior of the Joneses and the Dicksons, the Deys and the Dutts who compose the Howrah Municipality, and that Mr. Eden's letter only impressively declared a too broad fact of law which required to be rammed down the heavy brains of some of the Commissioners. We fail to see impertinence in it, though there is a great deal of that quality and more—impudence—in the Commissioner's rejection of the application of an independent and honorable native gentleman, who was ready to spend money, to employ a reporter in order to place before the public, matters of great interest, at least to the inhabitants of Howrah.

Miss Mary Carpenter across the Ganges.

[Reprinted from the Bengalee, December 29, 1866.]

Last week we had the pleasure of noticing this excellent lady's visit to Ooterparah and her amiable prelections to the native ladies of the place. Since that time she has not been idle ; she visited Behala and Burranagore. In the former, the Church Missionary Society have established a school for boys which is most thinly attended owing to the inveterate orthodoxy of the native inhabitants. But the impression made by Miss Carpenter on even such a place, so bigoted and unpromising, by her winning manners was so deep and enduring that one of the most orthodox and influential native gentlemen of the locality, Baboo Chunder Kaunt Roy, is seriously endeavouring to establish a female school in it. In the latter, the already founded educational institutions have been quickened into still higher aims and energies by her countenance.

Miss Carpenter visited also the populous station of Konnuggur across the Ganges. A hearty reception was given her by Baboo Shib Chunder Deb and the female members of his household. She inspected minutely the Girl's School, the English school and the Bengalee Pat-shalla. The progress made by the pupils whom she examined in Geography and other branches of their study delighted her. In the zenana of Baboo Shib Chunder Deb she lingered for more than half an hour engaged in an edifying and ardent conversation with the lady of the house, inspecting the works of art performed by her daughters, fondling and caressing her little grand-daughters and evincing a condescension and devout Christian humility and sisterliness which procured the intelligent sympathy and admiration of the native ladies. The European race is little understood by the unsophisticated inmates of our zenanas. The men are regarded as demi-demons, the women at best as ferocious fairies. The presence of one Englishman in the streets suffices to drive girls and matrons to shelter who otherwise may have the wild courage of the suttee lurking in their veins. The race is intensely feared and therefore hated. But Miss Carpenter has chased away every shade of prejudice and rivetted the confidence of a sincere and ample friendship. Everything dies ; beauty fades. The proud lies humbled through eternity by Death. Holy Chastener and finisher of human folly and depravity and sin ! But the odour of a name survives. This is immortality. Miss Carpenter will be preserved embalmed in the grateful memories of millions when the proud dame

who sails luxuriously into the ball room in diamonds and ostrich plume, rides magnificently in a carriage and four, kills time at the card table or in superintending the washing of her poodle—lies rotting in the grave, reduced to a mass of worms and unsightly, stinking, horrid, abomination. The venerable lady delivered a beautiful discourse on education to the young men's debating society at Howrah. Immediately following Mr. Tudor Trevor's vivacious and sonorous readings from Tennyson she charmed a large audience of ladies and gentlemen and baboos with a speech every word of which came bouncing up from the heart. She regretted that Howrah so large and so populous was yet unprovided with a female school. And she exhorted the leading native inhabitants to move earnestly in the matter.

The fact however is, Howrah proper consists mainly of Railway officials and baboos who temporarily residé in the town without their families, to be near their places of business. It is a straggling settlement; neither compact nor neighbourly. At one end of its suburbs Satragachi there is a female school, and at another end — Bally there is another. A third is about to be established in our own suburb of Belloore. These with Sibpore and Battrah form the only centres of large and respectable native populations in the district. But the state of the country and its communications is wretched. Neither official nor non-official Europeans take any interest in education. The Magistrate is so shut up in his sympathies that even Miss Carpenter whom the Governor-General and the Lieutenant-Governor delighted to honor, failed to draw him out into an assembly graced by the elite of the residents of his station. He may be musical; but the country cannot be saved by mere fiddling. In fact, such gross selfishness characterises a few of the English inhabitants of the place, that one of the broadest and most frequented thoroughfares in our own locality cannot be metalled because a gentleman of wide influence and strong lungs finds it safer and easier to ride on a kutchah than a pucca road.

The native inhabitants are generally afflicted with slender means; yet out of these they are slowly endeavouring, with such homœopathic aid as the Government affords, to supply the most urgent needs of a growing civilization. How we wish Miss Carpenter's spirit and charity were infused into a dozen English ladies and gentlemen in the district or that they could be made to understand that the term "Christian" has a signification more grand and glorious than is implied in blasphemous arrogations of race and of fancied rights of conquest! We are sorry that even the Chaplain of Howrah grinds at this last barrel whenever an opportunity offers!

The Hindoo Joint Family.

[Reprinted from the Bengalee, April, 1867.]

It is not often that the enlightened and reformed Hindoo, the Hindoo with a soul above pageantry, the broadly speculating and deeply reflecting Hindoo, comes across an Englishman whose mind exactly fits into his own, can sympathise with his distresses, can gauge and measure the quality and the weight of his afflictions. It is not an ordinary Englishman that can do all this. The surface of our society is too smooth and pleasant, the character of our patriotism is too inveterate and conservative, the disposition of the forward and fluent amongst us is too decidedly repressive and reticent as regards blots and blemishes, to enable foreigners ungifted with about supernatural foresight to take the full measure of our social and domestic disturbances. To the stranger outside, our nation presents a brilliant surface. Philanthropists are in love with our charity, statesmen admire our mildness, philosophers are enraptured with our simplicity, but the skeleton in our cupboard escapes the eyes of even the most searching. We know that skeleton full well, for it grins at us at all hours and during all the changes in our destiny; it frowns at us and it upbraids us; it appals us and withers us. In prosperity or in adversity, in joy or in sorrow, it follows us with its hollow sockets. Though the beam is wanting yet the place from which that should have sparkled is no less terrible from its ghastliness. We talk of this skeleton when we are alone, we swear at it, we clench our fists in wrath, but the entrance of a stranger straightway composes our features, takes away the flush from our cheeks, makes us soft, sedate and beautifully hypocritical. We put on our best smiles, we affect hilarity of talk and feeling, we speak of our system as ravishing. The attitude is the height of fine acting; the mask is impenetrable. Who can indeed find out our skeleton. But no sooner the stranger's back is turned than the old humour returns; the distorted eye, the ghastly mouth, the lines in the forehead, like those of Satan on the walls of Paradise before encountering Uriel. Why this show and sham whilst the heart is blistered with a thousand pangs. Not one in a thousand, not one in ten thousand can talk of the Joint Hindoo family without a shudder. Not a boy in his teens, not a young man above 20, not a middle-aged man of forty, not an old man of sixty can contemplate the accursed Joint

Family without a cold tremor convulsing his entire frame. The men are fiends, the women are furies in that same Joint Hindoo Family. It is well Mr. Justice Phear has raised the veil. There are dark spots which defy description by language. Every third man — without risk of miscalculation, every fifth man in the nation is rendered miserable for life through this terrible curse. There are sores at the heart that never heal, there are thorns in the head that almost madden. If a history of individual sufferings in Joint Hindoo Family could be written, the world would not contain the interminable scroll. From childhood to old age, the list of wrongs is formidable. Mr. Phear's lecture touches only a corner of the sepulchre in which is buried native enterprise, intelligence, energy and even honesty. Individuality is extinguished by a system which swallows up in the will of one single man all other wills. That single man may be a fool or a rascal ; it suffices that he is the head of the family and all the minor natures and characters about his home must mould themselves upon his. The whole structure of that home is hollow and hideous. Vanity usurps the place of the holier feelings, religion is degraded into a revelry. All is show and superficialities. Beneath the paint lurk the punctures. Principle runs away from even the most educated. Roman love of truth melts before the faintest flash of expediency. When the Joint Estate has to be maintained crime shows all its horrors ; the most unprincipled in the family becomes its adviser and executive, he carries an armoury of daggers beneath his smile ; for the glory of keeping up great appearance common honesty is unhesitatingly sacrificed. The poojah hall and *Boituckhana* are white-washed whilst the Zenana leaks in every pore and threatens to come down with every gust of wind ; for the *Boituckhana* is the lounging place of creditors who would not lend to the occupant of a dingy mansion whilst in the zenana only the women are locked up, and there does not exist any emergent call to make them comfortable. Insincerity and consummate hypocrisy lie at the foundation of every spot. Even charity is reduced to a show. The spirit indeed of the Hindoo Joint Family is hideous ! Mr. Justice Phear kept rigidly to the legal aspect of the institution however, in his lecture to the Bethune Society, making a slight *detour* only to its economic one. But its moral aspect is, if possible, worse. It is a sufficient evil that the Joint house crumbles brick by brick because it is nobody's object to spend capital in its repair. The home of the native in most instances is only a hell. The joint compound is the joint sewer. Cleanliness or conservancy is impracticable in a residence filled with members possessing a joint paramount right of accumulating in it every nuisance. If one plants a rose tree in a corner of the compound, another

demonstrates his equal right to the spot by pulling up the plant; if one goes to the expense of constructing a drain, another forthwith finds occasion for filling it up with rubbish. But the women are the hardest combatants, and the widows the greatest heroines. These have ceased to be supreme whilst possessing ample time, inclination and capacity to sow the direst discord. They watch the young husband and the young wife with the hate and the jealousy of a step-mother. The married couple cannot peep at one another during the day without finding themselves the objects of the bitterest persecution. The normal condition of husband and wife is upset during the day and during that part of the night which is not devoted to rest. In some families owing to poverty of house room even this indulgence cannot be obtained. Can a more monstrous state be conceived and can it be wondered that the young men withheld from the society of their wives should run greedily for amusements into brothels. The Joint Hindoo Family is indeed a scandal and a blight. Cowardice, moral as well as physical, is its bitter fruit, and the heaviest sins follow as a matter of course. Unfortunately however the law courts in the country offer every obstacle to the destruction of this monster. The judges have such a low conception indeed of their duty in this respect that the most contemptible pleas for the continuance of joint estates are permitted to thwart a beneficent demarkation of individual rights. Not many years ago Mr. Justice Norman upheld in appeal an agreement not to partition a Hindoo family dwelling-house, against public policy and in spite of the absence of any consideration for the contract. The house is now falling to pieces because the argument contained no provision for repairs, and a judge of the High Court has thus become a party to the demolition of a valuable property. Some day indeed we may hear that an agreement to cut one another's throats in order to maintain the credit of a Hindoo Joint Family has received the countenance and legal support of the judges of the High Court! We give below the conclusion of Mr. Phear's excellent lecture.

"But while your system is admirable to look at on its affectionate and charitable side, it has a reverse: it takes away from the individual that stimulus to exertion which the sense of self-dependence alone can give. I have been often grieved, during the short time I have been among you, to see men of the middle ranks, in the prime of life, residing at the family house, with their wives and children about them in a state of perfect idleness. I cannot find that they even avail themselves of their leisure to pursue any literary, scientific, or artistic studies, and as far as I can learn, very few Bengalee gentlemen possess so much of a library as an ordinary English artisan of respectability considers to be necessary for the due furnishing of his *Boituckhana*. But not only do the young men themselves think it no shame to accept a livelihood from a store to which they do not in any way contribute, but the father, the elder brother or whoever may be the *Karta* of the family is quite content to see his hive filled with drones instead of

workers. Now apart from all considerations of public good, which requires for its full development that every hand should have its task, I cannot help thinking that this indifference to the importance of a life of activity, and industrial purpose has a very prejudicial effect upon the personal character. Clearly it is antagonistic to any exhibition of energy. It is fatal to the development of any true spirit of enterprise and in some sense affects the common appreciation of honesty. Where there is so much scope for talk and little thought of action, where word and deed are separated by so great a distance, there is oft I imagine to be some blunting of the moral senses. At any rate, the sharply defined boundary between fact and speculation may easily become blurred and lost to sight, for there is no whetstone for the perception of the sacredness of truth comparable with that which is furnished by daily responsibility for things done. It must not be supposed moreover that the growth of family affection is necessarily stunted by the separation of the individual members. One of the most eloquent of modern French writers, M. Montalembert has in a late essay described the English people as being markedly distinguished at once for the active play of the family affections, and for the independence of energy, and self-reliance of each individual member of society.

I do not propose to approach the internal and purely domestic aspects of the Joint Family. And there remains only one matter in connection with the whole subject upon which I will trouble you further this evening, that is, the effect if any, of your peculiar system upon the condition of immovable property. I do not hesitate to say that it seems to me your family jointure of ownership produces a very injurious effect in that direction; of course the value of my opinion, whatever it might otherwise be, is seriously diminished by the smallness of my experience. Still I think I can submit to you some justification of my view. Land, whether it be fitted for agriculture, or building or other purposes, can only be made the best use of by the continuous applications of considerable capital and of course capital will only be devoted to such an object by persons who have the sole and irresponsible control over it in the shape either of money or credit, and who besides see that they will in all reasonable probability get a fair return for their outlay. But this proposition leads at once to the conclusion that land (speaking generally) will not be improved, except by an owner who is unembarrassed in regard to the perception of its profits, and who, by the command of capital, can increase those profits. The possessor of capital must come into direct contact with the land, before agriculture in Bengal will be advanced, the soil drained, irrigation promoted, homesteads, with their working appliances, formed, canals cut, roads made, or bridges built; and at present, drainage, irrigation, implements, roads and bridges can hardly be said to exist. Some river channels and khals, mostly, of natural origin traverse here and there, the most magnificent delta in the world, which had it been occupied by Dutchmen instead of Bengalees, would have long, centuries ago netted with water ways. And, added to this, the actual cultivator is plunged in the lowest depths of an ignorance which scarcely anyone as yet in this country thinks it worth his while to attempt to dispel.

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But I am convinced that true energy and enterprise (and how much you feel their want the eloquent words of a native gentleman lately heard within those walls expressed better than I can,) that energy, enterprise, and action will not be generally displayed among you until your young men of all classes accustom themselves early to leave the parental roof, and to cultivate self-dependence and responsibility. I believe, too, that your immovable property will remain arrested in its due course of improvement until family coparceny is the exception among you, and single ownership the rule."

The Permanent Settlement.

[Reprinted from the Indian Daily News, July 28, 1868.]

[We extract to-day an article from the *Bengalee* on the Permanent Settlement question as raised by the *Times of India*. The article from the *Times* we reproduced and last week gave what might be termed the reply of the zemindars, as set forth in their organ, the *Hindoo Patriot*. The question itself is so important that it cannot have too much light thrown upon it; hence we give wide publicity to the views of all parties without necessarily adopting any of them. As regards the *Bengalee*, we generally consider it one of the most independent, certainly the most manly, of native papers; and on the question now under notice, there is a degree of candour, liberality and sense of justice that we should like to see more common. The views of the writer, too, are far more comprehensive than those of many who express themselves from merely selfish points of view. We commend the article to careful perusal by all interested in the permanent welfare of India.—Editor, I. D. News.]

[From the *Bengalee*, July 25, 1866.]

People are horrified at last at the way the permanent settlement of Bengal was concluded. The *Times of India* with that fierceness which characterises its lucubrations on settlement questions, has endeavoured to prove that Bombay pays more than three times the land revenue which is derived from Bengal. And yet Bombay is richer and happier and more prosperous than Bengal. Statistics is a dangerous weapon in the hands of a party disputant. Inheriting all Carlyle's dread and suspicion of that form of party warfare in which the principal arrangement consists of figures, we put in the impracticability of bringing ourselves to believe all that the *Times of India* so glibly says. There must be a loose stone somewhere in the arch which our Western contemporary has so sedulously and skilfully built up if it is the fact that the ryot in Bombay after paying a revenue of Rs. 440 the square mile—we hate fractions and therefore omit them—is happier and more solvent than the Indian ryot whose zemindar pays to Government a revenue of Rs. 142 the square mile; and who probably pays as much more to the zemindar, or say 300 rupees. But the question which the *Times of India* has so opportunely raised deserves to be closely examined. We do not wish to examine it with a view to the subversion of the permanent settlement. But it would be interesting to enquire what is the proportion between the revenue which the Zemindar brings into

the Collector's treasury and the revenue which the ryot deposits in the zemindar's cutchery. We are sadly deficient in statistics to grapple with this important question. From the great price which Zemindary notoriously now command in the market we can safely infer, however, that the proportion must be an extravagant one. This is a source of danger and not the permanent settlement. In India, fixity of tenure in land, is the first step towards national and individual prosperity. The litigation arising from an uncertain tenure is a more fruitful source of poverty and ruin than the payment of high rents themselves. England's ways and means do not include a land revenue, yet what other country under the sun enjoys a more overflowing revenue? The Government must not cast longing eyes upon a source of income which belongs exclusively to the subject, which is the main support of his life, his dignity, his power as a member of society—from which the means of his benefactions is derived, without which he would be a nomad toiling from day to day for a precarious living. But the mistake of Lord Cornwallis was to leave the ryot without a permanent settlement. The Zemindar's permanent and inalienable right to the land could not have been satisfactorily proved to that nobleman when, as is well known, and the fact is frequently brought forward by the Zemindar and his organs in the Press, the primary and immediate result of the permanent settlement was the dispersion of the old landed proprietors and their supersession by a class which had made money by service or commercial enterprise. The history of the Mogul rule is not barren of examples of one farmer of the Government revenue making way for another in such rapid succession as to leave little doubt upon the mind that the Zemindar's vested right was of the smallest possible value, whilst the position of the ryot was firm and unassailable. The provisions indeed of the sale law by which the permanent settlement was accompanied, in themselves contained evidence of the small consideration which the Government of Lord Cornwallis was disposed to extend to the theory that the land absolutely belonged to the Zemindar. The settlement was the pure result of an emergency. The revenue was greatly in arrears. The Marhatta war was in vigorous progress. The State wanted money that should be regularly forthcoming without trouble of collection or uncertainty of realisation. A bargain was struck, hastily there can be no doubt—otherwise loopholes would not have been preserved in it for the benefit of the ryot in the time to come. The Government limited its demand and the Zemindar who was industrious and enterprising was permitted to enrich himself by the reclamation of marshes and jungles. As the Zemindars with whom his bargain was originally struck were merely farmers of the Govern-

ment revenue and not absolute proprietors of the soil, as is now ignorantly and inconsistently maintained, they of course failed to prosper by the liberal provisions of the settlement. They possessed no hoarded wealth, they did not possess even that influence and social position which would have enabled them to make use for a beneficent consideration of the hoarded wealth of others. Wanting therefore capital, they were thrown upon their former resources for the realisation of the Government revenue—and these failed them as before in promptly realising it. The result, as we have already said was, that the class was altogether swept away and superseded by another which possessed capital but did not think it beneficial to hold land as mere farmers of rent. The new proprietors went briskly to work as soon as they obtained a pure title; but many of them failed from want of experience and other causes. Others took up their places, so that three-fourths of a century completely altered the face of the realm. The ryot is only little better than a serf now. The Zemindar has become inordinately rich at the expense of the ryot. That fixity of tenure which a majority of ryots possessed when the permanent settlement was made and which had been secured to them by that settlement, has melted away through the action of time as much as the force and fraud of the Zemindar. A reign of terror was allowed to spread over the country in order that the Government revenue may be promptly recovered. The Zemindar permitted to riot in powers and privileges made the ryots his bought slaves. Personal liberty, that most inestimable of boons under a civilised Government, was denied to the latter at the will of the former. The *Huatum* and *Punjam* laws left the ryot without the strength or the will to resist arbitrary demands and when he presumed to resist, his home was burnt down and his wife and daughters were dishonoured. It took sixty-six years exactly to remedy this dreadful state of things. Still the ryot is a helot. This long interval of oppression and rapine has deprived him of the credentials of his liberty. Everyone is now an occupancy ryot, i.e. a being entitled only to his kennel and his bone. It certainly could not have been intended at the time of the permanent settlement that the Zemindar should live upon the fat of the land and drive his ryots like plough oxen. The Zemindar's means of wealth were pointed out to him; he had the jungle and the marshes which were excluded from assessment and which if he could bring into cultivation would have yielded him mines of wealth. The Zemindar has brought these into cultivation and inherited the mines. The class that has done this does not oppress the ryot—it virtually has given a permanent settlement to the ryot. But there are Zemindars who have not reclaimed jungle and marsh, but purchased their estates at

extravagant prices which do not admit of capital being laid out in reclamation of jungle and marsh. The only resource of these last is rack-renting—and how terribly it is in the grain to develop this resource! We have no doubt if Government propose a permanent settlement in favor of the occupancy ryot, the real aristocracy of Zemindars, those whose forefathers were Zemindars, would offer no objection; for they in effect have established already a permanent settlement within their estates. The class of land jobbers and speculators only will raise a desperate contention, which the Government can perhaps afford to treat with contempt having an object before it so fundamental as the happiness and contentment of the people. And the rescued ryot saved from the billows of enhancement will gladly submit then to any taxes which the state may impose for the benefit and amelioration of the tax-payers.

The Row between the Police & Hare's School.

[Reprinted from the Bengalee, May 22, 1869.]

Considerable excitement prevailed last week in Calcutta owing to an incident which furnishes grave matter for consideration and enquiry. All that we have hitherto said about the Police and all that the Government seems conscientiously resolved to remedy in the organization of that body, has been scandalously verified in the conduct of the Inspector and Constables of the Colootolah Police Section. That brazen arrogance and contempt for law and civil liberty which are the characteristics of the Sepoy Police in Bengal, that rudeness and that ruffianism which give a horror of the Police to respectable citizens whilst the criminal population regard them as the means of their safety, that wildness of riot of which only the most thoroughly undisciplined Police in the world, like that of Bengal, is capable were witnessed on Saturday last in front of David Hare's School on a scale which may well lead us to wish that such an institution as a Police were swept away from the land. It appears that some students, they may or may not be of Hare's School, in a boyish quarrel with two East Indian lads in the streets, assaulted the latter. The assault was of the most frivolous character, such as may be conceived in a *fracas* between little children. Had the East Indian lads been unconnected with Policemen they would have gone their way without troubling themselves any further about the matter. But as one of them happened to be a cousin of the Inspector of the Colootola Police Section, too grand a man to overlook such an offence, a Detachment of Police headed by an Inspector proceeded in state to the school premises. The Head Master was peremptorily ordered to give up the supposed assailants, but as the assaulted could not point them out it may be inferred that the Head Master was required to fulfil an impossible task. Baffled in their efforts to seize the culprits who, as we have said, may or may not have belonged to Hare's School, for the row took place in the streets, the Policemen were about to retire when the cousin of the Inspector took it upon himself, in satisfaction of unfulfilled vengeance, to twist the ears of a stray Hindoo lad who was standing in the verandah of the school. This brought on a row in which the Police says it was surrounded and threatened to be assaulted. If the Police had been anything of the character which is exacted of it in civilised

countries, the matter should have ended in this place. The Inspector had no business to officially interfere in a quarrel of his cousin's, seeing that if a Bengalee lad had complained to him under similar circumstances he would unquestionably have referred him to the Magistrate. Such references are made every day and the man therefore courted an assault when he undertook to remedy the offence done to his relative in a special manner, a manner which he would by no means have adopted had the complainant been any other than his relative or a person in whom he felt interested in an unofficial way. The Police had brought itself to disgrace by an act itself highly irregular and as the guardian of the public peace it should have retired peaceably. But the Inspector, we learn, with a large reinforcement, locked up the gate of the school and commenced a work of thrashing revolting to human nature because the objects of the blows were little children and the assailants were powerful men. The Calcutta Police which up to this moment has not succeeded in arresting a single murderer, is eminently brave when confronted with little boys, and the brutal way in which the constables who run away usually from grown up rioters, applied their batons to the backs and shoulders of the infants who crowded the School, has filled with just indignation the native community and ought to excite more intense abhorrence in the Christian mind. Indiscriminately were the blows inflicted and the Police dared even to intrude into the houses of the native inhabitants of the locality in order to drag their victims into the streets. For all this it will have to answer in the proper place. But we ask, is the government of Mr. Grey satisfied with such proceedings? And has the native community no means in its hands of resisting outrages which remind us more keenly of the days of the despotic Nabobs than of an era in which Bengalee youths are successfully entering the Civil Service by the door of the strictest examination in England. An eminent Civilian Magistrate once said in our hearing to a native gentleman who complained, with more simplicity than sense, that there was no Police Station in his part of the country, that the want was rather a blessing! Is it impossible to place the police on such a footing that the civil population may regard it as a blessing instead of the curse which it now practically represents?

The Head Master of Hare's School, a gentleman who has won the esteem of his superiors and the honor and affection of his pupils by the mildness and tact with which he conducts a deservedly popular Educational Establishment, who had repaired to the Police office to present a letter to the Deputy Commissioner from the Registrar of the Calcutta University, was illegally arrested by an Inspector and infamously

treated by his subordinates. It was proved in the police Court by the evidence of the very lad who was said to have been assaulted by the students of Hare's School that so far from inciting his pupils to assault the Police he rendered every assistance to it in finding out the real culprits. His arrest was simply a dodge for stopping his mouth as a witness. It is disgraceful that the Calcutta Police, which is supposed to have honorable and conscientious men at its head from the high salaries paid to its superior officers, should resort to such mean and dirty processes for the fabrication of cases. It is all in the bone of a Policeman we see and no amount of pay can seduce him from the path of corruption. The case for the prosecution lamentably broke down as regards not only the Head Master but also the students, and the Deputy Commissioner shewed much prudence in withdrawing the charges. We understand that that officer has dismissed one of the native corporals implicated in what must now be termed the Police *emeute*, and degraded Inspector Turner. We applaud Captain Birch for his prompt and vigorous action, but we wonder what could be the nature of Turner's accomplishments which procured his retention in the Police after the shockingly contradictory statements that he made in the witness box. We know of a young East Indian who after being dismissed from a Public office, for stealing undefaced Receipt Stamps from Officers' Bills, obtained ready employment in the Police. Do the inhabitants of Calcutta pay a heavy Police Tax in order that men of this character may be liberally found in board, clothing and wages in the Police? The facts brought to light in connection with this disgraceful business have filled us with a distrust and horror of the Calcutta Police. The Mofussil Police is simply intolerable. But the Model Police of the Capital has thrown the ruffianism of the country into the shade. We understand that a young man suffering from fever was dragged from his home in the row of Saturday last, because he objected to the Police illegally trespassing into his house, and subjected to a beating which according to the certificate of Dr. Fayrer might endanger his life. To what are we reduced! If the guardians of the public peace are permitted so villainously to break it, we must in self-defence maintain a powerful force at our doors to resist by force the lawless minions of the law. Residence in Calcutta is reduced to a more precarious footing, as regards protection to life and limb, than residence in the notoriously unsafe Mofussil. Is it any longer a matter of wonderment, as it has been wondered in Parliament, that the natives of India should prefer the mild despotism of a Hindoo Chief to the civilised rule which renders a Police Constable on six rupees a month an object of terror to the richest and most respectable?

As if supplementing the outrages of Saturday last, on the evening of Wednesday the Police of the Police Office treated the crowd of native gentlemen who went to witness the trial; to outrages which language fails characteristically to describe. Under the nose of the Magistracy the grossest insults were heaped upon the spectators by Policemen on and off duty. The filthiest water was pumped upon the Baboos, many were severely assaulted and Mr. Mano Mohan Ghose, the Barrister who wished to ascertain the number in the badge of a native constable who was filthily abusing his friends, was violently struck in the face by an European Inspector whom he defied under the Aegis of the law to strike him. Matters have thus reached a point which it behoves the brave and the public-spirited amongst us to seriously consider. It is time that the native community at large call a meeting in the Town Hall—a monster meeting—to record its indignation of and dissatisfaction at the way in which the Police is recruited and officered at present. We have been told that if the insolence with which Bengalee gentlemen were visited by the Police on Wednesday last were exhibited towards a less mild race there would too surely have been rebellion and bloodshed. The feeling in the native mind on the score of this insolence is exceedingly sore—and though Bengalees are too wise a race to jeopardise substantial benefits for the purpose of forcibly remedying minor evils, it is nevertheless a source of grave political danger to saturate with disloyalty the most advanced people in Hindoostan. The social consequences of such a course are disastrous. The Government gains nothing by the maintenance of a semi-military Police at a vast expense in a place where the action of the Police is confined to the arrest of persons committing in the large majority of cases the pettiest offences. There is little sympathy for the Sepoy Police in Bengal and the Government incurs a serious responsibility by continuing it in spite of the protest of a nation and its own superior officers. The Native Community should press the subject in the most effectual manner possible and the heads of that community will be performing a really sacred duty by organising a movement in this direction. All other questions of a more or less selfish character must be made to yield precedence to one affecting the happiness and self-respect of millions.

Come back like a Bad Shilling.

[Reprinted from the *Bengalee*, June 19, 1869.]

“ One remove is equal to three fires,” is an excellent trade maxim though its force is scarcely acknowledged in a shifting place like the East. We do not mean to say that we are beyond the influence of this law of trade locomotion. But a native journalist has little to fear portentous consequences from a mere change of residence. To our principles we stand fast, and that is all our readers and subscribers care for, we fancy. The experiment of endeavouring to illuminate the Mofussil from the Mofussil, which we were trying during the last three years, has not answered very satisfactorily. The Mofussil is yet too dark to benefit by such a philanthropic effort and the effort has robbed us of much of our nervous energy. We might soften the picture and say that the country is too mild and fairy-like to brook a printing-office with its traditional imps. The *Bengalee* Office and Press therefore return to a more befitting place and hence our re-appearance in Calcutta. We have completed a great part of our Mofussil Mission, or think we have done so, which is the same thing as far at least as we are concerned, and we return to hold a rod over the Calcutta Police which, we observe, requires much chastening. That is not a very pleasant office, it must be admitted, after the recent disclosures made of the fisting accomplishments of Captain Birch’s myrmidons. Yet we do not feel daunted if we can make birch do his proper duty at the back of the whole pack of Superintendents, Inspectors and Constables. Our only regret is that Belloore loses for ever its chance of becoming famous, though its chance of securing happiness is infinitely augmented by being left in the unmolested enjoyment of its green trees and muddy roads. We indeed commenced to despair of being able to give it fame on the day the Post Office sent a letter from the Viceroy’s Private Secretary addressed to the “ *Bengalee* Office ” at Belloore, to that infernal den of the Nana Sahib—Bittoore. On that day we discovered that the wretch who hoped to gain immortality by burning the Temple of Diana understood the wisdom of the world much better than ourselves and on that day therefore we resolved to transport ourselves from a place which, notwithstanding all we could do, would be less thought of than Nana Sahib’s Bittoore.

Here then again we are in Calcutta, amenable to High Court law, it is true, but the birth place of independent thought and the centre of Oriental civilization. Since our friends do not say it, we may be permitted to say ourselves, "May our shadows never grow less!"

Mr. Wilson on Municipalities in general and the Calcutta Municipality in particular.

[Reprinted from the Bengalee, July 24, 1869.]

The public has now before it a truthful account of the way in which Municipalities work in India in the very able pamphlet on the subject published by Mr. James Wilson, the independent and talented Editor of the *Indian Daily News*. Being slightly conversant with the working of Municipalities ourselves, we confess that the facts disclosed in the pamphlet have not very much startled us; for, our conviction is, and long has been, that all Municipalities are gross, and often iniquitous, shams, attended by the heart-rending accessory of a profligate waste of public money. The last is undoubtedly the most disagreeable feature of the system, as people could afford contentedly to dispense with municipal comforts if their pockets were let alone. But it is a ruinous business to pay heavy taxes and heavier fines whilst mother mud bespatters us every moment we lift a foot and the drains belch forth any thing but rose-water odours. Mr. Wilson very consistently proves that the Calcutta Municipality is not a fondling of the people but a rigorous official institution for the imposition and levy of taxes, whilst the responsibility for their beneficial application to the production of public health and comfort is so widely distributed that it is difficult to trace the direction in which it is to be found. The Calcutta Municipality is neither organised on the principle of a representative body, nor is it capable of being classed with a Government Department. It is a huge edifice over which the chairman smokes his comfortable cheroot and beneath which the whole tribe of Engineers, Secretaries, Surveyors, Overseers and Chupprassies have built their warm summer nests. No one is responsible to the people for his ~~acts~~ done or omitted to be done—the whole consolation of the latter being comprised in the privilege of being fined twice a month for privies cleanly or uncleanly kept, and dunned ~~once~~ a quarter with long bills for various rates unconscionably ~~assessed~~. The Justices represent no class or section and the great majority of them are so indolent that Mr. Roberts is allowed to put in at most meetings a bitter contention about a quorum. We can excuse this indolence on the ground of the Justices not being much wanted; for, as the pets of the

Chairman and some of the most influential of the Justices must be carried out in the end, it is useless to attempt to stem the wave of the Atlantic. Securely believing in the infallibility of this finale, many brave and thoughtful members of the Corporation are averse to trouble themselves or their horses, and their conduct, it must be admitted, is not very censurable. The Chairman carries everything before him and yet he evades the responsibility that should cling to his acts. Here is a dark spot which it would be difficult to erase.

Mr. Wilson gives an exceedingly truthful account of the manner in which Municipal prosecutions are pressed. We extract it below for the information of our readers. We dare say the poorer amongst the native rate-payers ought to award the writer a crown of gold for the valuable service he has done them by exposing an abuse as filthy as the filthy drains with which the affair is connected. There is a boldness in the act and a simplicity in the confession that Mr. Wilson is never again called upon to try Municipal cases which extort the admiration and the sympathy of every independent and truthful person. In the Mofussil the oppression practised in the name of the Municipalities is equally galling. We know that in Howrah, our recent locale, the native portions of the Municipal District are wholly uncared for. What should the public say to the city of Howrah being about to be illuminated with gas whilst the principal thoroughfares in Bally and Belloore are paved with mud. Indeed the Belloore Road, which extends over only one mile, remains unmetalled, although its southern extremity is paved with stone, because one influential Municipal Commissioner rides upon it, and the Kooroot Road shares the same fate because the Vice-Chairman of the Howrah Municipality uses it, for a similar purpose. Yet at a large meeting some years ago the metalling of both these roads was sanctioned by a majority of the Commissioners. So strong however is the influence of the executive that that resolution has remained a dead letter to the present day, though ten thousand Rupees were lately devoted to the opening of a toy road to Ghosery from Howrah road, extending over 3 or 4 hundred feet, for the special benefit of two or three European residents of that place.

All the Municipalities, either in Calcutta or the Mofussil, are thus huge mockeries of representation, and the only remedy that can be applied to the evil is that proposed by Mr. Wilson, viz., the appointment of Municipal Commissioners by the votes of the rate-payers. If Government is not prepared to make any such radical concession as yet, it should at least insist upon a federalised expenditure of municipal income, that is, every City or municipality should be divided

into wards and after providing for general charges, such as Police, drainage, etc., the balance should be distributed proportionally to the income from each ward, to be expended *bona fide* in such ward. Such a course alone is likely to secure justice to all classes and to prevent the poor from being sacrificed to the rich, as is unfortunately now done as a rule. [He follows a long extract from Mr. Wilson's pamphlet.]

Speeches.

Report of a speech made by Baboo Grish Chunder Ghose at a public meeting held on Friday the 12th July 1861 at the Hall of the British Indian Association to commemorate the memory of the late Baboo Hurrish Chunder Mookerjee (as published in the Hindoo Patriot of the 17th July 1861).

The third resolution about appointing a Memorial Committee was proposed by Moulvie Abdool Luteef.

Baboo Grish Chunder Ghose said that in rising to second the resolution just moved by his excellent friend, he could not resist the temptation of giving words to some of the feelings by which he was then actuated. He believed that he had the guarantee of the meeting for declaring that Hurrish Chunder Mookerjee was the greatest Hindoo that had lived since the days of Raja Rammohun Roy. He meant no disparagement to the British Indian Association when he stated that his deceased friend was the soul and the mainspring of that assembly, and that his pen supplied the spirit, the energy, the loftiness of thought and the cogency of argument by which its petitions were so eminently distinguished.

The speaker's acquaintance with Baboo Hurrish Chunder Mookerjee commenced from the time they both entered the Military Auditor General's office fourteen years ago. He was proud to state that never during that long period did his deceased friend appear to him any otherwise than what he actually was—the soul of honour and the first gentleman in all India; that his genius was as conspicuous in business as it was in the more important political affairs with which his memory was bound up—and that it was his earnest devotion to work which precipitated his lamented death. He attended the heavy duties of his office in a condition of health in which another would have remained prostrate in bed. He subsequently declared on his death-bed that he did not apply for leave because he wanted to shew to his covenanted superiors that a native of Bengal could be devoted to his work even at the risk of his life! The Baboo concluded with expressing an earnest hope that the Committee might be enabled through the aid and active co-operation of his countrymen at large to realise a fitting testimonial to the memory of his illustrious friend.

Report of a speech made by Baboo Grish Chunder Ghose at a Public Meeting of the Bethune Society held at the Theatre of the Medical College on Thursday, the 10th September 1863 to take into consideration the best means of commemorating the services rendered to the Society by its late President the Revd. Alexander Duff D.D., L.L.D. (as published in the Bengalee of the 4th November, 1863).

Babu Grish Chunder Ghose moved the 3rd Resolution and said :—
Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen,

It is an occasion of no ordinary interest or importance that has called into this Hall this Flower of Calcutta Society. If every other accessory to an enthusiastic and unanimous demonstration were wanting the presence amongst us for the first time in a public manner of the Finance Minister to the Government of India, whose private virtues and public policy have endeared him to every educated native gentleman in this vast empire, is a proof and a guarantee that the object for the consummation of which we are assembled here to-night is one which commands the respect and carries with it the feelings of all classes and grades of a community so vast and so varied that its unanimity may well be regarded as a token of gigantic significance.

The name of the Revd. Dr. Alexander Duff is familiar to us like a household word. We have been accustomed to hear it from our very childhood. It is a name which strikes a chord in our hearts connected with the best and the holiest of our inspirations and the noblest of our springs of thought and feeling. For the last 34 years it has mingled prominently in every scheme of education, of intelligent combination for great literary and social purposes, of philanthropy and public good.

To only those personally acquainted with that Prince of Indian Missionaries, it is given to form a faithful and correct estimate of the qualities and the collection of great virtues which made him a beacon of hope and of guidance to all who needed such an aid at a time when the prospects of education, of civilization, in the East were so poor, I may well say, so desolate that the most sanguine believers in the theory of progress stood with their arms across their breast in black despair. But the bold, undismayed spirit of Dr. Alexander Duff, discovered light, through the terrifying gloom which overcast the horizon. On all sides, North and South, East and West, the ordinary beholder saw only the densest clouds of prejudice, and passion more inveterate and stupifying in its effects than prejudice. The Native mind refused

the boon of knowledge with an obstinacy the story of which does doubtless appear fabulous at the present day—yet time was, though it has passed away, when it was persistently declared to be sinful to learn a language which was emphatically the language of heterodoxy.

What I now say may well be disbelieved by a generation born to its destiny under opportunities created by the superhuman efforts of the first pioneers of Indian Education, Alexander Duff, and David Hare. Yet their grandfathers could tell them of a day when learning was proscribed and in many instances had to be pursued under persecution.

The Revd. Dr. Duff's labors in the cause of Indian regeneration commenced exactly at that alarming period of Indian ignorance. They were pursued with unremitting energy and perseverance for the space of a quarter of a century and more. No impediment was so great that he could not overcome it, no opposition so virulent that he could not paralyse its force and fury. He went manfully to his work with the strength of the Titans and the meek spirit of his Saviour and his old age was rewarded with the triumph for which he had battled in his youth. I could keep you, gentlemen, listening for days and nights to the details and the hazards of that victory which, to the majority of the present audience appears to be one of an ordinary nature. Little dream they that the normality of the present day is the result of the sublimest efforts of minds such as that of Dr. Duff and of those influenced by his great example into identical courses of action.

That the Education Despatch of 1854, the great charter of Indian intelligence, was wholly owing to the inspiration and persistent pressure of the gentleman to honor whom we have met together, is a fact which has assumed the shape of a conviction in every mind. That one service would have sufficed to place the Revd. Dr. Duff on a pedestal higher than that of the average run of benefactors. But when we add to it the incidents of a life which was one bright page of self denial and self imposed labour of the Herculean order, cheerfully incurred and undertaken on behalf of a foreign people, we increase the dimensions of his standpoint to a height not yet attained by any Indian Hero or Philanthropist.

On Dr. Duff's other and secondary qualities, it is not for me to dilate. Those gentlemen who have preceded me in moving the resolutions have already done justice to them. Who does not remember with pleasure and a feeling of reverence, the time when he personally superintended the public examinations of all the schools and colleges in Calcutta whether under the control of Government or of private individuals. It was indeed a delight to come face to face with an indi-

vidual who sunk the feelings of the examiner into those of the tutor and instructed whilst he tested the attainments of the student. My personal recollections of such scenes is one of the acutest delight.

During the latter part of his Indian career, Dr. Duff had turned his earnest mind to the work of Native Female Education. From his own funds, he founded a school in Simlah, which though it did not afford much promise at the outset, has recently been brought to such a high state of improvement, that I believe the girls attending it will soon be able to compete for the Entrance Examination.

To such an individual any thing that a nation can do in the way of a memorial must indeed be insufficient. My present proposition, however, is, in connection with the Bethune Society to which his genius has given a standing and a shape not contemplated by its original founders. I believe, I carry with me the feelings of this vast gathering when I say that a statue of gold would not be an unfitting testimonial of a man whose services we can never sufficiently value ; and, though the wealth of the country and its feelings on the subject might encourage me to move for such a costly token, yet prudential motives and the weak resources of the Bethune Society have compelled us to confine our gratitude to the limit of a portrait. I, therefore, beg to move the following resolution, in the ardent hope that the funds required to carry it out will be speedily forthcoming :—

“ That a fund be raised by the members and well-wishers of the Society for the purpose of commemorating the highly successful Presidency of Dr. Duff by a portrait, which is to remain the property of the Society, and is to be preserved in some public building of this metropolis, as the Society may hereafter determine upon.”

Report of speeches made by Baboo Grish Chunder Ghose at a public meeting held at the Hall of the British Indian Association on Tuesday the 14th May 1867 to do honour to the memory of the Rajah Sir Radhakant Bahadoor K.C.S.I. (as published in the Hindoo Patriot of the 20th idem).

Kumar Suttayanund Ghosal moved the following Resolution :

“ That a marble bust of the late Rajah Sir Radhakant Deva Bahadoor K.C.S.I. be placed in a suitable public building in Calcutta as a memorial for the commemoration of his eminent public services, and that public subscriptions be invited in furtherance of this object.”

Rev. Mr. Long was of opinion that Sanscrit scholarships would be the most fitting memorial of the Rajah.

Before the amendment to the Resolution was put to the vote Baboo Grish Chunder Ghose desired to offer a few remarks on the subject. He was averse to see the proposition for a bust negatived in favor of scholarships in the Sanscrit College. He wanted something more real and tangible for preserving the memory of so great and good a man as the late Rajah Radhakant than a mere school-boy reward. The reward might be in the possession of a deserving man, still the object of the meeting would not be fulfilled by letting the name of Rajah Radhakant to remain associated only with a scholarship. There were many and various such scholarships and the Radhakant scholarship drawn by an obscure student was not likely to maintain a prominent place in men's notice or memories. He would have rather a statue or a bust from which our children's children might draw inspiration. The mild benevolent features of the great Rajah would in such case beam upon us at all times and all seasons, and we could leave them to our successors as the work of our almost idolatrous worship of virtues which found a fitting representation in such a memorial. All nations honor the great and the good amongst them by setting up their statues in public places and with every deference to the utilitarian feeling he could see no sufficient reason why in the case of such a man as the late Rajah Radhakant Deb we should depart from the world-wide practice.

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• Baboo Degumber Mitter moved a resolution appointing a Memorial Committee.

Baboo Grish Chunder Ghose said :

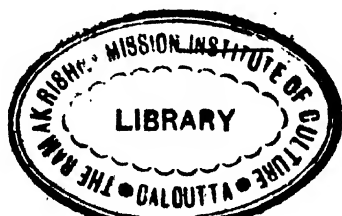
In rising to second the Resolution just moved I shall not go over ground already fully occupied by those who have preceded me and the

hour and the impatience of the audience to disperse warn me to speak briefly. In the speeches already delivered great stress was laid upon the social, political and literary characteristics of the deceased Rajah. But it was yet left to allude to his moral attributes. The late Rajah Sir Radhakant Deb was not only distinguished in literature and in politics, but he was besides the most innocent of men, his moral worth was superior to that of any one of his contemporaries. There are spots in the moon, but I defy any in this large assembly to declare that there existed the least taint or blemish in the character of the man whose memory we have met to honor. Essentially the most moral of men the chaste bent of his mind led him to resent as a personal grievance the law for the suppression of *Suttee*. The opposition was not the fruit of a selfish bigotry, but was dictated by motives the purest, and I fully believe that if the Rajah had been born a woman as he was a man, and if the fates had so ordained that he should have been reduced to the hard destiny of a widow he would have cheerfully, yea exultingly mounted the funeral pile in order to mount to the Heaven of his fervid imagination. The chastity of his nature suggested the belief that the act for the abolition of *Suttee* would be regarded as a downright grievance by his country-women and this belief urged him to the course he adopted. I cannot conclude without giving expression to a deep sense of gratitude for the earnestness and warmth with which the leaders of the bar and the missions and of native society have come forward to do honor to the memory of the greatest of modern Hindoos.

Summary of a lecture delivered by Baboo Grish Chunder Ghose on the 30th April 1887 at the Canning Institute, Howrah, on "The Rural Economy of Bengal," (as recorded in the proceedings of the Institute.)

The lecturer commenced with giving a brief outline of the history of ancient agriculture. He referred to the agriculture of Egypt, where the ox was worshipped for its services to the plough, of Carthage one of whose greatest generals did not deem it honourable to rest upon the laurels won on the battlefield, but concluded a distinguished career by publishing twenty-eight volumes on agriculture. In Greece, he stated that the progress of agricultural industry was contemporaneous with Homer, whose brother poet, Hesiod, wrote an elaborate poem on agriculture entitled "Days and Weeks." He next referred to the highly honorable position which the cultivator of the soil occupied in the Common-Wealth, for Cincinnatus was taken from the plough to head an army, and wear the robes of Dictator. When the deputation waited on him, he was actually employed half-naked upon field work; and according to the custom of the Romans, his toga had to be brought from his house in order that he might wear it before listening to the offer of power and dignity which the Roman people had made to him. From the Western world the lecturer travelled to the East, dwelt upon the finished system of Chinese agriculture, showed how its pursuits distinguished the early inhabitants of India. He referred to the great Hindoo god, the incarnate Vishnoo, who figured as a cowerd tending immense herds on the banks of the Jumna, and the pilgrim to Brindabun, to this day, is led to the hallowed spot where the god made two lacs of kine drink from that romantic river. One of the finest incidents in the *Mohabharut*, he said, was founded upon the protection offered by Urjoon, the bravest of the five Pandoos, to a Brahmin who complained of the robbery of his cattle. Thus the pursuit of agriculture in India is identified with the remotest memory. But Indian agriculture has remained stationary, whilst the agriculture of Europe and America has signally progressed. Speaking of English agriculture, the lecturer referred to the exertions of the celebrated Arthur Young, who travelled from district to district, exhorting its inhabitants to improvements which culminated in the Durham ox selling for 2,000 guineas or more than 20,000 Rupees. He stated also how English science had realised the almost miraculous triumph of raising turnips on a pure soil of saw dust. The Lecturer then alluded to America, how agriculture had raised that continent to the position of one of the finest powers in the world. Of the extraordinary profits of garden

cultivation in that hemisphere, the Lecturer gave an instance. A gentleman had reared a plantation of apple trees on an acre of land, and the crop of fruit sold in one season for as much as 2,000 dollars, or 10,000 Rupees. Of the farming industry of France, the lecturer gave some idea by mentioning the story of the celebrated eggsmen in Paris, whose annual profits from the sale of eggs and poultry amounted to the magnificent sum of three lacs of Rupees. The rural economy of Bengal presented unfortunately a blank compared to these results. The people were industrious, but they were wedded to custom, and their prejudices proved the grave of progress. The Lecturer complained that though Bengalees owned respectable tracts of land adjoining their homes, yet they suffered these to run into malarial spots, to poison the air they breathed, and disgust the eye that rested upon them, whilst heaps of gold, besides robust health, could be gathered from them if properly laid out and cared for. On the subject of manures, the nation was altogether at sea—and prejudice marred the economical use of manure which every animal produced. The Bengalees, who unhesitatingly drank Ganges water sensibly impregnated with human excreta, would run into fits if these excreta were used as manure. There was no interest felt in these questions. The crowd rushed towards Keraneedom, neglecting the untold gold that could be reaped from independent occupations of agriculture. The landed tenure, the Lecturer said, which opened an unlimited prospect of enhancement suits, formed a great bar to agricultural progress. He denounced a permanent settlement with the zemindar, unaccompanied by permanent settlement with the ryot. He deplored also the absence of agricultural school which should have preceded agricultural exhibitions, and contended for a net-work of irrigation and navigation canals throughout India, such as that conceived by Major-general Sir Arthur Cotton, extracts from whose lecture on the subject of the Indian famine he read to the audience as proving the immense increase procured by these canals, the certain success of the crops, the astonishing multiplication of production which follow in their wake. The Lecturer, who was repeatedly cheered, sat down amidst loud and prolonged applause.



Report of a Speech made by Baboo Grish Chunder Ghose at the public meeting of the British Indian Association held on the 22nd February, 1868 in honor of the late Baboo Ram Gopaul Ghose (as published in the Hindoo Patriot of the 2nd March, 1866.)

Baboo Grish Chunder Ghose desired to point out certain omissions which seemed to have been made in the very eloquent speeches which had been delivered in that assembly. He regarded Baboo Ram Gopaul Ghose in a light quite distinct from that in which the speakers who had preceded him had viewed the object of their eulogies. Baboo Ram Gopaul was certainly a most successful man. But the concern of the country was not with his success. His worth must be weighed apart from his surroundings. He (the speaker) valued him most as a typical man, as one who had succeeded in exercising a gigantic influence over the minds of his fellow men. A certain philosopher had said that the theory of the immortality of the soul resolved itself only to this that man lived for ever in his son man. In the case of Baboo Ram Gopaul Ghose the theory was most forcibly illustrated. He (the speaker) could not believe that the great and good man whose memory had called together such a crowded assembly, an assembly representing every section of the vast community of Calcutta, Hindoo, European, Parsee and Mahomedan, had actually passed away. His spirit animated every individual member of that assembly, his mind was still influencing and operating upon, the minds of his admirers. The very act of admiration involved a certain degree of elevation to the great ideal which Ram Gopaul had left behind as a legacy to succeeding generations. The speaker further declared that the highest value which he was disposed to attach to the life of Ram Gopaul was founded upon the circumstance of his having formed a link—a strong and abiding link, between the European and native communities. He stood forward as a middleman, a bridge, an interpreter between the two races, which he explained and expounded to each other. This was perhaps the highest service which he had performed to his educated countrymen. He filled the European with respect and affection for the native, he warmed the native into a reverence for and attachment towards the European.

The speaker then alluded to the character of the memorial embodied in the Resolution. He declared that the idea of constructing a suite of apartments in Nimtopee Burning Ghat in memory of Ram Gopaul satisfied two objects;—first, it expressed the gratitude of the native community towards an individual who had been mainly instrumental in

procuring the continued use and possession by it of that Burning Ghat ; and secondly, it secured a most necessary convenience to the Hindoo mourner who is now subjected to every vicissitude of wind and weather in performing the rites of cremation over his dead relatives. There was thus an essentially selfish view of the question, which ought doubtless to draw large funds toward the memorial. Europeans, he said, did not unfortunately understand the value to the Hindoo of a convenient Burning Ghat ; the highest and the lowest have to carry their dead on their shoulders, and what man is so fortunate as to be able to say that he shall never encounter deaths in his family ?

Before concluding, the speaker desired to combat certain very injurious observations which his learned and Revd. friend Professor Banerjea had made in connection with that view of Ram Gopaul's character which essayed to plant him as the founder of Hindoo truthfulness. He (the speaker) believed that no member of the Hindoo community who had an ancestor,—and few indeed there were so low as to be without ancestors,—could fail to recall to his mind instances of severe truthfulness in the habits and acts of some one of these which would surprise and dazzle Europeans ; one of the family of the Panthis of Bengal, rice-merchants, had made a bargain with a ring worth only ten Rupees as an earnest money, and he kept to his word so lightly pledged, though it snatched from his grasp a profit of ten lacs of Rupees. Such instances were not very rare, and he was therefore grieved, as well as hurt, by the Revd. gentleman's remarks which he hoped would be retracted.

Report of a Speech made by Babu Grish Chunder Ghose at the public meeting of the British Indian Association held on the 2nd September, 1868, on the Education and Road Cess Question (as published in the Hindoo Patriot of the 14th idem).

Babu Kissory Chand Mittra moved the third Resolution :

“That this meeting emphatically denies that, in the promotion of popular education, the landholders and the educated natives generally in this province are behind similar classes in the rest of the Empire.”
Babu Grish Chunder Ghose seconded the motion :—

Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen :—I have great pleasure in seconding the Resolution just moved, and I have greater pleasure still in being able to say that I can second the Resolution honestly and conscientiously. I have invariably endeavoured to suit my actions to my conscience, and as unconnected with any party, I have always been in a position to assert that which is right without favour and without fear. I can well say that my sympathies in the present question are with the ryot, at the same time that I am bound to declare that the Resolution which I have risen to second is supported by a large volume of facts. I hold in my hand, Sir, a Statement torn from the last Education Note of Mr. Howell, and I shall read from it figures by which I hope incontrovertibly to prove that the cause of education does not waver or flicker in Bengal. My excellent friend who seconded the first Resolution has already satisfactorily established the position that the voluntary system in these provinces has brought in three times the funds from private sources for educational requirements than a compulsory cess in the North-West has produced. The statement before me indicates that the private expenditure in Madras and Bombay on Education has been *nil* whilst more than 4 lacs of rupees has been set down in the column against Bengal. This furnishes little proof indeed of the charge that the educated Bengalee is indifferent to the cause of education. And the experience of everyman who has visited the Districts of the Presidency with the eyes of an intelligent traveller will uphold me when I say that there is scarcely a village in which an educated native gentleman's fortune has been cast, where a vigorous effort is not made to found an English or a higher vernacular school. The Director of Public Instruction, in fact, regrets that the demand for aid so constantly pressed upon him on the terms of the Education Despatch of 1854, cannot be met owing to the absence of funds by which the Government promise for supplementing local efforts for the establishment of schools by State assistance can be fulfilled.

The Government of Bengal itself declared not long ago that the success of the voluntary system had been thoroughly tested. And I maintain that the test, as far as it has been applied, has produced results which do not certainly militate against the efficacy of the system submitted to it. But although I am thus sanguine as to the existence of a firm desire in the country to expand the area and invigorate the substance of popular education, I regret that a great proportion of the population of Bengal still remains without any education. In this respect indeed a comparison with Bombay, the North West and the Punjab is injurious to the fair fame of this country. But the consolation is left to us that the character of education in Bengal is superior to that of any other part of India. I long anxiously however for the day when enthusiasts shall arise amongst us, practically undertaking the grand work of popular education and moving heaven and earth to accomplish the good end. Not long ago I was reading an account of the charities of Europe; I came across an institution in Hamburg founded by a poor candidate, Dr. Wicherly. It is called the Rahue Hus and hundreds of young boys picked up from the streets are trained in it. When the noble founder of the institution first proposed the plan of such a school, he was laughed at. But he prayed to heaven to send him funds and a clergyman gave him an assignment shortly after from a charitable bequest. The House was provided by a pious land-holder. Thus armed, Dr. Wicherly selected a dozen of the worst urchins from the streets of Hamburg. Their disposition and character may be inferred from the fact that one of them had been 92 times convicted of theft. The earnest philosopher took these juvenile demons to his bosom and ate with them and slept with them and imparted to them glimpses of the heaven which rested in his eye until they were so thoroughly reclaimed and broken to honest industry that when the good Doctor proposed to part with them in order to undertake the education of another dozen lads similarly picked up, they wept aloud and refused to separate. The Doctor gave them the option of building a house for themselves in the same compound and they so heartily admired his generosity that they undertook to build the house with their own hands, so that in a few weeks the residence was completed. When alas! will the young men of Bengal, its earnest thinkers and pious reformers, enter upon a career, such as that of the poor German candidate, of practical utility and heavenly love!

Great stress has been laid this evening upon the Permanent Settlement. I confess, my sympathies are not in that direction. The clergy of Rome once essayed to fix the earth, yet the verdict of the Inquisition failed to arrest the progress of the Planet. My idea on the subject

peculiar, for the day that I find the permanent settlement standing in the way of national progress I shall not hesitate to spurn it with my feet, for no law of man can confine and cripple the laws of God. But in the case now under consideration it would be mischievous to incense the Zemindars with a breach of their Magna Charta whilst no substantial benefit will accrue to the ryot. The cess will virtually have to be paid by the latter, so long as the enhancement law hangs in *terrorem* over his head and the Zemindar will justify himself for the exactions he will make by urging that as the Government had broken faith with him, he was not bound to extend mercy towards his tenantry. If the Government was prepared to free the ryot from the enhancement law and give him a position independent of the Zemindar then only will education be a blessing to him, otherwise it will prove a bitter curse, a thing of perpetual torture, shewing him the heaven of the philosopher and the poet but chaining him to a vassalage more grinding than that of the helot.

There was another consideration in this case which deserved to be noticed. Many Zemindars, like Baboo Joykissen Mookerjee, have endowed Educational institutions at a great cost. It would be a crying injustice to subject them again to an education cess. These questions and many others, like them, were exceedingly difficult of settlement. An inquisition will be at every door whilst the ryot will copiously bleed. I hope Government will seriously review such weighty matters before hastily committing itself to an impracticable and dangerous step.

Recd. on 3.6.80..

R. R. No. 7.2..

G. R. No. 29861..

THE
LIFE OF
GRISH CHUNDER GHOSE,
The Founder & First Editor
 OF
"THE HINDOO PATRIOT" & "THE BENGALEE,"
 BY
ONE WHO KNEW HIM.
 EDITED BY
His Grandson
MANMATHANATH GHOSE, M. A.

Sir Henry Cotton, K.C.S.I., writes : " Among other things it is ONE OF THE BEST RECORDS OF CALCUTTA LIFE DURING ITS MOST INTERESTING PERIOD that I have come across."

Sir Gooroo Dass Banerjee, Kt., M.A., D.L., D.Sc., writes : " You have done well in presenting to the public an account of the life and writings of that DISTINGUISHED SCHOLAR AND JOURNALIST, who was one of the RECOGNISED LEADERS OF EDUCATED BENGALEE SOCIETY and who was loved and respected by all his countrymen. Your book will, I am sure, be READ WITH INTEREST BY EVERYONE WHO HAS THE WELFARE OF BENGAL AT HEART."

Raja Peary Mohan Mookerjee, C.S.I., writes : " It is an ABLY WRITTEN AND THOROUGHLY IMPARTIAL SKETCH of his life. In narrating the incidents of his life you have given an account of the times, of the hopes and aspirations of young educated Indians, of the cordial treatment which they received at the hands of official superiors, of the history of journalism and of the growth of some of the educational and political institutions which I find VERY INTERESTING."

The Bengalee, says - " The biography which is before us is THE RECORD OF A NOBLE LIFE, devoted to the service of the Government and that of his country. Work was the motto of Grish Chunder's life ; and if he had been spared, for he died at the early age of forty, there were vast potentialities of usefulness before him which lay unfulfilled. In his public as well as in his private life he exhibited those qualities of amiability combined with strength and of unselfish devotion which are the crowning attributes of individuals and communities. The memory of such a man needs to be preserved as a precious treasure of the nation. We know of no memorial that has been raised in his honor. But his work will live, and THIS BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH WHICH IS BEFORE US WILL REMIND THE PRESENT GENERATION OF THE GOLDEN QUALITIES OF ONE WHO TOILED FOR THEM BUT WHO, CUT OFF IN THE PRIME OF LIFE, WAS NOT DESTINED TO REAP THE FRUITS OF HIS LABOUR."

The Indian Mirror, says : " The greatest service which Grish Ch. Ghose did to his country was as a journalist. He was not only a pioneer of Indo-English journalism but he set an example as to how an Indo-English journal could be an instrument of intellectual and moral advancement. * * * The life of such a man as Grish Ch. Ghose is full of instruction for the present generation of Bengalis, and Babu Manmathanath Ghose, therefore, is to be congratulated on not only discharging a pious duty in chronicling the services of his illustrious ancestor, but also on affording an excellent object-lesson for his countrymen. He appears to have taken great pains in the collection of material and the result is AN EXCEEDINGLY INTERESTING WORK WHICH THROWS A GOOD DEAL OF FRESH LIGHT ON THE EARLY HISTORY OF THE BENGALI SOCIETY OF CALCUTTA."

The Amrita Bazar Patrika, says: The book has been written in an **EASY FLOWING STYLE**. The whole get up of the book is good.

The Reis and Rayyet, says: " * * It gives a glimpse of the time and revives the life and character of that **BRILLIANT PERSONALITY**, who some 40 years ago, played so important a part in the history of Indian journalism and devoted his life to the service of his country. Posterity will cry shame upon us if we do not cherish the name of such a man and preserve his writings. * * The book is printed neatly in bold type and the general get up is on the whole nice if not excellent. The book has four illustrations. * * *"

The Modern Review, says: The name of Grish Ch. Chose is almost forgotten now-a-days but this is but one of the many instances of the transitoriness of journalistic fame, for he was born in a well-known and gifted family in the metropolis of India about the close of the first quarter of the nineteenth century, and was the first editor of the **HINDU PATRIOT** and subsequently the Editor of the **BENGALER** when it first saw the light of day as a weekly journal in the year 1862. Seven years later the **Anglo-Indian L. D. NEWS** wrote of him as follows: "It is no secret that we hold him to be at the head of his contemporaries in the **Anglo-Bengalee Press**. **WITH MORE MEN OF HIS STAMP, WE SHOULD NOT DESPAIR OF THE FUTURE OF INDIA.**" An eloquent speaker, a brilliant writer with a very wide command over the English and the French languages, a staunch friend of the oppressed and the down-trodden, he was admired alike by the rich and the poor, by Indians and Europeans.

It is well that the life of such a man should be written, and we are glad to be able to say that it has been ably written. The biographer chooses to be anonymous but it is quite evident that he is thoroughly competent for the task he has set to himself. His style is **RACY, IDIOMATIC AND INTERESTING TO A DEGREE**; he possesses judgment and the power of selection, and has taken care not to overload the narrative with cumbersome details. * * *

THE PRINTING AND BINDING OF THE BOOK ARE EXCELLENT, AND WE COMMEND IT TO THE PUBLIC AS A MOST INSTRUCTIVE ACCOUNT OF ONE OF OUR FOREMOST PUBLICISTS IN THE PAST CENTURY.

The Hindustan Review, says: "THE LIFE OF GRISH CH. CHOSE IS A VERY INTERESTING STORY. His career is bound to interest students of the history of Indian public life. We commend this book to all taking interest in the growth of the reform party in India.

The Calcutta Review, says: "The work before us contains a great deal of valuable information relating to the early history of the **Anglo-Bengal Press**. * * * * * The work is **WELL WRITTEN, IN A PLEASING STYLE**. * * * * * Tastefully bound in bottle-green cloth and clearly printed (at the "**Valmiki**" Press) it has been brought out by Messrs. **Thacker & Co.**, the well-known law publishers of the City. It may be added without exaggeration that nobody will be able to rise from a perusal of this memoir without sharing Col. Mallett's opinion of its subject. "I never knew a more upright man, one possessing to a higher degree the qualities of manliness, independence, and love of truth."

The Telegraph, says: The work under review is the biography of a great Bengali of the early days of English education in Bengal. The subject of this memoir was one among the great band of patriots and journalists of the calibre of Hurish and others who devoted their lives to foster and educate public opinion in Bengal, so as to make it afterwards a power in the land. * * The biographer has presented to the public the **LIFE AND TIMES OF THE LATE GRISH CHANDER IN PURE AND CHASTE ENGLISH** FROM WHICH THEY CAN GET A GLIMPSE OF THE PAST AND DRAW INSPIRATION FOR ALL TIMES.

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ERRATA.

- Page 3 line 8 *For eruptions read irruptions.*
 Page 13 line 26 *For days his prosperity read days of his prosperity.*
 Page 57 line 31 *For begirts read begird.*
 Page 68 line 12 *For succeeded in read succeeded.*
 Page 70 line 8 *For waived read waved.*
 Page 74 line 31 *For circulation of read circulation at.*
 Page 75 line 22 *For Littleton upon Coke read Coke upon Littleton.*
 Page 77 line 30 *For trial read trail.*
 Page 88 line 15 *For India read Indra.*
 Page 88 line 31 *For shovel read shovelful.*
 Page 89 line 8 *For London read Loudon.*
 Page 90 line 24 *For pail read pale.*
 Page 94 line 31 *For baited read bated.*
 Page 94 line 40 *For Argis read Aegis.*
 Page 98 line 17 *For ten read the and for chief read cheap.*
 Page 102 line 4 *For elated read elected.*
 Page 104 line 30 *For alevé read élève.*
 Page 121 line 15 *For heathfulness read healthfulness.*
 Page 124 line 21 *For There read These.*
 Page 126 line 24 *For literate read literati.*
 Page 133 line 31 *For Teyhear read The year.*
 Page 139 line 1 *For degressing read regressing.*
 Page 146 line 2 *For appear read appears.*
 Page 154 line 25 *For seated read sealed.*
 Page 162 line 20 *For feeling which read feeling of which.*
 Pages 166—7 *For Cantley read Cautley wherever it occurs.*
 Page 170 line 21 *For dusk read dusky.*
 Page 174 line 2 *For peccadillers read peccadilloes.*
 Page 177 line 23 *For satisfactions read satisfaction.*
 Page 188 line 1 *Omit and at the end of the line.*
 Page 198 line 13 *For this read his.*
 Page 198 line 35 *For forth, to cite read forth. To cite.*
 Page 201 line 14 *Insert the word the before defensive.*
 Page 208 line 15 *For portion read potion.*
 Page 211 line 4 *For dishonorable read honorable.*
 Page 221 line 42 *For result read results.*
 Page 233 line 6 *For receiving read recurring.*

- Page 231 lines 18-19 *For succession read cessation.*
 Page 223 line 34 *For Penzince read Penzance.*
 Page 240 line 38 *For Jona read Iona.*
 Page 241 line 1 *For irruption read eruption.*
 Page 242 line 35 *For necessary read necessarily.*
 Page 243 line 34 *For puspores read purposes.*
 Page 245 lines 18-19 *For feeling which leads read feelings which lead*
 Page 246 line 9 *For rescurces read resources.*
 Page 248 line 2 *For conspicuous read more conspicuous.*
 Page 249 line 36 *For portion read portions.*
 Page 251 line 24 *For are manifest read is manifest.*
 Page 252 line 14 *For bepowered read bepowdered.*
 Page 253 line 5 *For who read which.*
 Page 253 line 27 *For Juda read Judaea.*
 Page 254 line 9 *For learn read from.*
 Page 255 line 1 *For instead read united.*
 Page 258 line 34 *For Filibusterers read Filibusters.*
 Page 259 line 28 *For notions read nations.*
 Page 262 line 2 *For enuene read enuente.*
 Page 262 line 14 *For soldier read soldiery*
 Page 264 line 17 *For pierce read fierce*
 Page 264 line 31 *For manners to read manner of*
 Page 264 line 35 *For spics read epics.*
 Page 267 line 7 *For assert read avert.*
 Page 273 line 17 *For on read for.*
 Page 278 line 30 *For one for dread read one-idea'd.*
 Page 278 line 31 *For conjecture read conjuncture.*
 Page 283 line 21 *For Reasoning read Reason.*
 Page 284 line 17 *For a sincere read and sincere.*
 Page 285 line 4 *For use read we.*
 Page 287 line 26 *For Englishman read Englishmen.*
 Page 291 line 31 *For little read a little.*
 Page 294 line 13 *For the inhabitant read an inhabitant.*
 Page 298 line 8 *For fined read find.*
 Page 298 line 33 *For per i tin read persisting.*
 Page 298 line 36 *For or a loot read for a loot.*
 Page 304 line 22 *For who hanged read was hanged.*
 Page 304 lines 28-29 *Omit the words "On the whole at large."*
 Page 305 line 1 *For inference read inferences.*
 Page 305 line 27 *For stores of the read stores the.*
 Page 307 line 1 *For raged read raised.*
 Page 307 line 2 *For vexato questio read vexata questio.*

(iii)

- Page 307 line 28 *For last read least.*
- Page 309 line 1 *For however, much read however much.*
- Page 312 lines 5-6 *For with which the Knight read of the Knight.*
- Page 314 line 25 *For public read politic.*
- Page 315 line 5 *For tribunal will read tribunal will stand in the way.*
- Page 315 line 6 *For humanity induce read humanity will induce.*
- Page 317 line 20 *For hampered read pampered.*
- Page 320 line 21 *For Zealander read New Zealander.*
- Page 336 line 22 *Put a full stop at the end of this line.*
- Page 336 line 33 *For testimonials read Testimonials.*
- Page 347 line 15 *For who read which.*
- Page 360 line 2 *For These were read This was.*
- Page 360 line 5 *For Die read Dye.*
- Page 361 line 10 *For if read of.*
- Page 367 line 4 *For disqualify read disqualifies.*
- Page 376 line 38 *For venra read raven.*
- Page 379 line 11 *For enjoined to read enjoined on.*
- Page 385 line 11 *For in which read on which.*
- Page 394 line 4 *For have read could have.*
- Page 394 line 30 *For Cott's read Colt's.*
- Page 397 line 21 *For foster read fester.*
- Page 398 line 24 *For flourished read flourishes.*
- Page 398 line 33 *For in which read to which.*
- Page 404 line 19 *For as read and.*
- Page 404 line 29 *For Sackhya read Sankhya.*
- Page 406 line 26 *For Jupiter read Saturn.*
- Page 410 line 2 *For pass read possess.*
- Page 412 line 26 *For denounce read denounces.*
- Page 417 line 28 *For immortality read immorality.*
- Page 418 line 1 *For figure read figures.*
- Page 418 line 6 *For sill read till.*
- Page 420 line 21 *After world, substitute comma (,) for full stop (.).*
- Page 431 line 11 *For this read his.*
- Page 441 line 37 *For in a small way read did in a small way.*
- Page 442 line 26 *For poll read pall.*
- Page 449 line 14 *For titles read tillers.*
- Page 449 line 39 *For class read clash.*
- Page 452 line 21 *For see the read soothe.*
- Page 453 line 29 *For Many read On many.*
- Page 455 line 4 *For which in read in which.*
- Page 456 line 4 *For could have read could not have.*

(iv)

- Page 164 line 11 *For owes read owes.*
 Page 468 line 14 *For Aram's read Aaron's.*
 Page 468 line 23 *For fell read felt.*
 Page 472 line 13 *For plaintiff read plaintive.*
 Page 475 line 8 *For feet read foot.*
 Page 481 line 17 *For called read culled.*
 Page 485 line 26 *For it is read is it.*
 Page 486 line 25 *For regies read legions.*
 Page 489 line 13 *For their read these.*
 Page 492 line 26 *For servant read servants.*
 Page 493 line 11 *For furnishes read furnish.*
 Page 494 line 36 *For passed read past.*
 Page 495 line 22 *For invention read inventions.*
 Page 496 line 15 *For nation read a nation.*
 Page 497 line 26 *For cool-plodding read cool, plodding.*
 Page 515 line 21 *For for read of.*
 Page 517 line 5 *For distinguished read distinguishing.*
 Page 519 line 21 *For is read it.*
 Page 519 line 33 *For and read soul.*
 Page 524 line 13 *For scavenging read scavengering.*
 Page 527 line 2 *For rebellious read rebellions.*
 Page 528 line 11 *For nove read leave.*
 Page 536 line 42 *For threatens read threaten.*
 Page 540 line 27 *For friends read feuds.*
 Page 557 line 17 *For inebriety read inebriety.*
 Page 573 line 2 *For people read the people.*
 Page 576 line 13 *For may read might.*
 Page 576 line 28 *For offender read offenders.*
 Page 582 line 5 *For professional read professorial.*
 Page 586 line 25 *For subversed read subverted.*
 Page 591 line 6 *For sucking read ducking.*
 Page 591 line 7 *For honored read time-honored.*
 Page 593 line 20 *For profession read the profession.*
 Page 593 line 32 *For religious and secular institution read religious and secular institutions.*
 Page 594 line 6 *For command read commend.*
 Page 594 line 11 *For least read last.*
 Page 595 line 15 *For attachment read attainment.*
 Page 602 line 29 *For exposing read expressing.*
 Page 603 line 14 *For its read it is.*
 Page 603 line 26 *For on read in.*
 Page 618 line 5 *For tainted read tainted.*

(v)

- Page 621 line 13 *For in thus read is thus.*
Page 628 line 10 *For the edification and effect read effect and the
edification.*
Page 633 line 1 *For encounter read encumber.*
Page 634 line 3 *For assemblage read assemblies.*
Page 646 line 28 *For in course read in the course.*
Page 649 line 17 *For is read in.*
Page 650 line 9 *For palarah read palparah.*
Page 654 line 21 *For doceur read douceur.*
Page 654 line 22 *For menrey read mercy.*
Page 666 line 26 *For argument read agreement.*
Page 667 line 8 *For oft read apt.*
Page 669 line 3 *For zemindary read zemindaries.*
Page 669 line 9 *Omit themselves.*
Page 688 line 27 *For school read schools.*





